

NATIONAL

MAGAZINE 25 Cents



Vol. 240

THE EUROPEAN WAR BLAZE

SEPTEMBER 1914 The "HEART THROB" Magazine

There is a Best Means
to Everything—and

Pears' Soap

is the Best Means to a
Beautiful Complexion

WHY AND HOW

The reason why Pears provides this best means is no secret. The most eminent skin specialists of the last hundred years have shown that it is because in PEARs there is not only complete purity and the highest possible quality, but certain special characteristics that soften, soothe, and refine the skin more naturally and more effectively than can be done by any other known means. As Sir Erasmus Wilson said, "It is balm to the skin," keeping it in perfect condition and always beautiful.

TEST AND PROOF

Pears has been subjected to every possible test and has come through them all with triumphant success, as is proved by the fact that it has for one hundred and twenty-five years continuously held the position of the world's leading toilet soap, and is today more popular than ever. It has received the highest honors ever accorded to a toilet soap in the greatest international competitions, and the beauties of six generations have declared it to be unrivalled.

*The Great English
Complexion Soap*



rights secured

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARs' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST



KING

SEE THIS CAR and if possible, persuade a good motor car mechanic to go with you. Its stream-line beauty and roomy luxury captivate, but we want you to go over the chassis with a man who KNOWS machinery

MODEL C, "The Car of No Regrets." Everything you want in an automobile at a price that makes the motor world wonder

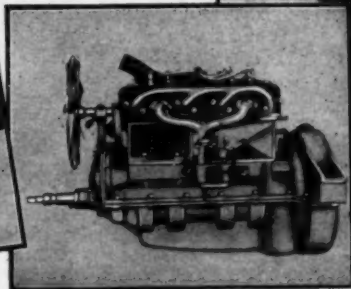
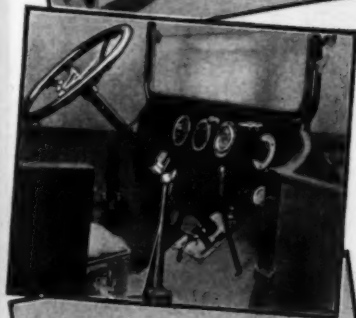
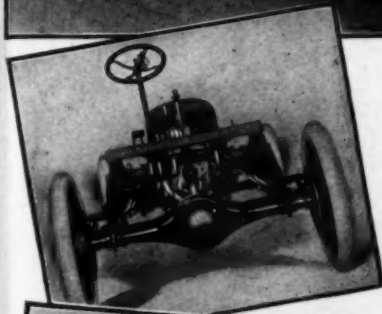
\$1075 WITH EQUIPMENT Famous Ward Leonard Starting and Lighting System, \$90 net additional. Prices F.O.B. Detroit

HAS CANTILEVER "COMFORT" SPRINGS.
30-35 HORSE-POWER. :: TOURING CAR AND ROADSTER

DEALERS! Wire now for territory on this new model
The KING'S 1914 success is about to be repeated manifold

King Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

New York Agency and Showroom, Broadway at 52nd Street
New York Service Department, 244-252 West 54th Street

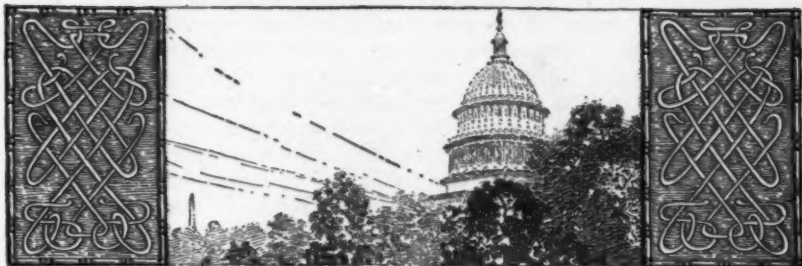


Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.



THE GENIUS OF WAR

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

ECHOES of the European war blaze were felt at every embassy and legation in Washington in August, as the oriflamme of the Triple Alliance and Triple Entente flashed like the helmet of Navarre in the line of passing events. Interest for the time swung from the various federal departments and Capitol to the houses flying foreign flags. The first warlike tremor caused international alignments to become more clear. In the European capitals the first outbreak of hostile sentiment is usually directed toward the buildings where the representatives of various governments are located. Age-old racial prejudices give way to the passionate feuds of the centuries. In Washington the President at the executive office gave notice that he lived in the White House "by the side of the road," and that Uncle Sam was "a friend to man," reiterating the Homeric sentiment of Sam Walter Foss' immortal poem.

THE summer holiday of the diplomatic corps was rudely broken by the blasts of foreign bugles, transmitted in wireless echoes. The war drama was transferred in the twinkling of an eye from one hemisphere to another, and the woes of Mexico were forgotten with the shadows as the news-cameras swung from south to east. Hundreds of thousands of Americans stranded abroad on pleasure bent were to be furnished embassy checks to come home, and paralyzed commerce started a proposition to buy ships—a plan which had its international complications. Secretary McAdoo was ready, when Congress lifted the lid on emergency currency from a limit of \$500,000,000 to any sum necessary, to fortify federal finance to meet the new crisis. The little knives on the board locating Uncle Sam's battleships were quietly shifted by Secretary Daniels of the Navy Department. Secretary Garrison followed closely the movement of modern armament, airships and wireless brought

into the European war tragedy that might remake the map of Europe, with a close eye on the muster roll of one hundred thousand men in the regular army and a possible twenty million men under arms in Europe, perhaps wondering how many foreigners in the United States could be counted upon as military strength of the country in which they live, if the call to colors came from the fatherland. The Foreign Relations Committee and the House Committee on Foreign Affairs were puzzled to know where Uncle Sam's relations would be if the "entangling alliances" which Washington warned against had not been heeded. Above the din of foreign war clamor came the message of the President to the people to be calm and keep cool—and the inspiring thing of it all is to realize that even in such times without the blood stirred by foreign foe, with peace as the prize, the American people bury all partisan feelings and join with all the fervor of a united citizenship, upholding the President in the purpose of showing the New World an example of a nation believing first and last in peace, as the spirit of the new era, and where the people rule as sovereigns supreme, free from any war-lord's whim.



THE warmhearted sympathy of the American people have in unstinted measure poured in upon President Wilson and his family in their great loss of a helpful and beloved wife, mother and friend. Ellen Louise Wilson was indeed the "first lady of the land," but more than all that she was first in the heart of our President who, although carrying heavy burdens, saw the light of his life flickering to extinction during the vigils of that last afternoon watch by the deathbed of the love of his youth. The passing of Mrs. Wilson came as a shock to the nation, for her serious illness was appreciated by but a few, and hope deceived the hearts of her loved ones almost to the very last. By every American hearthstone, in the marts of trade, at the bench, the loom and the glowing forge, manly as well as womanly hearts are alight with deep and heartfelt sympathy for the President and his loved ones.

The blow fell upon him at a time when the cares of the nation were the heaviest, but with characteristic courage, fortitude and bravery, he has performed his duty, and the bereavement of Woodrow Wilson, the man, draws closer the hearts of the people whom he serves as President. After his sad trip to the Southland, he has now returned to Washington and though overburdened with grief, has plunged immediately into the maelstrom of business awaiting him.

How well I remember that brilliant scene on Inauguration Day, 1913, when the happy wife stood by her husband on the reviewing stand, her bright dark eyes all aglow with love and admiration for the man who stood beside her. He was still her devoted lover, which was more to her woman's heart than the honors of the presidency. With all the charm that has characterized her home life she looked after guests in the reviewing stand while the great procession was passing amid the shouts of the people, and in that improvised room flanked by the tall line of cedars, Mrs. Wilson was the same gracious hostess that had always made the home of Woodrow Wilson his joy and inspiration. The delightful picture of an American wife and mother was to me the never-to-be-forgotten memory of that Inauguration. In the arduous duties that followed at the White House she was the same helpmate as in the days of the struggling young lawyer and college professor.

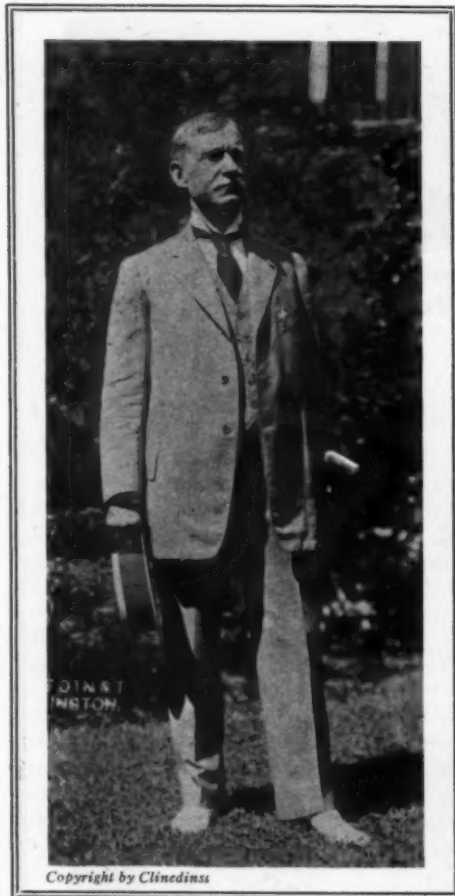


THE LATE MRS. WOODROW WILSON

AT the Russian Embassy I always feel as though within the territory of a friendly nation. In the past fifty years, as curious and paradoxical as it may seem, the Russians have been the real friends of America in Europe. Some one has pointed out that Russia may have a Czarina as suc-

cessor to the present Czar, because, on account of his state of health, the young son of the Czar may not live to reign over Russia.

Grand Duchess Olga, who may be called to be ruler of Russia, is keenly interested in American affairs. At the age of twelve years she wrote an interesting story on America which was forwarded to Tolstoi for his criticism. The Duchess is a young woman of many accomplishments, and is an insistent reader and thinker. Already the active manager of affairs in the palace she is very practical, though called "The Princess of a Thousand Dreams."



HON. GEORGE T. MARYE, JR.

Who has been appointed ambassador to Russia. He will go there extensively equipped in international law and in experience abroad, both in the language and through having lived in many foreign countries

conditions. The administration is meeting issues very bravely, insisting that the results of the tariff and currency legislation have not justified the dire predictions made by those who hurl charges that the nation is in the grip of business stagnation because of Democratic rule. Meanwhile the balance sheets are telling the real story, and all fair-minded people are hoping for the best for the country without regard to the political brand.

PARTY footwear shifts about from one side to the other as the wheel of fortune turns. The Republicans are now wearing the sandals of humility, and calling attention to depressed business and depleting payrolls, while the victorious Democrats are in the saddle booted and spurred. The clashing of discussion in the legislative halls at Washington of a few years ago is renewed. If the contest were not so seriously affecting millions of people, it would appear exceedingly humorous. Stalwart Congressmen with flashing eyes and impressive oratory seldom reflect real

EVEN while President Wilson was writing that memorable peace message which will take its place as one of the great state documents in the history of the nation, his heart was heavy with anxiety as he sat at the bedside of his beloved life companion. If the heart of Europe were not mad with the blood-lust of ages, a picture of this scene would hasten a decision to halt the tramp of invading armies, to check the rush of titanic warships and the roar of the cannon on the high seas, and to stay the life-destroying bombs that fall from airships and dirigibles, influenced by a realization that the dark angel of death that has entered the White House is sure to visit millions of homes, if this mad and unholy war blaze is not quenched.

There is that brooding hush about the White House that envelops every home when the word is whispered, "mother is gone," for an emotion is aroused by the passing of a mother that touches the tenderest chords of human sympathy, and when the lone figure of the President appears there are few eyes unmoistened in sympathy with his grief, for no doubt it passes through his mind as it does all of us in the valley of the shadow—how empty are all the honors, wealth and distinctions of this life when the realization comes that the loved ones have gone, and we are left alone with only sweet, sad memories to remind us of "the touch of a vanished hand."



THERE is something about the story of the song of the Star Spangled Banner that thrills every American—as he reads how it was written, when Francis Scott Key looked across Chesapeake Bay from the decks of his floating prison to the ramparts of Fort McHenry and saw the old flag was *still there* "by the dawn's early light."

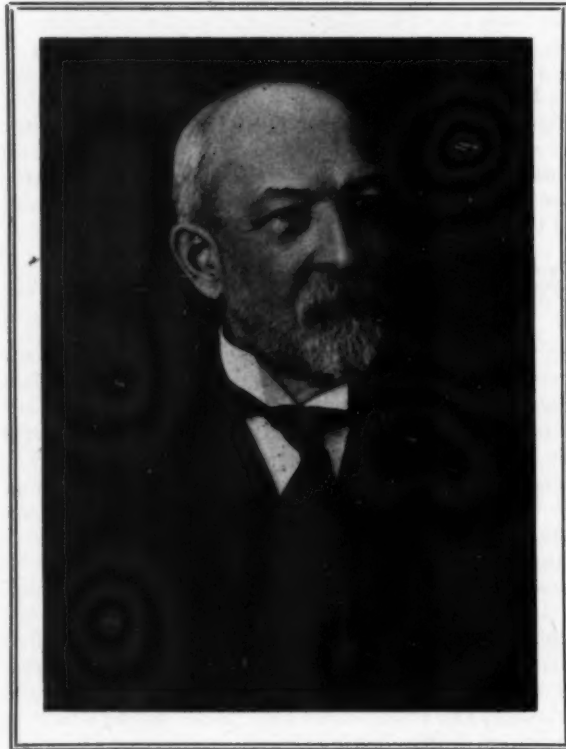
The national anthem, in the very opening and closing phrases of the music, is one of the few that tells a story in itself that especially appeals to the American when in a foreign land. The defence of Baltimore by Fort McHenry, on which occasion the American national anthem was given birth, is to be commemorated in Baltimore in September. The Centennial program, which will begin September 7, Labor Day, will be most elaborate. On this day there will be a musical festival by an immense orchestra and a chorus of five thousand voices. Every day of the week is scheduled for impressive ceremonies. Industrial Day will be observed on Monday, and on Tuesday a floral parade will take place. On Wednesday, Fraternal Orders Day, there will be a parade of sixty thousand men in line with fifty bands of music and sixty allegorical floats. Thursday will be Baltimore Day and Friday Army and Navy Day. On Saturday the grand climax will be reached, when the original Star Spangled Banner will be escorted through the city, and Fort McHenry will be dedicated as a public park. Here, three thousand children from the public schools will *en masse* form a human flag and join in singing "The Star Spangled Banner" as it probably has never been sung before in the very spot where it was given birth. On the same day a water carnival will take place on the Patapsco River and at night a pyrotechnical bombardment of Fort McHenry with magnificent fireworks, will complete the exercises commemorating the first century of the life of the national anthem which tells so emphatically and vividly the old, yet ever new and beloved story of the Star Spangled Banner.

THE gallantry of the United States Senators has always been a feature of Washington's social gatherings. A story is told of Senator Page of Vermont that reveals how strong is the feeling of state pride, despite the tendency towards the centralization of Federal authority, and how it appears in chivalrous conversation.

The Senator, at dinner one evening, was asked by a lady at his right, whom he did not recognize, as to the name of one of the diners who sat opposite: The Senator answered and supposing that the lady was at least a semi-stranger there, proceeded to say that the gentleman sitting next to the one inquired

about was Congressman McCall, adding, "and I regard him as one of the ablest men in Congress." Continuing, the Senator said, "The Congressman's wife is one of the most charming women in the Congressional set," and then after proceeding to enthusiastically describe the many charms of Mrs. McCall, he added, with real Green Mountain enthusiasm, "Mrs. McCall was born in Vermont and that explains a good deal, as I am a Vermonter."

The Senator noticed that his companion seemed peculiarly interested and possibly slightly uncomfortable as the conversation proceeded but did not dream of the real facts in the case until Mrs. McCall turned around to him



SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE

The courteous Vermont Senator can appreciate the humor of a trying situation, even when the joke is on himself

and remarked, "Senator, perhaps you do not know who I am?"

Now the facts are the Senator *did* know Mrs. McCall, but his partner on the left had absorbed his attention to such an extent that he had not discovered her identity until the question was asked, when, turning around and for the first time looking her squarely in the face, he took in the situation. There was a spoon dropped in the soup—so deftly that there was not a splash of soup or break in the chat, but the courteous Senator from Hyde Park, Vermont, was equal to the emergency.

WHENEVER a war cloud hovers over Europe and the nations begin to muster their fighting men, their most promising bevy of trained, reserved fighting men comes from the United States, which seems destined to "hold the bag" for European potentates in war as well as in peace.

Just now, two hundred thousand Austro-Hungarian reservists, who have served two years in the armies of the House of Hapsburg, and who are probably largely voters in city, state and national elections here, and are frequently referred to as the people and patriotic and potential accessions to our own military force in time of need, have still ten years to serve under one of the most absolute dynasties of modern Europe—and would be equally liable if Austria and the United States were at war. It is claimed that one hundred thousand Servians are equally loyal and bound to leave everything here to fight and die for whatever potentate may for the time being govern or misgovern the Servian people.

Probably Great Britain has more recruits in the United States than any of the above; Germany certainly has more than England; France many myriads; Russia, Italy, Greece and the Norselands an immense

number whom we support and educate, give public assistance to in sickness and poverty and allow to compete on equal terms with those who are in all respects American by birth and naturalization. And this influx of foreign-born, army-trained, service-bound immigration is coming in at the rate of at least two hundred thousand a year, allowing that only one-fifth of the million decanted here annually consists of males liable to military duty, and this proposition must increase if our old policy of unrestricted immigration is to be continued.

A war with Austria backed by Germany can draw from among us half a million of fighting men; and another war with England can diminish our militia rolls as many more.

Is it not about time that these conditions, grave enough now, but inevitably much more serious a few years hence, should receive serious consideration from such American statesmen as realize how great are the changes in our



Copyright by Clinedinst

MISS CECELIA JACQUELINE MAY

Whose engagement to Mr. William Vom Rath of the German embassy is of international interest. It is said that Mr. Vom Rath obtained permission of the Emperor to marry her in accordance with the latest law pertaining to such matters in German diplomatic circles

population and public sentiment, since the great Civil War destroyed the flower and hopes of true American manhood, sentiment and moral purpose?

FOREIGN societies, alien creeds, outland languages, customs, journalism, literature and social assemblages abound to an extent which in many sections simply paralyzes any progress in the unification of the American people; and these things to some extent we cannot wish to see utterly neglected. The love of one's native land, tongue, associations and literature must endure in any man or woman of character and feeling.

But on the other hand, we who love America best, cannot afford to continue to make this land a general asylum for the military reservists of all the nations, and leave our business and manufacturing operations liable to

be upset by the mustering of hundreds of thousands of soldiers to be shipped to Europe in case of a great war. A man liable to serve under the colors of a European state is not a desirable immigrant, and he cannot become an American citizen, and ought not to have the same everyday privileges, and municipal protection in sickness and poverty as the man with whom he competes in labor, business and social privileges, and indeed perhaps even discriminates against in labor organizations.

In other words, in Europe, citizenship and privilege are sharply defined and rigidly maintained, all the more easily that Uncle Sam has so readily parted with his lands, his mines, fisheries and franchises, regardless of any distinction between citizen and alien.

How long this can continue must and will soon be up for decision, for while statesmen may and do palter and juggle, all things sooner or later come up for settlement in what the old Hebrew prophet called "The Valley



Copyright by Clinedinst

MRS. WILLIAM G. SHARP

The wife of the new ambassador to France is being extensively entertained at the Capital. Ambassador Sharp's departure for Paris has been unavoidably delayed because of the European war

of Decision"; a location which it is to be regretted is not a favorite summer resort for most of our publicists.

In the meantime it would seem to be a good idea to keep a census record on these reservists who must go to fight in a quarrel not of their seeking, and purge the voting lists of our great cities of the men whose oath, renouncing allegiance to all foreign rulers, was evidently made in bad faith, to be broken whenever convenient.

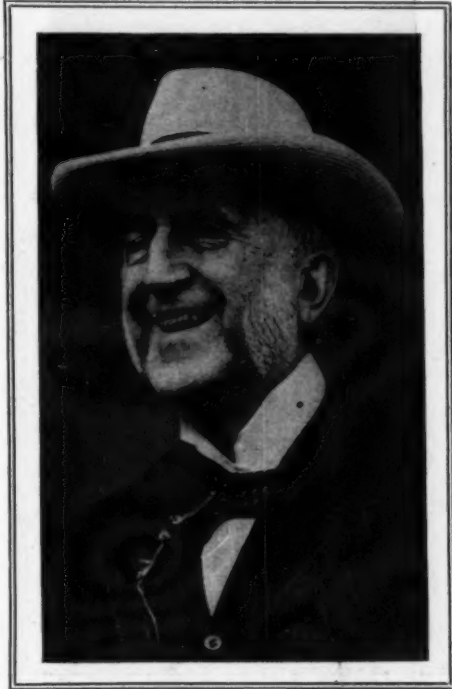
ON a bright day a dinner was given at the Montauk Club, at which was celebrated the birthday of former Senator Chauncey M. Depew. His speech on the occasion was another one of those masterly efforts which shows that the vivacity and virility of Senator Depew has lost none of its sparkle in his eightieth year. In his opening remarks the same old charming felicity was manifest.

"Eighty," he said, "seems to be universally regarded as a sort of almost impossible climacteric. In all countries and among all peoples it is an event, and as everybody is hoping to reach the same age, the days of the man of eighty are shortened by everybody anxiously asking, 'How did you do it? Give us the combination.'" He goes on

to tell of the men he has known who did some of their best work after they were eighty—Gladstone, who won victory at eighty-three, and many others in the political, literary and business world.

After paying his respects to Professor Osler, the Senator continued in his usual charming way; and his description of the completion of the six hundred and forty miles of railroad in New York is full of charming reminiscence. His tribute to the "Old Oaken Bucket" almost makes one feel like singing the song. His speech, spanning the memories of sixty years, was brought down to date, for he grapples with present day discussions with the same vigor with which he discussed questions in political issues and great conventions for over sixty years in the United States Senate.

In philosophical comment he continues to answer the query of friends as to longevity; and finds grateful compensation in the retrospect of a useful and vigorous life.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Still hale and hearty, despite having celebrated his eightieth birthday



DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW

The well-known president of the National American
Woman's Suffrage Association

THE initial installment of Ellis Meredith's serial, "For the Sake of Linda," in the current issue of the NATIONAL recalls the enthusiastic gathering of the suffragists which I attended in the Masonic Hall at Washington.

Jane Addams sat in repose but dignity on the platform, her keen gray eyes sparkling in following the discussion. She has a firm mouth, and one can see that that chin means determination, and that her profile had such lines as delight an artist. Her hands were attractive, and as they lay in her lap told a story of usefulness, yet they were as delicate and winsome as a girl's. The artist Whistler won fame in painting his mother's hands. What a wonderful work this gentle woman has accomplished in her busy life!

Few speakers among men in this country are as effective with an audience as Dr. Anna Shaw. With orators ranking up to her standard we would become famous as a nation of orators. What a masterly effort it was the night she broke forth insisting that it was no longer with entreaty that women are going to the White House again. They did

expect the President to state his convictions one way or the other, but he referred them to the party platform at Baltimore. The question will be surely settled when once the majority of the women in the various states just make up their minds that they want to vote. You all know, gentlemen, what happens when women have made up their minds, for as old Aaron Hill sang over a century ago:

"First then a woman will or won't; depend on't
If she will do't she will, and there's an end on't."

IT was a grim reminder of our escape from war furies when the bodies of nineteen soldier boys were brought home for burial from Vera Cruz. The brief and extemporaneous address by the President on that occasion feelingly expressed the predominating sentiment of the hour, a sentiment that is of growing interest in the light of recent events.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, "I know that the feelings which characterize all who stand about me are not feelings that can be expressed in eloquence or in oratory. For my own part, I have a mixture of feeling.

"The feeling that is uppermost is one of profound grief that these lads should have had to go to their death. But yet I feel a profound pride and envy that they should have been permitted to do their duty so nobly. . . .

"We have gone down to Mexico to serve mankind if we can find the way. We don't want to fight the Mexicans; we want to serve them.

"A war of aggression is not a thing in which it is proud to die, but a war of service is a war in which it is a proud thing to die. . . .

"War is only a sort of dramatic representation, a symbol of a thousand forms of duty. I never was in battle or under fire, but I fancy it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you, for when they shoot at you they take your natural life, and when they sneer at you they wound your heart.

"As I think of these spirits that have gone from us I know that the way is clearer for the future, for they have shown us the way."

AWAY back in June, 1868, while he was in Boston, Thomas A. Edison took out his first patent, on a device to take and record a vote of the members of the House of Representatives in the space of two or three minutes. Mr. Edison himself took the vote-recorder to Washington and exhibited it before a committee. His own comment tells the story vividly:

"The chairman of the committee, after seeing how quickly and perfectly it worked, said, 'Young man, if there is any invention on earth we don't want down here, it is this. One of the greatest weapons in the hands



Copyright by Clinedinst

THE NEW MINISTER TO PERSIA

Mr. J. L. Caldwell of Kansas, sailed with his family, early in July, to assume his diplomatic duties in the country of Sultan Ahmed Mirza, who, though but sixteen years old, was recently crowned Shah of Persia

of a minority to prevent bad legislation is filibustering on votes, and this instrument would prevent it.'"

Edison saw the truth of this, because as press operator he had taken miles of Congressional proceedings. To this day an enormous amount of time

is wasted during each session of the House, in day after day calling the members' names and recording the sovereign will of the people, through Congress assembled, and then adding totals, when the whole operation could be done in almost a moment by merely pressing a particular button at each desk. The failure of the committee to recommend his invention was a great disappointment to young Edison, but he learned a wholesome lesson, and he determined to devote his inventive faculties from that time forth only to things for which there was a real, genuine demand by the people, and not to depend upon the favor of a grateful government, a decision which he has ever since lived up to.

Lately there has been a rumor, however, that before the next session of Congress begins in December, an electric voting device will have been installed.



THOMAS ALVA EDISON

Who devised an electric voting machine in his early days of invention

write books that have a distinctive American flavor. Lincoln loved to read Cooper. There are memories of James Fenimore Cooper in Washington, though more of them cling about the haunts where he lived and wrote the "Leather Stocking Tales." A monument to him at Washington has been suggested, as he was the first author to popularize American books abroad away back in the early thirties.

The story of Cooper's life is as thrilling as the stories he wrote. The bitterness in his life lay in the fact that notwithstanding he had defended his own country and claimed for her the highest place in the world's history, his return from Europe, where he served as consul, was met with a campaign of slander. It was the old story of success won abroad, arousing the bitter envy of enemies at home.

IT is usually agreed among the students of American literature that James Fenimore Cooper was the first American author to

Rise and Progress of the World's War

WHEN the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, and the Duchess of Hohenberg, his wife, were assassinated at Sarajevo, Bosnia, on June 28, 1914, by Priznip, a young Servian enthusiast, the act was attributed by the Austrian government to the machinations and complicity of prominent Servians. This the Servian people denied.

On Thursday, July 23, Austria demanded that the Servian government punish the assassins; repress all Pan-slavic propaganda; officially denounce all anti-Austrian agitation; and in trying the supposed assassins of the Archduke and their accomplices, permit Austrian officers to take part in the trial on Servian soil. This ultimatum exacted an answer before six o'clock p. m., Saturday, July 25.

FRIDAY, July 24: Russia requested that more time be given Servia in which to answer, evidently hoping for an opportunity to mediate.

SATURDAY, July 25: Servia acceded to all of Austria's demands except that providing that Austrian officers should sit in judgment on Servian subjects, in Servian tribunals. Austria refused to consider this modified compliance as satisfactory, and recalled her minister and his staff from Belgrade.

SUNDAY, July 26: The Servian minister was dismissed from Vienna and Austrian troops were hurried to the Servian frontier, while King Peter Karageorgevitch hastened to mobilize the whole Servian army.

Russia sent a note of warning to Germany, and the great powers not entangled in the controversy attempted, in vain, to mediate.

MONDAY, July 27: Austria published her reasons for her abrupt and unheard of demands on Servia, and prepared to cross the rivers, Save and Danube. Servia mobilized her whole army, and the Greek minister declared that Greece would assist Servia with one hundred thousand men.

The Kaiser returned to Berlin and held a conference of his ministers, and Sir Edward Grey, on the part of England, proposed a conference in London to mediate between Austria and Russia.

There were heavy runs by depositors on the German banks, and almost simultaneously the Bourses of Vienna, Brussels and Budapest closed—to prevent a panic.

TUESDAY, July 28: Sir Edward Grey's attempt at pacification failed, and Austria formally declared war on Servia, seized some small river boats on the Danube and Save, and blockaded Montenegrin ports. Russia began to mass troops along the Russo-Austrian frontier. The stock markets of London, Paris and Berlin showed abnormal declines in the price of securities of all kinds, which were reflected in wild excitement and similar losses in Chicago, St. Louis, Boston and New York. Wheat advanced sharply, and \$10,000,000 in gold were shipped from New York to Europe.

WEDNESDAY, July 29: Austrian gunboats began a bombardment of Belgrade, the Servian capital, which was defended, while

the government offices and archives were removed inland. Germany warned Russia to stop her mobilization of troops, and began to concentrate her own forces along the Russo-German frontier. France was reported to be concentrating an army along the Belgian frontier. The International Peace Conference, which was to meet at Vienna, August 15 to 25, was indefinitely postponed. American tourists in Europe suddenly found themselves unable to return home, or to secure money in the usual course of exchange facilities. Holders of stocks all over Europe hastened to realize; English bankers withdrew their Vienna deposits; the Paris Bourse was only nominally open for business; and the

ing her troops within twenty-four hours. Austria had concentrated a considerable force on the Danube, and landed troops in Servia at Semendria and Fotcha in Bosnia, after some desultory fighting with Servian sharpshooters. England closed her chief channel ports at Dover and Portsmouth. On the New

York stock exchange, 1,300,500 shares of stock changed hands at the lowest prices since the panic of 1907. Forty million dollars in gold were engaged for transportation to Europe within five days, and war insurance and foreign exchange rapidly attained unwonted rates. Bulgaria announced her neutrality.

FRIDAY, July 31: Germany declared martial



EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY

In a speech against Czar Nicholas the Kaiser proclaimed himself "ready to fight the whole world, if necessary"

wheat market lost its heavy gains, when it was realized that ocean transportation was likely to be almost completely shut off for months to come.

THURSDAY, July 30: The German emperor demanded that Russia stop mobiliz-

law throughout the empire. The British fleet sailed under sealed orders; and a German squadron stopped a merchant vessel in Danish waters. A desultory warfare between the Austrians and Servians along the Danube and the Bosn ...



THE "STREET OF PEACE," A BUSY THOROUGHFARE OF PARIS



13 PARIS (VII). — L'Arc de Triomphe. — D. L.

ARCH OF TRIUMPH, PARIS

The largest triumphal arch in existence, begun by Napoleon in 1806 and completed by Louis Philippe in 1836. Should the Germans enter Paris their work of destruction would doubtless begin here

frontier, resulted in a few casualties. In America, Secretary McAdoo announced the approaching issue of five hundred millions of emergency currency. In New York the Stock Exchange closed for the first time since 1873; the Consolidated Exchange and Cotton Exchange followed, and the curb brokers ceased operations.

SATURDAY, August 1: Germany recalled her minister from St. Petersburg and



VICTOR EMMANUEL III KING OF ITALY
Italy is striving, in spite of pressure from Germany
and Austria, to maintain her neutrality

declared war against Russia, mobilizing all her forces. France proclaimed a general mobilization, to begin August 2; Great Britain declared that she would decide on the morrow whether or not she would aid France; and Italy refused to assist Germany and Austria in an offensive war. Martial law was proclaimed at St. Petersburg.

The Bank of England raised its discount rate to ten per cent; the highest recorded in its history; and all transatlantic service between Europe and New York was practically suspended. In the United States the Secretary of the Treasury called

a conference of clearing house managers, in preparation for the issuance of emergency currency.

SUNDAY, August 2: The Germans captured an English merchant vessel in the Kiel canal. Russia's troops crossed into Germany, near Schwinden; her first act of war. Telephone and telegraphic communication between Luxemburg and Brussels was suspended. In England specie payments were suspended with the approval of the Privy Council, and all British reservists were called to the colors.

MONDAY, August 3: German armies entered France at two points, and occupied the Duchy of Luxemburg, promising indemnity, and brought down a French aeroplane near Wesel. Complaint was made that French aviators flying over Nuremberg had dropped bombs needlessly into the city, "a crime against humanity;" German, Austrian and Italian ships-of-war in the Pacific joined forces at Tsing-Tau, China. Austria withdrew many of her troops from Serbia for service against the Russians.

TUESDAY, August 4: Germany asked Belgium to permit her army to invade France, passing through her territory. Belgium refused. German armies, one million strong, were ordered to concentrate on the French frontier and a strong force suddenly attempted to force a way through Belgium to outflank the impregnable French line facing the German frontier. In Russia, the port of Libau was shelled by a German cruiser, and three small towns on the frontier were occupied by German cavalry; while the Russians captured several German customs stations. In England the Minister for Foreign Affairs made a speech in Parliament indicating the intention of England to declare war against Germany.

WEDNESDAY, August 5: England declared war on Germany, largely because she refused to respect the neutrality of Belgium, and King George proclaimed the mobilization of the English army amid great enthusiasm. The British fleet, under Admiral Callaghan, was dispatched with orders "to destroy or capture the German fleet." A German mine-laying ship was destroyed in the North Sea, but the



UNTER DEN LINDEN, CORNER FRIEDRICHSTRASSE



THE CELEBRATED BRANDENBURG GATE IN BERLIN

Surmounted by a car of victory which, taken by Napoleon to Paris in 1807, was brought back by the Prussians in 1814. This gate would be the first to be demolished should the French legions enter Berlin



KING GEORGE V AND QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND

On August fifth to uphold Belgian neutrality England declared war on Germany

British cruiser *Amphion* and one hundred and thirty-eight of her crew were lost. The Kaiser opened the German Reichstag with the declaration that Germany had declared war as "an imperative measure of self-defense." Austrian troops were defeated by the Servians with some loss.

German troops entered France near Mars-la-Tour. Japan announced that she would act in support of England if any hostile act was committed in the Far East. The ten million dollars sent to Europe on the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* was brought back to America by the German captain who

feared capture, and finished his voyage at Bar Harbor, Maine.

THURSDAY, August 6: The Germans attacked Liege, Belgium, in strong force, but were repulsed with great slaughter, and were held in check all along the French frontier. All cables to Germany were cut, shutting her off almost completely from communication with the western world. The Russian embassy at Berlin and the German embassy at St. Petersburg were attacked and burned by angry mobs; and national hatred seemed everywhere to succeed a long period of international prosperity and peace. Turkey, adhering to a policy of strict neutrality, prevented the Russian Black Sea Fleet from issuing into the Mediterranean.

FRIDAY, August 7: Ignoring her treaties of neutrality, a powerful German army, estimated at one hundred thousand men, attacked and tried to carry by infantry charges the almost impregnable chain of forts surrounding the city of Liege, Belgium. They were repulsed with terrible losses, said to aggregate ten thousand officers and men. A part of the German fleet bombarded Sveaborg, in Finland, called "the Gibraltar of the Baltic." Some German successes over the Russians in Russian Poland were reported. The French advanced into Alsace, skirmishing occasionally with the German outposts and scouting parties, and were received with great enthusiasm by most of the inhabitants. The German merchantmen captured by the allies were said to number seventy-four vessels of considerable value and tonnage. Servia, following the withdrawal of Austrian troops, became aggressive and crossed the Austrian frontier at several points. President Wilson issued a neutrality proclamation, forbidding the transmission of "un-neutral" messages by wireless, and ordering the naval forces to search outgoing ships for contraband of war.

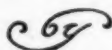
SATURDAY, August 8: Germany asked Belgium to grant an armistice of twenty-four hours, for the purpose of burying the German dead, slain in the attack on the Belgian forts, estimated to number between ten thousand and twenty-five thousand. This was refused at first, for strategic reasons. A bombardment ensued, injuring

the city of Liege, which is from three to five miles inside of its belt of forts, but the forts held out. The German emperor again defied the allied nations, declaring that they are jealous of Germany, and challenged the whole world to fight to the bitter end. France had massed four hundred thousand men on the Alsace-Lorraine frontiers. Italy, maintaining her neutrality, ordered the German squadron in the harbor of Messina to disarm and lie up during the war, or to put to sea again at the expiration of twenty-four hours. The German officers made their wills and put to sea, expecting to be crushed by a superior force. The Austrians having rushed their troops from the Servian to the Russian frontier, the Servians resumed the occupation of Belgrade.

SUNDAY, August 9: German forces, under General Von Emmich, having captured two of the Liege forts, broke through the line with some ten thousand men and occupied the city, but the rest of the formidable circle still held out. Forty-eight trainloads of Austrian troops were reported as entering Baden to resist the French advance into Alsace, where the French had occupied Kolmar and other towns. The Emperor William was reported to have joined his armies in Alsace. A Prussian force was said to have defeated a Russian demonstration. The German cruisers expelled from Messina evaded pursuit and reached the Austrian port of Trieste, on the Adriatic. A Norwegian merchantman was sunk by German mines in the North Sea, and an attempt by Prussian submarines to sink British ironclads resulted in their defeat, and the loss of one submarine. All the German ports were reported mined, and there were several indications that the North Sea had been obstructed by floating torpedoes.

British troops had joined the French and Belgians in marching upon Liege, and Great Britain and Japan had conferred on joint action in the Pacific. The Austrians were reported as bombarding the port of Antivari, Montenegro. Cholera was reported to have appeared among the Austrian and Servian troops. Russian forces had entered Galicia, Austria, and the Turks were mobilizing forces on the Albanian frontier.

The Twilight of the Gods



Charles Winslow Hall

FAR back in the twilight of tradition and mystery which surrounds the origin of our race, the Elder Edda of the Norse mythology foretold a time when the world, grown old and degenerate in sin and selfishness, should witness that awful day of final struggle between the evil and the good; that "Ragnarok" or "Twilight of the Gods," which should bring to a mutual extinction the tremendous forces which, ever seeking to tear down or to upbuild humanity, are to perish at last with the heavens and the earth which have so long been the arena of their titanic antagonisms.

Not without omen and presage was this finality of all celestial, terrestrial and infernal activities to destroy gods and men, and the theater of their age-long struggle with the powers of darkness. For many years the earth was to withhold her harvests, the sun to withdraw much of his light and warmth; terrible convulsions of the elements were to rend the bosom of mother earth and destroy the most stupendous works of man, for as the ancient Vala looks down the stream of future civilization drawing to its fall,

*"Then saw she wade
In the sluggish stream
Men—soul murderers
And perjurers,
And those whose others' wives
Seduce to sin."*

Depravity and merciless greed and strife engulf the nobler sentiments, and discord

and war paralyze the peaceful and friendly intercourse of men and nations, who through centuries of closer intimacies and interests have become largely akin to each other:

*"Brothers slay brothers,
Sisters' children shed each other's blood,
Hard is the world.
Sensual sin grows huge,
There are sword-ages, axe-ages,
Storm-ages, murder-ages;
Till the world grows dead
And men no longer spare
And pity one another."*

Then the final scene brings before the inspired Vala a tremendous conclusion of all these woes and enmities. The Fenris-Wolf devours or blots out the sun, and his mate obscures or devours the moon, while the stars are hurled from their courses amid convulsions that nothing earthly can resist, and that break all fetters, bonds and restraining walls. The Midgard serpent that encircles the world breaks from his ancient station and joins the Fenris-Wolf in its attack on gods and men.

Then the great gates of celestial Muspelheim open, and the splendid array of the champions of the ancient faith ride out across the rainbow-bridge Bifrost to their last battle. As the last champion of the many Norse heroes departed, who have awaited amid the joys of Valhalla this supreme catastrophe, leaves the connecting bridge, it breaks behind him, and the hosts of heaven rush against the demons, mon-

sters and powers of destruction, fated to finish their infernal work.

Odin, Thor, Surt and their companions destroy their opponents, but succumb to the flames and suffocating gases with which these monsters envelop them. All things perish and a desolate earth, purged of all human sin and weakness, awaits regeneration and re-population.

* * *

Such is the picture drawn by some ancient seeress or prophet, even as St. John in Patmos saw and described an even more vivid picture of those "last days" which with fire and sword should usher in the second coming of our Lord; or Ezekiel before him testified of the mustering of the northern nations under Gog and Magog to battle, and the awful harvest of the sword which for months lay ungarnished on the fated battlefield of Armageddon.

* * *

Never before in all the history of a never-ending earthly warfare has it seemed so likely that the last great conflict of the greatest nations of the world, embracing not only the major part of Europe, but involving through their colonies and allies the better part of the habitable globe; making every continent a potential battlefield and every sea a cruising ground and arena of naval engagements, was about to destroy our boasted civilization and in a few weeks of war the painful accumulations of years of peace and prosperity.

Austria, the headstrong violator of the peace of Europe, with her army of 1,500,000 men, Germany, her northern neighbor and abettor, with 3,000,000 combatants, are already in the field, and Italy halts undetermined whether she shall join her sisters of the Triple Alliance with 2,800,000 more or preserve her neutrality, which is as yet unbroken. Russia's immense strength of 7,000,000 combatants has already decanted its first frontier armies into German territory; and Germany, which did not formally declare war, violated the neutrality of the Duchy of Luxemburg, gaining thereby an unfair but material strategic advantage over France, whose force, estimated at about 3,500,000 combatants, is declared to be in the highest state of efficiency and preparation, and England's immense fleet and

smaller army of 1,500,000 make the champions of the "Triple Entente" considerably superior in strength and tenacity to these of the "Triple Alliance," forged by Bismarck thirty years ago.

To these are to be added Serbia's small but effective army, the warlike mountaineers of Montenegro, with possible allies from Roumania, Greece, and volunteers from Bosnia, Herzegovina, and southern Hungary, who are very likely to look upon this war as an attempt to reduce all the Slavic peoples to subjection under a Prusso-Austrian-Germanic confederation.

England will draw troops and mariners from Canada, Australasia, and India; and France, as often before, will muster the Moorish and Arabian adventurers, who, wearied of the "cankers of a long peace," have for many years furnished her with hardy and warlike mercenaries.

But without these and including the 300,000 men that Serbia can bring into the field, the stupendous aggregate of 21,000,000 men and more have already been summoned "to the colors" of their respective countries, and are being equipped with such arms and appliances as have never before ensured awful slaughter and destruction remediless.

* * *

The cause of the war will always be more or less in doubt, although the alleged *casus belli* is the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, at Sarajevo, Bosnia, on June 28 of the present year. The assassin, young Priznip, a Servian student, was immediately arrested and denied that he had any accomplices among the Servian leaders, but Berchtold, the Austrian chancellor, in the last week in July sent Serbia an ultimatum, demanding not only an investigation and trial of his Servian accomplices, but with true Austrian arrogance insisting that Austrian officers should take part in these proceedings. The alternative was war, and Serbia, after vainly proposing a reference to the Hague, refused to humiliate herself to the degree demanded by Austria. It is far more likely, however, that this murder arose out of the insubordination which pervades the Bosniaks of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which provinces, after being taken by the



REICHSTAG, WHERE THE GERMAN IMPERIAL DIET MEETS

Russians and their Slavonian allies in 1878, were handed over by the Berlin Congress of the powers to Austro-Hungary "for military occupation and administration." That the severe but just administration of the Austrian agents benefited the people and the country there can be no question, and in the thirty years of their legitimate rule their people became orderly, intelligent and prosperous beyond the majority of their neighbors. It was especially stipulated between the Turks and Austria-Hungary that this occupation should not be made permanent, but in 1908 these provinces were "annexed" to the empire, and the heir apparent to the Austrian throne, who fell at Sarajevo, was especially ambitious to unite the Slavs of the Balkan provinces with the Austrian Germans and Hungarians into one triple Austro-Hungarian-Slavonic empire. To this end the Slavonic language was proscribed, their nationalistic spirit, literature and ideals ridiculed and treated with contempt, and in many ways they were made to feel that they were held as tributaries and subjugated provinces of the empire.

Wherever the Serb or Slav is found in eastern or southeastern Europe, the hope of a renaissance of Slavonic independence and sovereignty pervades the hearts of this people. For this hope they have endured and fought for centuries, now under Moslem and again under Germanic "influence," but gradually working out a partial realization of their great racial destiny, through obscure border wars, and that "brigandage" which has so often been at once the last hope and the undeserved reproach of the unfree and devoted partisan. Again and again the aid of Russia, herself the home of over forty millions of Slavonic peoples, has curbed the savage and tyrannical rule of Turkey, and added a little to the strength and development of Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania and Montenegro, but in every case of material gains by these Christian races, the Powers have always interfered to strengthen Austria, or prevent too great a diminution of the territories and rule of the "unspeakable Turk."

Jealousy of Russia, and what appears to be a well-conceived plan for the promotion of a great Germanic alliance, which

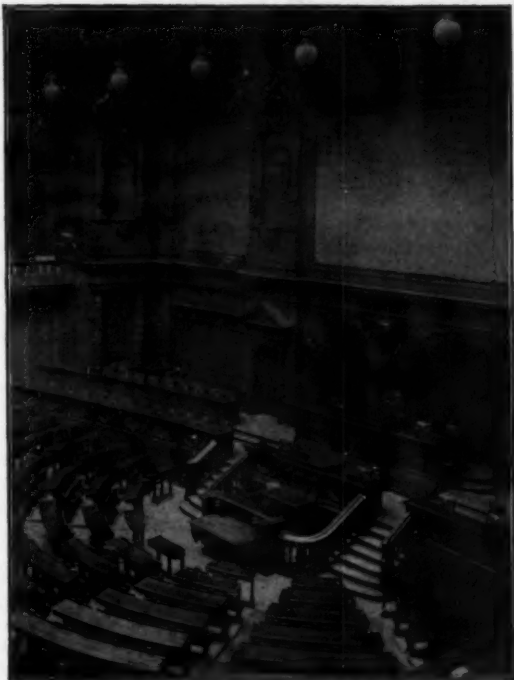
shall belt Europe eventually from the North Sea to the Bosphorus, giving to Austria rule over all the conquered lands to the south and to Germany a greater prestige and control in the northern seas, must be at the bottom of this sudden and arrogant challenge to the three nations of the Triple Entente and their by no means insignificant and potential colonies and allies.

It is almost impossible that Turkey in Europe and Greece, already almost at sword's points, will be able to keep out of this Ragnarok of the nations, nor is it probable that Asia, Africa and the Dominion of Canada will escape a certain baptism of blood on land or sea at home.

Never before have such immense armies been mustered for battle; never before have such fleets maneuvered in the narrow seas, which for so many centuries have borne the argosies and witnessed the courage and skill of the most skillful, fearless and terrible sea-kings and captains "of which this world holds record." And now on land the rifleman's missile slays at such a distance and so noiselessly that its victim cannot even tell from what quarter his fate comes upon him, while the artillery-man's shells carry death and wounds to brigades, which can neither see nor hear the guns that slay them. Under foot the earth is sown with mines, and overhead the aviator sweeping through the air at the speed of the swallow, drops immense bombs and empties quick-firing guns, against which fort and field work afford no protection. At sea, death lurks around, above, below, from the gigantic projectiles of such warships as the world has never before known, the quick-firing guns of innumerable secondary batteries, and the rifle-fire of trained marksmen. Under the waves huge fields of stupendous mines sow roadstead and ship, channel with

hidden death; irresistible torpedoes dart upon their prey as the swordfish launches himself against the whale; the submarine glides under the turbulent ocean, with only a tiny eye above the surface to guide its helmsman against some doomed leviathan, and dirigible and aeroplane attack from mid-heaven or join in mutual battle at heights where the conquered foe falls to certain destruction and the victor, if disabled, can scarcely survive his conquest.

Neither will the non-combatants escape so readily as in former wars, for the range of modern weapons and the warfare of the heavens will add to the ordinary horrors of war, death and destruction which no leader, however humane, can largely diminish, so great is the necessity of anticipating the enemy's fire and crushing his opposition at ranges which no human eye can survey, with anything more than a general knowledge that there lies the enemy, and that the firing must be prompt and overwhelming.



HALL WHERE GREAT GERMAN PARLIAMENT MEETS

And into this horrible *feu d'enfer* ride down over the rainbow bridge of patriotic and chivalrous devotion to loyalty and duty the knightliest, courtliest, noblest soldiery of Europe; the flower of her manhood, the hope of her years to come; and behind them, rank on rank, regiment on regiment, brigade on brigade, division on division, army on army, aye, million upon million. And as in the Vala's vision the armies of the dead fell in behind the hosts of Muspelheim, so the inspiration of departed heroes and the teachings of statesmen, warriors and clerics long dead direct the march and strategy of armies, the policies that gave them birth, and the prejudices and bigotries which too largely point the guns and sharpen the blades that go down into battle.

We, who are no longer the swordsmen of kings, or the pawns on the chessboards of ambitious statesmen, may thank God that we have had our great war at a period when the engines of warfare had not begun to invade the air, or to annihilate distance in carrying wounds and death into the ranks of the enemy. At peace with the world, and apparently secure from even financial disaster, through the provision for emergency currency, the American people can turn their thoughts to the hope of eventually restoring peace to distraught and suffering Europe and to those new necessities and opportunities which this unexpected mutation of the destinies of Europe have thrust upon us.

And first the financial conditions in the strongest citadels of European finance should enforce a closer inquisition into the value of gold as a reliable resource in times of doubt and danger. With thousands of our wealthier countrymen abroad, unable to exchange unexceptional drafts and bills of credit for gold or currency, before a gun has been fired or a vessel captured, it looks as if the gold standard lacked something of practical usefulness at an early stage of the game. It is to be hoped that the harpies who have formerly been allowed to deplete the treasury of the gold reserve and procure additional issues of long-time bonds will find a secretary of the treasury who will take pattern by his contemporaries abroad and prevent that feature of financial jugglery.

Our utter helplessness when the foreign steamships which transport our exports and importations are taken from the seas will undoubtedly open the eyes of many agriculturists of the South and West to a recognition of their own need of an American merchant marine, owned, commanded and manned by Americans. If we can buy foreign vessels at a fair valuation and put them under the American flag without collusion with alien corporations, we may be able to make a great stride toward re-establishing that noble foreign commerce which the Alabama and other Confederate cruisers forced our ship-owners to sell to alien purchasers between 1861 and 1865. Especially will such ships be needed to supply the South American trade with those goods which they can no longer secure from Germany, Austria, and possibly parts of France and Italy. Even at the best, these countries must be largely "out of the running" for the next year at least, and the wholesale conscription and levies of the militant nations must largely reduce the productive energies of the most fortunate of our continental competitors.

* * *

For a time, we too shall suffer from the sudden congestion of those channels of trade and mutual business relations which have so intertwined the social and industrial workers of the world, but if the great war continues, the immense extra activities thrust upon us as a producing and neutral people will more than make up for the temporary setbacks of today. The continental armies must be fed, shod, clothed and furnished with horses and other means of transportation as the terrible waste of active campaigning and losses to the enemy demand fresh supplies, and much of what is lost must eventually be drawn from America and especially from those countries which are not handicapped by European affiliations. Those who recall how the Boer war drew upon this country for draught animals, provisions, and a host of specialties and manufactured articles, will realize that a still greater lack of the things which constitute our chief exports must materialize in the near future, even should diplomacy slowly unbind the web of warlike preparation which has so suddenly been flung across

the highways of Europe and the fairways of the narrow seas.

* * *

Another great lesson which was sadly needed has been taught to those Americans who have so long neglected the charms and comfort of American travel to follow the time-worn pilgrimage routes, and put up with the extortions and discomforts of European travel and organized imposition, and have in many instances prided themselves on their cosmopolitan and European habits and trend of thought and ambitions. It will be a good many years before the disgust and indignation of fifty to seventy-five thousand Americans, denied transportation, deprived of their baggage and driven from the hotels where they have sowed tips and reaped enormous bills, and been unable to realize a few francs on the best of security, will cease to give their friends vivid and realistic word-pictures of what an hour may bring forth for the alien, in a European capital. It is safe to say that American winter and summer resorts will for the next year or so benefit by the embroglio of today.

Americans can learn from the present crisis how the pressure of increasing population and the growth of vast interests, with the arrogant claims of monarchs and statesmen to the rights and governance of "feeble folk," are ever hurrying the nations of Europe toward the brink of war for the perpetuation of the established order of things; and that we, stronger than they in all that constitutes a great nationality, have too greatly deferred to European influences and pronouncements, when we should have led where we have followed, and taken tribute where we have foolishly lavished it on European transportation lines, and alien combinations controlling our own interstate railway rates. These abuses and economical shortcomings will now call trumpet-tongued for action which has hitherto been headed off by special and powerful interests, now helpless to avert or even minimize the evils which are affecting the whole American people.

A serious development of the war paralyzation of life and business is the demand of the European nations for the muster in our ports of their military reservists, now

residents and largely citizens of the United States. These are estimated to number between one and two millions of trained and hardy soldiers and sailors, who have taken the places of our own citizens, been more or less active in business, social and political life, and are supposed to be rather American in aims and spirit.

* * *

How far the United States government can allow a German, French, Russian, English or other European representative to go in thus using our press and cities in conscripting the immigrants we have welcomed to our shores is a question of much doubt and may become a source of European complications. But the question has a bearing on our future immigration policies which cannot be ignored. If we are to continue to burden ourselves with the overflow of population of countries which realize that war must eventually reduce the teeming populations of Europe, and are to feed and educate, succor and encourage the furloughed reservists of a score of principalities and powers until such time as a "general order" or "ukase" calls the Americanized soldier back to his army service, it is an important question as to how far we can afford to become, as it were, a pastureland for army horses not immediately needed for European artillery and cavalry service. Just now no vessels are available to ship these German, Russian, Austrian, English, French and Italian regulars to their respective countries, and the gathering of large numbers of soldiers aflame with military ardor in American seaports is not unlikely to lead to dangerous quarrels, and in some centers to civic and labor dissensions. It is a development of an unappreciated condition, which cannot be overlooked or minimized by American statesmen.

The little kingdom of Serbia, whose alleged connivance in the pro-Slavic conspiracies, which Austria claims inspired the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, has had a brief and stormy history. It became for the second time a kingdom, after many years of Turkish misrule, and Russian and Austrian "influence," on February 8, 1882, when the Skupshtina, in full conclave proclaimed

Milan, formerly prince of Servia, Milan I of the new kingdom. Milan was the only son of Jeffren Obrenovitch, whose widow, Marie Catargo, and their only son had been left in very reduced circumstances. Madame Obrenovitch had provided for herself by becoming the mistress of Prince



UPPER MONASTERY, OSTIOG
In the Sturaz range. A Servian stronghold held by
twenty men against one thousand

Kusa of Bucharest, and poor Milan, her son, neglected by his mother and detested by her paramour, grew up without any culture, religious or secular education, while his mother lived a life of shameless pleasure with Prince Kusa, who kept his own wife confined to her apartments. About this time the Bulgarians rose against Kusa and forced him to abdicate

and placed Marie Catargo under surveillance, finding among her jewels gems of great value, which had been stolen from the leading families of Roumania. After her banishment, the authorities made a report showing that the condition of affairs in the court of Bucharest had been "a puddle of iniquity," and in this cesspool of sin poor Milan's boyhood had been passed until he was nearly twelve years old. Then Prince Michael of Servia took him into his family and charged himself with his education, support and adoption as his destined heir; for Prince Michael and his noble wife, Juliana Hunjadi, had been denied the privilege of parentage.

Prince Michael, although a just and wise ruler, had many enemies. Among them was Alexander Karageorgevitch, a claimant to the succession as the descendant of George Petrovic, popularly known as Kara George (Black George), who in the early part of the nineteenth century and up to the time of Napoleon's almost despotic power in 1813, had redeemed the greater part of Servia from Turkish rule, but disgusted at the ingratitude of the Hospodars and other Servian magnates, had resigned his leadership, and with many friends settled in Austria. To his leadership succeeded Milan Milosch Obrenovitch, who abdicated in favor of his son Michael in March, 1840.

His reign lasted only a few months when he, too, left Servia, to be succeeded by Alexander Karageorgevitch, son of the great Servian partisan. He, too, was finally obliged to leave Servia, and Milan Milosch was called back from his eyrie in the inaccessible peak of Sturatz, which only starvation could reduce when held by determined patriots.

Milosch died within a little more than a year, declaring that the hereditary sovereignty of Servia pertained to Prince Michael and the Obrenovitch dynasty.

Seven years later, on June 10, 1868, Prince Michael, while taking a walk in the Topfschider Park, with three ladies, Madame Anka Constantinovitch, Mlle. Katharina, her daughter, whom the king proposed to marry, and a maid, an aide-de-camp and footman, was shot down by three men who had casually met the party and politely raised their hats as

they passed. Madame Anka, her young daughter, and the aide-de-camp were also badly wounded and Prince Michael, mortally stricken, clasped his hands across his breast and implored his assassins to let him die in peace. "No more, my brothers, it is enough," he murmured, but the hired murderers—they were not Servians—attacked him with their daggers, until covered with wounds, he expired. It is generally held that this brutal murder was committed to replace in power Alexander Karageorgevitch, but Prince Milan, then fourteen years of age, was proclaimed in his cousin's stead June 27, 1868. He was the idol of his people, but the vicious surroundings of his boyhood disposed him to all the minor sins of the gilded youth that surrounded him.

An attempt to secure him a royal marriage failed, because of the comparative inferiority of his lineage, and the disgraceful record of his mother, Marie Catargo. Finally, however, he married Natalie Ketschko, a Russian lady, said to be descended from the survivors of the royal line of Comnenus, who, after the fall of Constantinople, fled to southern Russia and there became rich and powerful, as their descendants are to this day. Her beauty, amiability and generosity made her a great favorite with the Servian people, and three children were born to them, only one of whom, Alexander Obrenovitch, lived to attain maturity.

The infidelities and other vices of Milan did not prevent him from achieving for Servia victories over the Turks, which in 1876 and 1877, aided by the deliberations of the Allied Powers at Berlin in 1878, made Servia an independent kingdom and crowned Milan as its first monarch, February 6, 1882.

How he estranged his wife and finally unjustly divorced her and at last abdicated the throne in favor of Alexander, his son, is one of the saddest stories of Servian history, for Alexander, who came to the throne in 1889, at twelve years of age, was prevented by his regents from allowing his mother to remain in Belgrade during his minority, and she was forcibly expelled from his capital in 1891.

On April 1, 1894, King Alexander, then nineteen years of age, forced the regents

to resign and took the reins of government into his own hands. His action was generally approved, but after a few months partisan enmities and intrigues had reached such a pitch that many political murders took place, and a great conspiracy was discovered against the king. In 1895 Milan, who had been recalled to aid his son, attempted to find him a suitable wife. All of these attempts fell through, greatly to the disappointment and humiliation of King Alexander. He had already been somewhat attracted by Draga Maschin, a widow, who had been taken into his mother's service and was considerably older than the Prince. Fate, however, decreed that while bathing at Biarritz in 1900, when the prince was visiting his mother, he got out of his depth and was perhaps in some danger. Draga, who in a charming bathing costume was standing near, threw herself into the water, crying out "My beloved king is drowning." Ill-natured people say that, although a capital swimmer, Draga managed to become nearly drowned herself in her heroic efforts to save King Alexander, and was carried in beautiful and deathlike insensibility to her apartments.

King Alexander hastened to proffer his thanks in person, and Draga, in charming dishabille and apparently only half-conscious, fell at his feet and revealed her hitherto concealed passion and devotion. Thus began a liaison which ended in the marriage of the Servian King to Draga Maschin.

A woman of decidedly ambitious views, she became the evil genius of Alexander, even as Artemisia Christich had led his father to disgrace and ruin. Not contented with her own elevation to undeserved prominence, she attempted to induce her husband to confer the succession to the crown on her brother, Lieutenant Lanzo-witza, a proposition that raised a storm of indignation throughout Servia. On the eve of June 11, 1903, Alexander Obrenovitch, King of Servia, and Queen Draga were shot to death in their castle of Belgrade, and Peter Karageorgevitch, the lineal descendant of "Black George," the shepherd-hero of 1800-06, was called to the throne in his stead. Under his rule the ancient dream of the Radicals of

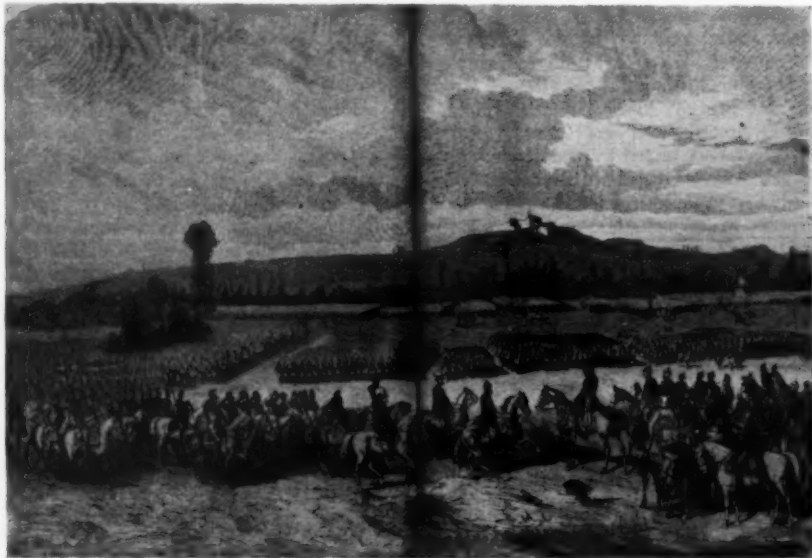
Servia, who have always hoped to restore "Old Servia" to their kingdom, has been realized, to the loss of Turkey and the extreme dissatisfaction of Austria, whose latest move, the invasion and humiliation of Servia, has set Europe by the ears.

Twice has the Karageorgevitch dynasty been served by the assassination of a ruler of the Obrenovitch line; once it failed to secure its end when "Good Prince Michael" was shot down and hacked to death by hired murderers, and Milan Milosch succeeded to the principedom, and eventually the kingdom of Servia; the second time it cleared the way to the throne for King Peter, the present incumbent. Has a judicious "removal" of inconvenient rivals and rulers become such a feature of Servian statesmanship that so remote a possibility as the failure of the Hapsburg line and the passing of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Servian realm by revolt or conquest compassed the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife on the 28th of June last past? Such at least seems to be the contention of the Chancellor of Austria, whose demand that Austrian officers should sit in judgment on free Servians in Belgrade no country on earth could grant, even if the penalty of refusal was conquest and ruin.

It may be that the fates, "for time itself makes all things even," may bring about emancipation and independence through the uncertain "wager of battle" and the aspirations of the Servian race, who in Austria, Russia, Poland and the Balkans number over sixty millions, most of them embittered by old wrongs, continued tyrannies and unceasing humiliations.

Such a glorious future for Servia, it is declared, was predicted in 1868, by one Matæ, a peasant of Kremna, who, through some clairvoyance, saw the assassination of Prince Michael Obrenovitch, although many miles away. He foretold the reign of Milan, his wars, amours and abdication, and the end of his dynasty in his only son; the succession of Peter Karageorgevitch, a great war, and the final appearance of a great hero who would usher in a glorious era of Servian freedom.

Who shall dare to predict that in the providence of God, the dismemberment of Poland, the enslavement of Hungary, the seizure of Schleswig-Holstein and the enforced annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, may not be avenged and atoned for, amid the murky war-reek and vivid furnace glare of this Ragnarok of the nations, this twilight of ancient dynasties and social and sectarian gods?



A REVIEW OF THE GERMAN TROOPS

The War Blaze in Europe

by The Editor

WHAT vivid pictures the lurid furnace of warfare in Europe recalls to those who have visited the countries now in the throes of the greatest war the world has ever known. When the hostilities first began in Austria, I recalled vividly the scenes and incidents which presented themselves while riding on an Austrian railway, making slow speed to Marienbad. Even then in the compartments there was the clank of sabre of officers and the evidence of military activity *everywhere*, and every border and custom house brooded a frowning suggestion of war. How difficult it is for Americans traveling from state to state with the boundary lines scarcely conceived to realize the condition in European nations and races.

For centuries it has been a struggle of the Slav and Teuton and even as I read the account of the terrible onslaught of the German army on the Belgian fortress-line, I recall the impressions of that beautiful August day, twenty years ago, when I walked over fields near where the bloody Battle of Liege occurred. Little did I dream that in my time, upon this peaceful scene, a repetition of the bloody struggle of Waterloo would be repeated with the alliances of the various countries shattered rudely. American travelers in Europe have found it difficult, even as late as July, to understand the undercurrent of feeling that has led to the recent outburst of war. Although discussed every now and then in the newspapers and in

legislative bodies, the world was not prepared for the thunderbolt that, out of a clear sky, came plunging the six greatest nations of Europe into a death grapple.

Every section in which the armies are operating is familiar to many American tourists and yet how impossible and unexpected to them was the realization of the great war that came upon humanity. For over a generation the people have been accustomed to the ways of peace and tranquility. The world has prospered and has recovered from the shocks of war that had shaken the continent at almost regular intervals for centuries past. Now we look over the post cards and souvenirs of travel and how placid it all seems as compared with the vivid pictures of battle and bloodshed recorded day by day in the dispatches.

* * *

You think of Berlin, with the gay lights of the Unter den Linden, Friedrichstrasse and Wilhelmstrasse—then picture Berlin in the mad delirium of a war fever. I also vividly recall my carriage trip to Sans Souci where Frederick the Great paced the terrace in planning the great campaigns of Prussia. It was near the fountain at Sans Souci one August afternoon that I met Bismarck in 1894. He was then in retirement, having been deposed by the young Kaiser, for Wilhelm II was indeed Emperor of Germany. How well I remember the high falsetto voice speaking in clear but distinct English the greetings of the veteran Iron Chancellor to the Americans

There was something in the keen blue eyes and the sturdy frame of Bismarck as, without an inflection of regret at his retirement, he indicated his loyalty and fealty to the young Kaiser, and yet there was something in the shake of the head of Bismarck that day that is recalled vividly to mind today in the scenes now being enacted in Europe. During the same year I met Hon. William E. Gladstone at Harwarden Castle, also in retirement, and in the dark eye and sonorous voice of Gladstone there were suggestions of the great Crimean struggle, but how little did I dream of what would occur just twenty years later, when Sir Edward Grey spoke in Parliament the words that thrilled Great Britain with war fever not felt since the days of Napoleon.

In Serbia tourists were curious to see those places of historic interest that had been christened with blood. What a contrast is the Paris of today to that of a few months ago, and especially of twenty years ago, when it was felt that the feuds of the Franco-Prussian war had passed away, but among the statues of the historic Place de la Concorde there appeared the black-draped statue of Strausberg, a reminder of the lost Alsace-Lorraine, broad white scars of the war still unobliterated; when I stood on the banks of the frontier and saw the towering statue of Germania looking toward France, I believed that a generation to come would never know the renewal of those death struggles along the lines which had summoned millions to battle in former times. In the Swiss hotels, with nothing more to think of than planning the itinerary of a day of sight-seeing and time tables, now all are a-quiver with war spirit, and the sturdy Swiss, mobilized, gather in the fastnesses of the Alps to protect their homes and country as in the days of William Tell.

* * *

The white heat of the war-blaze in Europe has cemented races and nations. The alliances of the nations have changed greatly since the days of the conquering Napoleon. The war news in the newspapers supersede all else the world over. Events of absorbing interest a month ago pass by unread and unnoticed, for the war summons in Europe has indeed shaken

the world from center to circumference. In the United States, made up of the people of all nations represented, it was well that President Wilson issued his proclamation urging people to be calm and to maintain a fair and neutral spirit, as the feelings of our adopted citizens should be respected when reference is made to their fatherland. With the draught of a breath, Europe has passed from a playground to a battlefield for the nations. What is to be the outcome none can prophesy. Why it has come will be revealed in the history written after the participants have passed away. In my memories of the various places in Europe, visited and re-visited since that first tour of twenty years ago, comes recollections of a visit to the House in the Woods near where now stands the Hague Tribunal. That much essayed name of arbitration and disarmament, and a resulting universal and enduring peace will not be utterly lost in a war that staggers the world from Occident to Orient. At this distance, with all the fragmentary details and vagrant reports, it seems impossible to understand the mystery of its origin, but little could Europe understand the great fratricidal war of the United States when brothers of the same race of kith and kin and blood tore at each other's throats without even the pretext of racial and religious dissension. While we in America are not directly involved in the hostilities of Europe, the nations of the world have been drawn so closely together through the annihilation of space and accelerated methods of communication, that what affects the lives and destinies of all the nations of Europe is of deep and vital concern to the people and interests of America.

With the merchant marine of Germany and England swept from the high seas as the prize of various navies, the effect of the war of Europe cannot be confined to the countries actually involved but extend to the furthestmost parts of the earth, wherever modern commerce spreads a sail to the breeze, or builds a seaport by the ocean. The more the situation is studied the more stupendous appear the consequences that may follow, and from it all may ensue the great dream of permanent Peace, that can never again be broken by a war lord's whim or a racial feud.

Germany's Industrial Reserves

62
A Foreign Contributor

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the light of the great war in Europe, an analysis of the industrial conditions in the various countries involved is of paramount importance, for this condition is an important influence bearing upon the destiny of the country, and the following, written by an American who has been living in Germany for many years, is a sidelight on the struggle for world industrial supremacy.

IT is conceded that Germany, the best organized and administered state the world has ever known, is conducted on an economic basis—she is one to conquer the world in this line. Her ideals are economic and all nations and peoples conducting their affairs on this theory that fifty per cent efficiency individualism is better than one hundred per cent government or organization efficiency are for her. In this subject she is a trained football team, playing against a scrub eleven picked up from Xazoo.

The German government runs no sweat shops, but it has its hand on German industry in every particular. In salt, fertilizers, coal, railroads, banking and various other industries, she is a direct and participating party to various trusts. The government not only booms but approves fully the charge of an extra fifteen or twenty per cent on home-consumed goods as against a less price for foreign sales. Furthermore, it will bring raw material over government railroads from the seaboard to the interior factory districts and carry the manufactured product back to the seaboard for half or less than the German consumer will pay for the same service—and the German consumer is glad to pay this bonus in order to keep its factories open and enlarging, and because it

permits him to beat, on equal terms and conditions, easily, any other competitor in the world.

Everything for the workingman is Germany's silent though potent purpose today. Her vast army is a physical training school for her young men—aristocrats and yokels. It is considered, from this point of view, by many distinguished antimilitarists to be alone one of the best investments (always from an economic standpoint). The German people have been making an investment in good health and physical and moral efficiency. The German government controls, is a party to, the salt trust. She does not allow overproduction, price-cutting, nor finally, a profit to the stockholders of over four and one-half per cent.

A German manufacturer once said to the writer: "I could get you one hundred men (in a certain German city) to contribute each one thousand marks to a political campaign for lowering the American tariff." One prominent industry in Germany which draws its raw material from the same faraway source as the American manufacturer, will pay the freight over a seven thousand mile sea transport and inland freight to the factories, finish the product, send it again to the seaboard, forward it to America, pay a duty or further

handicap of thirty to thirty-five per cent and hand its stockholders over anywhere from twenty-five to fifty per cent dividends at the end of the year. The German workers in that industry will receive a wage of half the wages, perhaps less, than the American workmen in this same industry; yet, owing to the government's protection to this workingman—in industrial insurance, sanitary regulation, rest hours, and the further cheap and healthful diversion of hand-made municipal direction—that work-

ingman gets more out of life than his American brother by a long shot.

American individualists must never forget to reckon, in the economic competition being waged throughout the world, touching not only foreign markets but our home industries in every direction, always with the German government, which is, while the greatest monarchy on earth, still the most admired socialistic government directed and controlled manufacturing and selling organization ever known.

THE OLD DRUM CORPS

OH, the old snare drums
That the Brown boys allus played—
How the hauntin' memory comes!
In the Firemen's Day parade.
How the crowds would throng
In the gutter on each side,
As the comp'nies stepped along
With an air of conscious pride!

How the old nags danced
Where the farmers used to tie!
How the sun in glory glanced
From the carts that jingled by!
With the old drum corps
In their Continental hats
Stridin' solemnly before
To them rattle-tattle-tats!

How the folks did cheer
As we passed along the street
With the music risin' clear
'Bove the steady tramp of feet!
To the glad mad din
O' them drums o' long ago,
How I'd love to march ag'in
With the boys I used to know!

T-rat! T-rat! T-rat! Tat! Tat!
T-rat! T-rat! Just like that!
An' then the fifes a-cryin'
At a signal from the drums,
An' the bass drum replyin'
With its bum-bum-bums!

T-rat! T-rat! T-rat! Tat! Tat!
T-rat! T-rat! Just like that!
Went the Brown boys all a-beatin'
On their old snare drums,
With the bass drum repeatin'
Of its bum-bum-bums!

T-rat! T-rat! T-rat! Tat! Tat!
T-rat! T-rat! Just like that!
An' then the fifes would shrill out
At a rattle from the drums,
An' the bass drums would fill out
With its bum-bum-bums!

—Walter G. Doty.

Holding the Financial Fortress

by John Gorgan

WAR has its furies, that are first felt in the sensitive financial relations between the nations of the world.

Those who witnessed the activities of the New York stock exchange and curb market just before the closing on August 1 were impressed with a spectacle that has no precedent, and realized the worth of General Sherman's statement that "war is hell," from almost any point of view. The conditions were ripe for a crash that would have made all other panics look like the traditional "thirty cents," if our people did not keep cool. Nothing in the history of the world could be compared to it. Usually wars between nations are financed by the rest of the world, which goes peacefully on about its business. In this case, because of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, six of the greatest countries on earth suddenly unloaded a veritable avalanche of securities upon unexpected New York, and the market was swamped. It came up like a storm cloud over night—few believed such a world war possible in these enlightened times. But the unexpected happened—and not one, but a hundred securities took the toboggan, and the bottom seemed farther off each succeeding day, until the whole fabric of finance was threatened with complete disintegration.

The panics of '73 and of 1907 were child's play in comparison to the necessity for quick and scientific action to protect American industry and finance. The de-

cision to close the stock exchange came indirectly from the government itself, with something over \$100,000,000 of gold in the treasury vault. It felt it could meet any emergency in American business, but this would be a mere bagatelle in financing a world war whose expense might easily reach the colossal figures of \$64,000,000 per day. The only thing to do was to close the doors, and when they swung shut on the morning of August 1 the worst condition the financial world has ever seen passed off into thin air.

The lower streets of New York were crowded with hurrying people. The big war stories in the newspapers overshadowed the references to Wall Street, and only those on the inside knew the real state of affairs. Down on Broad Street a curious throng gathered around the closed stock exchange to read the bulletins. The curb market was still stamping its feet in the open street, waiting for action on the part of its board of governors. There suddenly appeared on the steps of a restaurant facing the street a man pounding a Chinese dinner gong to attract attention. From all sides, up and down the streets and out of the buildings, came running hatless and coatless individuals, and as if by magic a great seething throng faced the speaker, who announced the closing of the curb market. "Thank God for that, now I'll get some sleep"—a wave of relief spread over the faces of the throng and each echoed the sentiments of the other. It had been a trying time—but

the integrity of American business had been preserved.

For some time following the wires surrounding the money markets of New York were still charged with the dynamic energy of destruction, and every precaution had been taken to keep it from focusing. The Stock Exchange published advertisements appealing to newspapers and people alike to keep from monkeying with the "buzz saw" of individual quotations and sales, and at the suggestion of the government, savings banks were advised to take advantage of their sixty-day clause on paying out deposits. Much credit is due the administration and Congress for the successful way in which they met the critical situation. No better indication of the suddenness of the war, even to those countries involved, can be found than the startling demoralization of transatlantic traffic. The picture of wireless telegraphy intercepting great ocean liners plowing the mighty deep in solemn majesty, only to make them scurry like frightened rabbits into unexpected ports, such as Bar Harbor, Maine, would be laughable were it not so deadly serious. One hundred and fifty thousand Americans seeking rest and recreation in Europe have been marooned,

caught at isolated points by the great tidal wave of war, and the government finds a problem in world diplomacy and modern economics to get them home again, safe and sound.

New York is perhaps the most cosmopolitan city in the world. A large-sized army of native sons of any of the belligerents could be recruited, but surprising as it may seem and reasonable as it is, there seems to be no disposition to make this quarrel of their mother countries their own; only a feeling of great sorrow at the necessity of war seems prevalent. Those on the reserve lists who have readily answered the call of their country are little likely to have an opportunity to go across the water to fight. Nobody seems very much worked up about it, and public sentiment for one side or the other seems wholly missing. Then, too, there is a curious reflection of the present European crisis. It has sobered the war spirit in the United States, and the watchful waiting policy of President Wilson in dealing with the Mexican situation is being commented on as much the wiser policy in the light of swift-moving events. The President's proclamation has calmed local disturbances.

Praise of War as Written by Great German General

Eternal peace is only a dream, and not even a happy dream. War is an institution of God, a principle of order in the world. In it the most noble virtues of men find their expression—courage as well as abnegation, fidelity to duty, and even love and self-sacrifice. The soldier offers his life. Without war the world would fall into decay and lose itself in materialism.—The "ancient Teutonic faith in trial by battle," as expressed by Moltke.

Before the Sea Fight

By Charles Winslow Hall

THE waves of the gray North Sea redden
With the glow of the rising sun;
But redder both seaway and heaven
Shall glow before daylight is done.
And the sea fog's soft veil o'er the fairways
Shall blend with the murkier black
Of the thick battle-cloud and the war-blaze,
The red reek of the dense battle-wrack.

Splendid the fleets of the Teuton,
Queenly the ships of the Gaul;
But the gray, massive line of the Briton
Is longest and strongest of all.
Fierce, swift the torpedo boats gather
On the rear and the flanks of the line;
Above the aeroplanes hover,
Below lurks the death-dealing mine.

Under the sullen waves hiding
The submarine rushes to slay;
Never have sea-kings abiding
Sped to such merciless fray;
Soon shall the deep volleys rattle
Soon shall the dread death-dice fall,
And the murk and the bale-fire of battle
Shut out the dread horror from all.

O God, into whose hands are given
The fate of all races and kings,
Judge thou by whose sin are bereaven
While the cannon-din thunders and rings
The women whose fond hearts are broken,
The children who suffer and weep,
The lands where man's vengeance y-wroken
War's merciless harvest must reap.

For the Sake of Linda

A Story of Politics in a State Where Women Vote

by Ellis Meredith

CHAPTER I

THE band of the High School Cadets came swinging down the street, playing a medley in which "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and the venerable song known as "Abraham's Daughter" contended with the strains of the Wedding March from Lohengrin, all three to be merged in the triumphant notes of the classical "Hot Time in the Old Town." The youthful players, in their blue uniforms, put in a few grace-notes unknown to the original composers, and their faces were glowing with enthusiasm. One or two even fell out of step as they turned the corner leading away from the High School, and Captain Robert Morris failed to reprove them, such was his own excitement.

For Miss Allison had been nominated for State Superintendent of Public Instruction on the Republican ticket, their Miss Allison, their Miss Gerda, who was herself a graduate of their high school, having taken her diploma along with their older brothers and sisters. She was almost one of the family, and after taking her degree at the State University and teaching in the country she had come back to them, and now this great honor had come to her, unsought if not unmerited. Wasn't it glorious? Each boy felt that a tribute had been paid to him.

The girls were no less excited. Quite suddenly these fluttering damsels, with their butterfly bows and abbreviated skirts, felt a realizing sense of the dignity of citizenship. A woman was in nomination,

and it was not some unknown person, destined to strut her little hour on the front page of the newspapers, and then go her way into oblivion along with the candidates of yester-year. It was their Miss Gerda, who not only knew all the Kings of England, in order, and the Presidents, but made better fudge than Mabel Harlan, and could chin herself with one hand as often as Bobby Morris. She was to be State Superintendent—how splendid!

BEFORE the marching column of cadets and the gathering throng of girls reached the Allison house, with its hospitable porch, its wide lawn and venerable trees, they all fell into step with the music, and the street was full of a gay and eager group of young people, with here and there a few older ones, who joined them and waited developments as they overflowed the Allison premises and drowned the band with their fresh young voices as they sang "Hail to the Chief."

It was Captain Morris and Mabel Harlan who rang the bell and parleyed with Mrs. Allison, who explained that a committee from the Republican convention was there, and Gerda had not yet decided whether or not to accept the honor tendered her.

"Not accept!" said Bobby blankly.

"Not accept!" echoed Mabel. "Oh!"

There was such utter dismay in their faces that Mrs. Allison laughed. "Are you so anxious to get rid of her?" she asked.

"I'd forgotten that," said Mabel.

"So had I," said the boy. "I was thinking what an honor it is to come to her this way. Oh, Mrs. Allison, she must accept! Why, only yesterday in our history lesson she said we must love our country next to our mothers, because our country is our mother, and we must give her the best we have."

"So we must." Gerda Allison's mother still smiled, but there were tears in her eyes. "So we must, but it isn't always easy to know the best way to show one's love. Gerda is young and inexperienced to be called to fill such an office. She will not decide without consulting some of our friends and thinking it over." She sighed, for Gerda's father was no longer there to give his wise counsel and there were no brothers to guide her. She and Gerda stood alone. Her only other daughter was living in California. The door into the hall behind her opened and two gentlemen stepped out into the porch. The first was tall and heavy, with kinky yellow hair and a benign expression that made him the joy of cartoonists. The other was a younger and slighter man, dark of hair and eyes, and possessed of a saturnine turn of countenance that rather belied his character.

YOU really must accept, Miss Allison," said the first, Amos Archbold, party leader for lo, so many years that he didn't care to count them. "Look at your constituents, who already flock to your banner. I know you will not disappoint them—and us. We need you, the party needs you. Surely I need not say more to Colonel Allison's daughter."

The other man repeated the claim of the party and the urgency of the call. "It's up to you," he concluded. "The two women who are candidates will neither of them get out of the way for the other; whichever was nominated would be knifed by the followers of the other, and neither is a particularly good candidate anyhow. We want a school woman, and if you won't take it, we shall have to do as the Democrats have done and nominate a man. That of itself is an element of strength. The Democratic women are awfully sore over his nomination, and a lot of them will go down the line for you. Think it over."

"I mean to, Mr. Forbes," she answered him seriously, "and tomorrow morning when the convention meets, Senator Archbold will have my decision. I can't say any more just now; the whole situation is quite too startling, too unexpected for me to know just what I ought to do, or what I want to do, and I must have time to think it over."

THE two gentlemen bowed themselves out, and Gerda followed them. Her appearance on the vine-shaded porch was the signal for wild cheers from the youngsters, and then Bobby made his maiden speech on behalf of the school and promised that all their fathers—"and mothers," called half a dozen girlish voices—should vote for her and carry her into the State House with a majority that would put her in the same class with Abou ben Adhem.

"You told us we must give the best we have to our country, and we will, for we are willing to give you!" he finished bravely.

Gerda's soft brown eyes looked through a sudden mist, and the hand on pretty Mabel Harlan's shoulder was trembling, and the voice in which she answered Captain Morris faltered, for this was a call far more telling than the plea of party, or the demand of party managers that she immolate herself upon the altar of party exigency. Here was the eternal, age-old difference in the point of view of men and women. The pyramids and twenty centuries of the past looking down upon them stir men to action, but the eager upturned faces of the coming generation moved her woman soul with the high unspoken dream of the future.

"Come back this evening, Robert, if you can spare the time," she said as the cheers died away, and the young folk departed, and then went indoors, one arm about her mother and the other around the slim shoulders of Mabel Harlan, who looked up at her adoringly. "You answer the 'phone for me, girly," she said, "while I tell Aunt Viney about supper and get into another gown," and with a glad feeling that she was helping to save the nation, Mabel took down messages, picked flowers for the table and fastened refractory hooks and eyes. It was the

first time that she had taken part in what she felt was destined to become an historic occasion, and she went home regretfully after supper, feeling that she might be missing vital moments in the panorama of the ages.

The news had spread like wildfire, and there were many calls, but Gerda was alone when Robert Morris came at eight o'clock, and bowed as low before her as any Red Cross knight to the lady on his shield. They sat down on the wide veranda and the boy looked at her with much the same devotional air that had marked the girl an hour before.

"Robert," she said, leaning forward a little that she might see his face better in the arc-light from the corner, "I want you to tell me truly. Do you think I ought to take this nomination? It means so much; can I do it, ought I?"

"O Miss Allison," he said humbly, "how can I advise you, who are so wise?"

"Knowing all the kings of England and how long they reigned isn't wisdom, Robert," she said. "Somebody says we cannot make a worse mistake than scoffing at the clear view of the young, as if we saw better because of the dust that time has flung into our eyes. I've had a lot of advice already. Now I am going to ask that of just two people outside of this house and of my mother, and one old book inside of it, and what they say shall decide. You are the first."

"And you mean to be influenced by what I say? You mean to think about it when you make your decision?"

THERE was something almost awestruck in the boy's face as he looked at her through the growing darkness. She nodded and there was silence for a few minutes. It seemed to the boy as if he grew up quite suddenly and beheld life from an entirely new angle of vision. At last he turned to her as if after a long struggle his mind was made up, and his words came impetuously:

"Don't do it," he said. "It's all right and brave and fine to want to, and people will praise you, and you can be elected, and of course you would do the work all right. That's all easy. But there are horrid folks, and they say dreadful things

even about men that are good men, when they are elected to anything, and things that are not half as bad would be twice as awful about a woman, and it would keep you worried and troubled and make you unhappy, and the folks that want you to run now would want you to keep on getting elected, and after six or eight years you could never come back to teaching again; it would seem dull and tame and uninteresting, but politics isn't *nice*, Miss Gerda!" He floundered for a moment and went on breathlessly, "My father has been in Congress, and mother hates it all. You won't belong to the folks that love you any more. When the telephone rings it won't be some friend speaking to you, but some politician, who wants a job for somebody, and people you never saw will come and take your time, and write you bothering letters, and you'll have to go to places when you are tired and make speeches and be interviewed, and it'll be just like living out there under the arc-light, and even if you hate it, you can't let go. I know you don't like us to say things are 'nice,' but—well, nobody in all the world thinks politics are nice, now do they?"

GERDA laughed rather unsteadily. "No, so far as I remember, I have never heard politics called 'nice,' though I have heard an ex-legislator refer to the Rocky Mountains as 'pretty,' and that is even worse. O Robert, you do make it seem rather appalling."

"Do I? I wish you'd tell me why you want to know what I think about it," he said wistfully.

"I asked you because I knew you wouldn't think of the honor or the salary, or the position and the recognition it gives. I knew you would think only of me, and I can't do that for myself just now." She was not looking at the boy, or she would have seen his face whiten under its coat of tan. She rose and he took up his cap, realizing that the interview was at an end, and noticing for the first time that she had a letter in her hands.

"Shall I mail it for you?" he asked, and was amazed as he saw the color surge over her face.

"No, I thank you," she said hastily, "but I want you to do me a favor, Robert.

Mr. Ferguson gets back tonight on the nine o'clock. I want you to meet the train and give him this note." She lifted her head and looked the boy in the eyes. "I know I can trust you, Robert. I have promised to marry Mr. Ferguson some day."

CHAPTER II

GERDA ALLISON had guessed rightly that no one save the boy would be able to see her problem unmoved by any attending circumstance. Her mother, her first and best counsellor, insisted that she must consult her own wishes, but behind this non-committal attitude it was evident that she was more pleased and proud than she could say, and the girl knew even better than her mother how keenly disappointed she would be if her daughter put away the proffered honor.

But what would Eric Ferguson say? That was a different matter, and she had an instinctive feeling that men are not uniformly keen about having their women-folk approach the pool of politics, untroubled yet by any angel. It would not affect their plans, for they had not planned to be married that year. Eric was doing fairly well as a young lawyer, but his future was not assured, and the present had not yet ceased to be somewhat precarious, although he was confident and had large hopes. Gerda realized with a touch of pride that the salary of the office she was asked to fill would make possible some dreams which had seemed very remote, and while Eric would rather do everything for her, still—

She did not pursue the subject to its utmost ramifications. Her engagement was very recent, and there were many serious questions which had never been discussed. It seemed to her probable that Eric would be opposed, but there was a consideration on the other hand which would weigh heavily with him. His Republicanism was rock-ribbed and unshakable. Her own frequently wavered, and she had to stand before the picture of Abraham Lincoln and repeat the Gettysburg address by way of renewing it. Sometimes she sat with her father's sword across her knees, and tried to recall her youthful enthusiasm, but he had

grown more and more independent in his later years, and on the few election days that had dawned for her, she had voted for men and measures regardless of party. The political exigency of the present moment made small appeal to her. The real call of the office was simply and solely the opportunity it afforded for service in her own profession. There would be a chance to do fundamental work, to build for the future. That was worth while. She flung back her head, as her father had often done when going into action he caught the first scent of gunpowder upon the breeze.

At the same moment she heard a quick, springy step upon the walk, and a moment later she met her lover in the wide, accommodatingly dark hall.

"Well, Miss Allison, State Superintendent of Public Instruction," he said, holding her hands and drawing her beneath the light of the chandelier, "I read all about you early this evening, and nothing but the knowledge that you wouldn't get the wire until tomorrow morning kept me from telegraphing congratulations. I hope you got my telepath?"

"Oh, but how could you!" she cried in crestfallen tones. "Besides I haven't said I would."

"It was in the first edition of the evening papers," he said, taking a bundle of them from his overcoat pocket. "Look at this. 'Deadlock in Republican convention. Probability nomination will be tendered Miss Gerda Allison.' That's the *Herald*. Here's the *Tribune*. 'Happy conclusion to Republican row. Gerda Allison nominee. All factions unite in asking popular teacher to make race. Republican Boss Archbold predicts daughter of old friend and Republican wheel-horse will lead ticket by thousand votes,' and the *Telegraph* caps the climax. Listen to this: 'Democrats doubtful. Gloom in Warren tents. Many women said to be ready to flock to standard of Miss Allison.' You see, it's all done but the shouting."

The girl looked at him curiously and a trifle coldly. A lover should have been more jealous of his rights, less willing to share her. "I haven't accepted the nomination," she said. "I told them I would

let them know in the morning. I didn't know how you would feel about it. I never meant to go so far into politics."

He sobered instantly and sat down opposite her, ready to argue the case on either side, like any right-minded young attorney. At first sight most people were attracted by Ferguson; he was distinctly good looking if not actually handsome, a little darker than Gerda, tall, slender and clean-shaven. Students of physiognomy would have found his lips too thin and his eyes a trifle too close together, but he could be delightful when he pleased, and Gerda had only seen him at his best. "Did you wait to talk it over with me?" he said gently. "Your note was non-committal and the papers very decided, so I came prepared to take up my torchlight and fall three paces to the rear like an obedient orderly, or if it suited your ladyship better, to spy out the land before you and lay down all the coats I possess over whatever puddles there may be ahead of you."

"Eric, you didn't think I would decide a thing like this without consulting you!" she said, surprise and pain in her voice.

"You might have taken it for granted that I would be proud of the honor," he said, "and then I know old Archbold. When he gets started on the glories of the Republican party, I feel that I can't get sleep until I have gone forth and slain a Democrat. I thought he had talked you over. Forgive me dear," he added remorsefully.

"But you are proud, and do you want me to accept?" she insisted.

"Proud? Yes, I'm a vain-glorious idiot. As to wanting you to accept, of course I do, and equally of course, I don't. I don't mind women holding office, and I know it won't spoil you the way it has some of them, but just the same I'm not keen on dividing time and interests with the state. Your intuition must have told you that, but I'm a fairly loyal party man, and both our fathers fought for their country—

"So did you," she interposed quickly.

"Oh, not so you'd notice it," he answered easily. "Nothing heroic in fighting when your ammunition's quinine and the only foes in sight mosquitoes."

"But you enlisted," she said; "you were

ready for any call; I suppose this, even at the worse, is something of the same kind."

"I suppose it is," he acquiesced, "and even in its merely malarial form Sherman's definition of war goes. I've a suspicion that a campaign is likely to afford as many mosquito stings as Florida, and while they're not necessarily fatal, they're unpleasant. I'd rather do the unpleasant things for you, but if you make up your mind to enlist I'll stand by you while you save the country. It won't put things off any further for us, will it?"

She blushed charmingly. "They're pretty vague now, but this might make them a little less so—"

He shook his head and rose to go. "No," he said, "I'm going to be able to take care of you; your salary must go for pin-money. That's the only thing, or at least it's the main thing about it I don't like. I don't want you to be independent of me."

"There was once a Neolithic man," she scoffed. "O Cave-dweller, the primeval instinct is strong!"

NEVERTHELESS she was pleased. When she went to her room and took down the old brown leather-bound book that had been her grandmother's, it fell open at the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah, and her eyes rested on the words:

"Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people."

She read the verse several times, and then on down to the bottom of the page and shut the book with a shudder and went into her mother's room.

"I have decided to accept, mother," she said, but her voice was not enthusiastic.

"You have chosen wisely," Mrs. Allison answered. "It will not all be pleasant, but neither is any walk of life. I believe you will be elected, and women of your type should be the ones to hold public office. I think the time has come when no nation can go forward until its captains shall say, as Barak said to Deborah, 'If thou wilt go with me, then I will go, but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go,' for that is what happens to them

anyhow; no nation can limp forward, half of it at a time. I am sure your father would be pleased, and I am glad you have decided as you have."

Gerda kissed her softly and went to her own room. The stars were paling before she slept. Why had she read on, for the words of the prophet haunted her.

"I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me."

CHAPTER III

THE occurrences of the day following always remained clear-cut and distinct in Gerda's memory, yet they seemed distributed over an immense stretch of time; surely it was not possible to change the entire general scheme of one's life in one short day, yet the calendar showed no more.

She woke early and unrefreshed, and a cold spray and a hot breakfast did not make her feel like herself. Then she hurried down to the High School and arranged to have a substitute put on in her place, and had a long conference with the superintendent and the principal, and while the latter regretted her loss from his corps of teachers, they were both enthusiastic over her nomination and certain of her election, though the superintendent, a cautious man and much afraid of politics, spoke respectfully of her opponent, who had long been identified with the school system of the city. As she left the building, she turned and looked back over the wide halls regretfully; a tardy pupil was hurrying up the long stairs, and there was the gentle hum of the human hive, settling down to the day's work. The place that had known her so long would know her no more, and she walked back home, up the long street, bright with the warm morning sunshine, with a feeling of aloofness. It was the same, yet nothing could ever be quite the same again.

The Archbold car was waiting when she reached home, and Senator Archbold came down the steps to assure her of his gratification at her decision. Then her mother joined them and they went down to the theater where the convention had resumed its work, and took seats in a box at the left of the stage, where they could watch the somewhat turbulent efforts of the dele-

gates to complete their state ticket. Everybody was so engrossed in the matters of great pith and moment before the assembly that no one paid any attention to the two ladies sitting well back in the box, and Senator Archbold rushed away after pointing out a few of the leading lights, and rushed back now and then to explain what seemed fairly inexplicable.

A WOMAN with a high, rather strident voice sat in the box in front of them and argued the merits of the situation with a bald-headed, shrewd-faced man with a merry twinkle in his little brown eyes.

"Look here, Denny, have we got to stand for this whole slate?" she said angrily. "Can't we get a name off it?"

"Get 'em off?" he responded cheerfully. "You just try it; daughter, them names is chiseled on the slate. We came in here with a steam-roller we was intendin' to send pro and con over that slate a time or so, but they beat us to it when they got the temporary organization. Listen to that dub," he went on, while a red-faced and perspiring individual extolled the merits of his candidate who had begun voting the Republican ticket forty years before. "Yeh," sneered the redoubtable "Denny," "The trouble with these guys that got busy along with Fremont is that a lot of 'em hasn't voted it with no particular regularity since. Ran away to join the army, did he? must 'a' been one of the little judge's bad boys; give him th' can."

"But can't we make one little fracture in the slate," persisted the lady, "just one?"

The man lowered his voice, but Gerda heard her own name, and the woman turned and looked at her curiously, and then turned back to her companion and Gerda heard her say indifferently, "She looks a good sort, but I don't suppose she knows straight up in politics; however, the less they know the easier it is to manage them." The man laughed and Gerda didn't catch his reply, except the two words, "Rio Verde," which had no significance for her.

There were more nominations, more polling of delegations, more of the process known as log-rolling and a few sharp altercations. It was all very strange and

very interesting. Gerda looked over the assembly, composed mostly of men, with here and there a woman, some eager and alert, absorbed in the great game, others bored and weary, while a few looked about them in utter bewilderment. She realized quite suddenly that in spite of her study and her years of teaching history, she was getting close to the fundamental processes of her own government for the first time, and from being a rank outsider, she had now become a member of the caste, the leading lady in what might prove a tragedy, a farce or a melodrama.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Senator Archbold on one of his brief visits to their box. "Maybe you wouldn't suspect it to look at it, but that's the science of government and the genius of the American people in active eruption going on down there. That's the pool of politics you've heard so much about—hey—what's that? Excuse me, ladies, there seems to be some kind of a row in the Taos County delegation, I'll be back directly," and he disappeared to view. Back behind the scenes he was laboring with a refractory delegate who refused to be bound by the unit rule, and madly clamored for the floor that he might state his grievances to the whole convention.

IT was late in the afternoon and most of the work was done when the chairman announced that the nomination of Miss Allison, made the preceding day, had been accepted, and he would appoint Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Potts, the two candidates who had withdrawn in her favor, to escort the next State Superintendent of Public Instruction to the platform. Mrs. Thomas was a neat, trim little woman, black of hair and eye, suave of speech and cultured in manner. Mrs. Potts was large, blonde and gushing. They glared at each other like rival queens, and Gerda felt like a very small ship between two enormous icebergs as they led her away. The chairman was florid and perspiring; the delegations seated on the platform greeted her with a salvo of applause, which was taken up tumultuously by the rest of the delegates as she made her way to the front of the stage, while the band played "There's Only One Girl," with gross disregard for

the feelings of the other ladies. There was a moment of deathlike silence after her introduction; then Gerda heard as afar off the command—"Gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people," and haltingly at first, then simply and easily she told the great convention in what humility of spirit she accepted the trust laid upon her, with what singleness of purpose she would endeavor to win their approbation, and with a word of thanks she concluded and bowed her acknowledgment amid a storm of applause.

In a few minutes the convention was over and she was introduced to her fellow-candidates, chairmen of delegations, members of the state central committee and other portentous personages, while women delegates from all over the state were assuring her that they would go home and organize their counties for her.

She promised to drop into headquarters next day and talk over the campaign with State Chairman Baylor and Mrs. Renwick, the vice-chairman, whose special duty it was to organize the women. She thanked various people for kindly expressions and at last she was free to go home, too tired to eat any supper, almost too tired to move, feeling as if all the bones in her head had been jarred loose by the din and confusion without and the conflicting emotions within. She knew she was a candidate, and this seemed interesting in a vague and remote way, and also a trifle alarming. The only really vital thing was to get to bed in her cool, dark, vine-shaded room upstairs. She sent down excuses to Eric Ferguson and Robert Morris and Mabel Harlan, and soon she was oblivious of everything, even the imperative mandate of the telephone that whirled and jangled every few minutes.

For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, she was a candidate!

CHAPTER IV

GERDA was awakened next morning by a devil's tattoo played irritatingly upon her door, and a teasing voice chanted:

I've often seen the candidate,
I oft expect to see one,
But truth to tell, I'll frankly state,
I'd rather see than be one.

"Can I come in, Gerda? It's the early reporter that catches the candidate. Personally, I have my own opinion of anybody who will get nominated in time to give the evening papers the story when one's best friend works on a morning paper. However, it is no more than might, could, would and should be expected of a Republican!"

Sara Ross, special writer for the *Morning Tribune*, concluded with a final flourish of metaphorical trumpets, and without further ceremony entered her friend's room and kissed her fondly as she struggled back from the land of dreams to the world of realities.

"You look as if you didn't believe it. Behold then, what this turpitudinous sheet has to say about you, and sue them for running that awful picture." Miss Ross spread out the morning papers upon the counterpane and laughed at the look of dismay that spread over her friend's countenance. Miss Allison's nomination was made the main feature, it having been the only one where the pre-arranged program of the bosses had failed to go through smoothly.

"Oh, how horrid!" she said blankly, feeling much as if she had received a sudden shower-bath of ice-water.

"What an ungrateful young person you are, Gerda," her friend said, laughing again. "Come, slip on some clothes and I'll do your hair while you tell me the story of your life."

Gerda drew her kimono about her, vanished for a few moments and returned fresh from a real shower, fully awake, and ready, if not enthusiastic in her desire for the fray. The preliminaries of her toilette did not take long, and then she sat down before her dressing table and Sara Ross brushed and combed and piled the long shimmering locks about her head in a bewildering array of shining coils and puffs.

"Now for the details of a hitherto blameless life," she went on inexorably but indistinctly because of a hairpin held between her lips. "Like Copperfield, you were born; I gathered that much from your mother and being an only child, you have been fearfully spoiled. Never mind, that will be taken out of you in the next few weeks. Oh, you have a sister, you say?

They don't count; it's brothers that keep a girl meek and lowly of mind. Where have you been to school, Gerda, and do you really know a lot, or are you just common, garden variety, like the rest of us?"

"Do you have to write me up, Sallie?" asked Gerda, a whole book of lamentations in her voice.

Sara Ross stopped, her brush held in mid-air. "Well, of all the miserable little ingrates," she said disgustedly. "After I've fought, bled and died for a chance to do this, and give you two columns in a paper that regards you as a mere minion of greed, a weak, misguided young thing, tossed down upon the world's broad field of battle by way of helping the plutocrats remain in power—after all that, you say, 'do you have to write me up?' You ought to be written down Idiot, with a large I, two of 'em in fact, and very pretty ones. Gerda Allison, do you want to be elected?"

GERDA made haste to apologize and Miss Ross resumed. "Now for the details; mumps, measles and whooping cough in regular season, I suppose. Graduated from the high school at seventeen—with honors, of course. Went to the state U—not to be named in the same day with some of the big eastern co-ed colleges, but much better for electioneering purposes; taught out in the rural districts, as by statute provided, used her father's influence and got a professorship in the high school from which she had taken her diploma but a few short years before."

"That's the short and simple annals of this one of the poor," admitted Gerda. "I don't see how you are going to spin that out over two columns."

"This will help some," said Miss Ross, with a final pat and pull to the coils before her. "I picked it up downstairs. You were really quite passably good-looking, Gerda, when you were seventeen." She waved a full-length photograph of a girl in her graduation frock, and went on evenly: "I have one of your latest, which is now being made into a half tone, and we will run a picture we had made of this house when your father was elected Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. And then, of course, I

have a few brief words of my own to say about you. My, but I do hate to ruin all your chances of a happy future by saying you are a scholarly young woman. What do you teach anyhow?"

"History, mainly," answered Gerda. "If you really do teach history, it includes political economy and sociology and evolution."

"Wait until I get that down," said the newspaper woman. "It sounds profound and wise and mysterious and will look well in print. It's a great relief to me that it isn't mathematics you dabble in. Ward told me he simply wouldn't stand for a mathematical lady. Says he doesn't object to brains, but a real womanly woman should never know more about figures than one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour cream, half a cup of butter, two eggs, one tablespoon of ginger, flour for a stiff batter, and bake in a slow oven forty-five minutes."

GERDA laughed. "I should just suit then; it has always been a miracle with me how I ever graduated. I know just enough about figures to set my alarm clock. Come down and have some coffee with me; it's late, but Aunt Viney always has something good for breakfast. I suppose you haven't time now, but I want you to tell me something about campaigning. You don't know how—how young and ignorant I feel."

"I know how young and ignorant you are, poor dear," replied her friend, "but the Lord has tempered the wind for you, shorn lamb that you are, and sent me to be a light unto your path. I know all about politics from the time when the orator nominates a man, who, to listen to him, has Moses and Alfred the Great left at the post, down to the time when the polls close. I know all about our broad acres, our vast and erstwhile silent plains where the reaper now cuts the same kind of swath the candidate thinks he is leaving behind him; as for our snow-clad mountain peaks kissed by the beams of the glowing sun—truly, I've seen the snow kissed off every one of 'em from the Matterhorn of the Rockies down to and including the Sangre de Cristo. I could get out a hand-book, 'The Candidate's

Guide, or Campaigning in Six Easy Lessons,' I don't know a thing on earth about political economy, but I know enough about political extravagance to ruin the administration if I should tell half of it."

Her half-scoffing, half-bantering mood changed, and she flung her arm about the tall young candidate. "Oh, I am glad," she said, real feeling in her voice. "I'm glad for you and I'm glad we women have a candidate like you. I'd begun to despair. One Mrs. Loring can't make a success of woman suffrage. It's up to you to give it a long shove forward. But tell me, Gerda, how does Eric Ferguson take it?"

"He seemed pleased night before last, when I told him," Gerda answered her friend shyly.

"Pleased!" Miss Ross returned to her former manner. "Pleased! Gerda, I've told you right along that man doesn't care half enough for you."

"Why shouldn't he be pleased?" Gerda answered with some asperity. "He thought it a great honor."

SO it is," Miss Ross answered drily, "but whoever heard of a man being enthusiastic over political preferments heaped upon the woman of his choice. No, my dear; he's only a half-god; hardly that, about an eighth-god and not a tenth good enough for you. Stand just so for a moment until I get an impression of you. Tall, regular features, golden bronze hair—don't you ever have any color?—little hands and feet, serious minded, yet ready to met a joke half way and extend the right hand of fellowship to it—altogether a Biblical young woman—that is, fair to look upon. By the way, Gerda, did you know that Warren's daughter, Linda, has left home, eloped, some people think; maybe worse."

"Linda gone!" cried Gerda incredulously. "Why, she was in school at the beginning of the term, only a week or so ago. She was one of my best students last year—you must be mistaken, Sara; it's impossible. She was hot-headed and a little reckless sometimes, but not wild, not bad in any sense. Why, I dearly love her, Sara."

She said it as if that love were strong



*The youthful players put in a few grace-notes unknown to the original composers,
and their faces were glowing with enthusiasm*

enough to prove an impassable barrier between the young girl and every impinging evil influence, and Sara Ross looked at her helplessly.

"Oh, you school people!" she said under her breath, "will you never take time to study the book of poor, weak human nature?"

"How dreadful for Mrs. Warren," Gerda went on, "and for Professor Warren. I don't see how he can bear up under a thing like that, to say nothing of going into a campaign. Do people know?"

"Not yet," answered Sara. "Our paper got the story a week ago, but of course we suppressed it on account of his being our candidate. If it was your daughter who had suddenly developed a taste for the primrose path there'd be something doing fast enough, and plenty of folks to say you'd better show some ability to manage your own family before you asked to be put at the head of the whole school system. But this is different. Warren himself charges it up to the girl's mother. So I'm told, and it would be just like him, self-righteous old hypocrite."

"Come, Sara, we'll go down and have our coffee," said Gerda, but she spoke in a preoccupied way, and when the two young women parted, Gerda's last words were in no way connected with the campaign she was about to make or the office she might have to fill, but an urgent request for news of Linda.

CHAPTER V

THE next week Gerda was kept busy trying to learn the details of the campaign in which she found herself so suddenly and unexpectedly a factor. She had considered herself well informed, a good citizen and fairly conversant with public affairs, but a very few days sufficed to convince her that she was the veriest tyro when it came to the great game of politics as it is played in real life.

Sara Ross tried to explain, but after an hour she threw up her hands in despair. "I've heard of kindergarten politicians," she said, "but they must have robbed the Day Nursery to find you. Well, never mind. Politics is like Herman's magic, 'The more you look, the less you see,' and the more you see, the less you'll know.

Fancy knowing all the presidents and not knowing that John Carteret and Jimmy Grady divide this little old town between them, and decide who is to be elected and whether we will go Republican or Democratic this year. Mary Peterson is the Republican committee woman who runs things, and Annie Hogan is the Democratic leader and a fine one. It was Margaret Dulaney, but things change."

"They do," said Gerda humbly, "and I don't seem able to keep up with them. Who is that little hatchet-faced woman with the high C voice and the black brilliantine that hikes up in front and trails in the back?"

"Oh, that's Mrs. Holden. She was one of Mrs. Potts' backers. She thought she had the nomination cinched for her woman, but her own delegation double-crossed her; that is, they traded her off for votes for Kinsley, the man they were trying to get nominated for auditor. The rumor is that had Mrs. Potts been elected, Minnie Holden was to have been her stenographer."

"Oh, I see," said Gerda, a light suddenly breaking upon her.

"If Mrs. Thomas had won out it would have been a great personal victory for Mrs. Hillyer—"

THE tall, handsome woman with the white hair?" asked Gerda.

"Yes; she doesn't need anything in the job line herself, but she loves power, and she likes the game. Mrs. Thomas was a fairly good candidate, but the feud between Mrs. Hillyer and Mrs. Holden would have been likely to defeat her. It's a poor committee-woman who can't get at least ten scratches in her precinct without anyone being the wiser, and in two hundred and fifty precincts you can see what that will do. They simply didn't dare risk it, especially this year, with Warren running."

"Why, everybody says he isn't a strong candidate," said Gerda, puzzled.

"He isn't, angel child," replied her friend, "as against you, but he would have had things his own way with a split among the Republican women, and nothing to take away the Democratic women. You know a lot of them are going to vote for you. Then you know there are about three hundred and fifty places where liquor

is sold in this town, not to mention the other towns in the state, and in about all of them there is an undying prejudice against women in politics. They scratch a woman every time, and at a low estimate, a very low one, too, they will control at least ten votes apiece. You see a woman has to run about three or four thousand votes ahead of her ticket in this city in order to keep up with it. That is, she has to have that many scratches for her in order to hold her own, and if the women don't stand by her you can see what is bound to happen. On a legislative ticket it isn't so bad because, especially with our kind of city machine, they count that they can gag and tie them by a caucus. I suppose Mrs. Holden has been to see whether you do not need a stenographer who could be getting used to your ways, so she could take right hold when you are inducted into office. Did she tell you she was the first one to suggest your name as a compromise candidate?"

"But Mrs. Hillyer says the same thing," objected Gerda.

"Yes, and Hiram Fox is going around telling how he discovered you, and Miles Forbes and Senator Archbold are having all they can do to squelch him. He might defeat you with his gabble."

"Fox! who is he?" queried Gerda. "Who is he and how could he defeat me when I never even heard of him?"

"He's the local representative of the School Book Trust, took Spinney's place, you knew him?" Gerda nodded. "I think he has a deal on with Warren and is talking to prejudice folks against you. Of ways that are dark and of tricks that are unfortunately frequently successful, the heathen Chinnee is no monopolist. So both the ladies have been to you? I knew they would."

"Yes, and a lot more. I've bought tickets to six church fairs and dinners and suppers and raffles and bazaars. I've promised to go to a reception at Mrs. Hillyer's house and to speak at a parlor meeting somewhere in Mrs. Holden's ward. My, but that woman has a vocabulary."

RATHER," acquiesced Sara. "Do you remember when we were studying Natural History, how Miss Pease told

us that the American eagle, grand old bird, was of the female persuasion? I know I was much excited when she explained that the female bald eagle is much larger and stronger than her mate, and so, of course, it follows that she is the lady who disports herself on our coins and banners and coats of arms. I've thought of it more than once in the last ten years. The American eagle is a hen, all right, but she isn't a cat."

"Don't you think that's a pretty catty remark, Sara?" laughed Gerda. "All things considered, don't you think women come out pretty well compared to men, and remembering how new they are in politics and to team work?"

"Compared to men, yes," replied Miss Ross cheerfully. "but that's being thankful for nothing. Politically speaking, men haven't climbed down from their trees yet. Their only idea is to drink the milk from somebody else's cocoanut and then drop the shell on his head. I like men—individually, I like women better, but as a class I prefer men, except in politics. All history, but especially ours, proves that they are a narrow, bigoted, partisan set, wholly unable to paddle in the pool of politics without splashing the white banner of pure ideals, and lacking in the initiative that would drain the pool. When you see the things that men do in politics, you wonder what asylum they have just escaped from. And speaking of the dear creatures, who are only a little lower than the angels, I have stumbled over Bobby Morris burning joss-sticks in your front hall half a dozen times lately, but what has become of Eric the Bold? Is he waiting till the clouds roll by, or has he betaken himself to the ranges, to build up your fences, like a dutiful lover?"

"Neither," answered Gerda. "He has been retained in a big case—the biggest he's ever had—"

NOT the Rio Verde Land and Irrigation suit?" cried Sara.

"Why, yes; how did you guess?" asked Gerda. "It's a fine chance for him, he says, and will mean a big fee and other things will be sure to come out of it, but just now he has had to go to New York and he can't be back before the week before

election. He got the case through Miles Forbes," she concluded.

"Miles Forbes," repeated Miss Ross. "This makes one more count against him."

"I don't understand," said Gerda with gentle dignity.

"I'm not sure I do either," answered Sara penitently. "Too much newspapering makes one suspicious. I don't like Miles Forbes—"

"But he used to more than like you," said Gerda.

"Well, he doesn't any more," answered Sara. "I have an idea just now that he is a good deal interested in you. Miles is clever, clever as the devil, who manages to keep him in grateful remembrance. You'll see. He'll be the one who makes out your itinerary and sends you annuals and sleeper tickets and his auto will be ever before you. Before you know it he will have become your political mentor, and he'll manage to keep Eric marooned down there with the Great White Way and the subway and the Only Way, when he ought to be here looking after you. Anyhow, you have Bobby and me."

"I'm not ungrateful for small favors," Gerda answered, "and there, O Cassandra, true to your prediction, comes the Forbes auto now. Will you deign to ride down town in it?"

Sara made a grimace, and they went together to the car.

CHAPTER VI

THE Fates are singular ladies. Sometimes they seem to forget us entirely, permitting us to go along following too much the devices and desires of our own hearts for years of monotony; then, quite suddenly, perhaps, as if we had grown worthy their consideration, they turn their attention upon us. At this juncture they decided that Sara and Bobby were quite sufficient for Gerda, and a telegram came from her sister in California, begging their mother to go to her, and rendered more imperative by another from the attending physician. Typhoid with complications offers more opportunity for anxiety, and Mrs. Allison was torn between her desire to do so and an uneasy feeling that she ought to stay with Gerda; no human being

can foretell the complications likely to arise during a campaign.

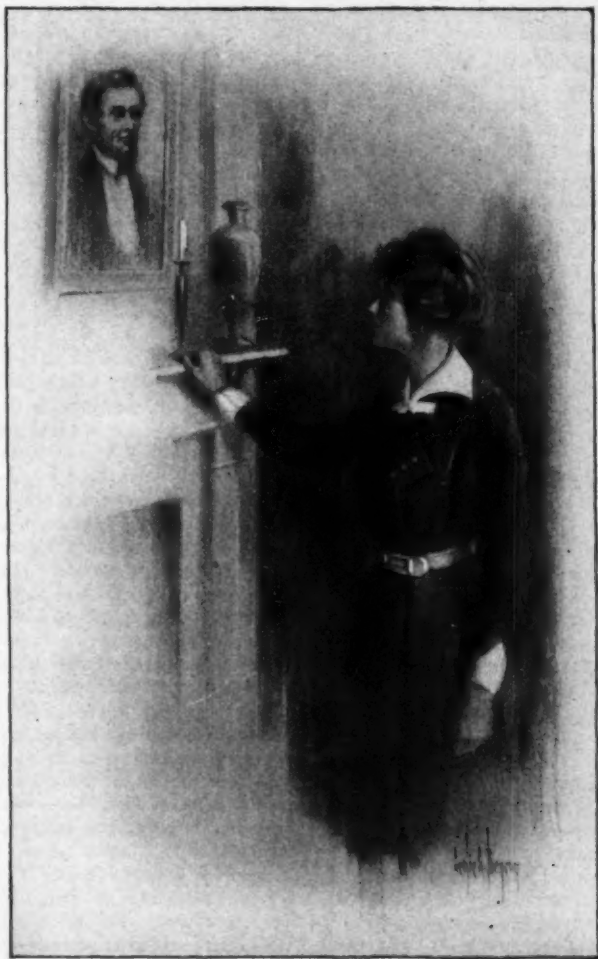
"But you can't refuse to go," argued Gerda. "Trude would think me a selfish pig, and in a day or so I will have to go out with the 'Special,' and I'll be gone a week or ten days, and all that time you couldn't be doing anything for me, and you'd be fretting your heart out for Trudy."

"I am afraid you may need me," her mother wavered. "I can't do much, but between answering the telephone and seeing people and running the house, I manage to keep busy."

"You are the best and dearest of mothers," Gerda answered, "and I shall miss you every minute, whether I am here or away, and I shall need your wise counsels every day, and lots of things will have to go undone, but they'll just have to go, and that's all there is to it, and you'll have to go, so that's all there is to *that*. Now you pack while I see about a berth and your ticket."

For a wonder, Gerda reached the ticket office just as a tourist gave up his reservation, and five minutes later she left with the tickets and a folder. But for this great good fortune, she would have had to wait four days, for the travel sets westward by the first of October. Upon such small circumstances as this turn the noiseless hinges of Fate's doors.

MRS. ALLISON left on the afternoon train. Forbes took her to the train and left Gerda at her gateway, after she had watched the last curl of smoke of the departing train vanish in the distance. He suggested that they go by Headquarters and get Mrs. Renwick, for whom Gerda had developed an immense regard, and have a little dinner just to break the strain and keep Gerda from being lonely, but she excused herself saying she was very tired and had much to do, and seeing the pathetic droop of her slender figure, her heightened pallor, he did not press his invitation. He left her with a warm pressure of the hand, and she went into the house feeling strangely depressed. A reassuring telegram had started her mother away in good spirits; all reports promised a sweeping Republican victory, and the afternoon mail had brought a glowing



Eric's Republicanism was rock-ribbed and unshakable. Her own frequently wavered, and she had to stand before the picture of Lincoln and repeat the Gettysburg address by way of renewing it

letter from Eric, yet she could not shake off the sense of impending evil. Sara Ross dropped in and had supper with her, and later on Robert, the faithful, duly appeared, but it was rather a relief than otherwise when Sara hurried away on some special assignment and Robert grudgingly started home to "bone" for his geometry.

"You jes' go to baid an' sleep it off, Honey," counseled Aunt Viney. "You is a feelin' lonesome an' homesick, but onct you git a good night's res' an' gits stahted out on you'all's Flyah, a-makin' speeches an' a- breakin' up the Demmycrats from tryin' to make we-all slaves ag'in, you'll be all right. You go on an' git ondressed an' I'll bring you up some catnip tea."

Viney went on pulling down shades and seeing that doors and windows were fastened, and Gerda started slowly upstairs, weary and dispirited. She stopped at the landing, for the 'phone rang, sharply, with an angry whirr.

"You answer, Viney," she said. "If it's anything about politics ask if it won't do in the morning; my head aches and I'm so tired."

THE big jolly colored woman took down the receiver, and Gerda waited. After a few minutes Aunt Viney's face lost its good humor. "Law, Miss Gerdy," she said, "I sho' is gettin' deff. I kain't make nothin' out of it, 'ceptin' dat Mis' Warren she done wanten talk to you; seems like it's somethin' about Miss Linda, an' like Mis' Warren was cryin'. You bettah talk to her."

"Mrs. Warren, how singular!" Gerda exclaimed. "I wonder what she can want of me." She hurried down the stairs and took the receiver.

"Huh," grunted Aunt Viney, with much disfavor, "how come she gwine to de telephone? I heah she was done par'lyzed."

"So she is," answered Gerda. "She can't leave her bed, but she has a 'phone right by it and—yes, yes; this is Gerda Allison." She listened intently and the look of amazement on her face gave way to one of blank dismay. "You want me to go and find Linda somewhere and take her away—" her voice ceased, and it was evident that Mrs. Warren was pleading as only a mother can plead. "On Eleventh Street, near the

Court House," she repeated. "The Wigwam, you say. Oh, how can I, how can I!" She had been standing, but she sank down on the hall seat, still clutching the 'phone, her face white and intense. "Let me think," she said at last. "Let me think. I will call you up directly."

She hung up the receiver and turned to Aunt Viney, who stood watching her, arms akimbo, and the corners of her bandanna bristling. She was one of the almost extinct type of darky servitor, loyalty itself, and ready to do battle for the girl she had helped bring up, and bullied and spoiled by turns. Gerda looked at her appealingly. Never in her life had she so much needed her mother's calm judgment. To whom could she turn? She thought of Sara and stretched her hand toward the 'phone, but Sara was beyond its reach. She thought of Senator Archbold, of Miles Forbes and shivered; they were too much engrossed in her campaign to think of anything save the possible effect on her candidacy of any quixotic action on her part. She thought of Mrs. Renwick; she was older and wiser; half fearfully Gerda called her home, the office, a house where she might be attending a committee meeting, but there seemed to be no way to find her. She turned over the names of other possible advisers in her mind and rejected them all, and the hands on the clock moved relentlessly on, and the big colored woman waited silently.

TEN o'clock struck, and the telephone rang again, more imperiously than ever, and as Gerda listened to the impassioned entreaty that came over the magic wire her face became resolute. She answered "Yes," and turned shuddering away, wringing her hands.

"What dat Mis' Warren been a-makin' you promise?" demanded Aunt Viney. "You ain't a gwine to come off dat ticket so Mistah Warren kin git elected, is you? Mizzable po' white trash!"

"It's worse than that, Aunt Viney," Gerda said, going to a closet and taking down a long, dark coat. "You remember Linda?"

"A sassy, up-an'-comin' little flibbertigibbet dat was allus a hangin' aroun' you? C'ose I 'members her. Ain't I allus

said dat chile 'ud come to some bad end? What she bin an' gone an' done now?"

"Did you ever hear of the Wigwam?" asked Gerda.

"How come I should hear of it?" she answered. "I aint traipsin' roun' no back alleys; what is it?"

"It's a saloon, a saloon with a horrid place back of it, or under it or somewhere, that they call a wine-room, where they sell things to drink to women and—and Mrs. Warren has just learned that Linda is there. Think of it, Aunt Viney, and she can't go, and she says if Mr. Warren knew he would kill Linda, and she wants me to go after her, to that vile place. Poor Linda, she must be crazy, Aunt Viney."

"What I done tole you," said the colored woman belligerently. "She ain't wait for no bad end to come to her; she done went

bad right in the beginnin'. But Honey, you is a candidate, an' even if you had a call to go hangin' around wine-rooms and sich, bringin' sinnahs to de mo'hners bench mos' times, you ain't got no call to go now, an' I reckon de place fo' you to go is jes' to baid, an' forgit dis yer."

"I am going down to the Wigwam saloon, and I shall bring Linda home with me," Gerda answered steadily, but her lips were white.

Aunt Viney saw that expostulation was useless. "You po' foolish lamb," she said, "de good book done say dat even ef you pound up a plumb ijit in a mortah, he's gwin stay an ijit, an' dat's de onlies reason why I ain't a-poundin' of you dis minute. But ef you is gwine crazy, I reckon you old aunty is a gwine wif you. Now, you hole on tell I git my bunnit an' shawl."

(To be continued)

LITTLE THINGS

AH, little things that grow to make life grievous,
Vain little things—the frown, the quick word said,
Thy sly-curved lip—poor little things that leave us
Heart-stung and nettled, turning pale and red!

Little are we, poor moths of souls that flutter
Around in semi-glooms and craving flame.
In our dim whirl, should lips the wound-word utter,
Close them with chrysm of Love's all-healing name.

For Love lives not in littleness: it reaches
Beyond all dreams of outspread, orb-lit space;
Yea, in the outer darkness it beseeches
For suns, more suns to glorify its face.

—Joseph I. C. Clarke, in "The Fighting Race."

Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem

(AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER)

by Henry W. Longfellow

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! He our love hath shared!
Spare him! As thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."
The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Co.

A Day at Historic Nazareth Hall *by*

Mitchell Mannering

IN every chronicle of notable and historic American colleges and schools, Nazareth Hall has a history that glows like a beacon even in the educational limelight of the times. There was something fascinating in the very name of Nazareth Hall, one of the first of a great number of noble educational institutions listed to be visited during May and June, 1914. And my visit was indeed the crowning event of a long itinerary. The two o'clock train was to be taken from New York in order to reach there in time for the exercises. Arriving at Easton, Pennsylvania, at four on a June dawning at Commencement time, the sun was just tinging the horizon and I found that the glories of a full-orbed summer sunrise among the hills of northeastern Pennsylvania furnish scenic effects that can never be forgotten, such as the Moravian brethren beheld in the Colonial era of William Penn.

In the historic town of Easton the mountain streams are threaded with bridges leading this way and that; the glittering eddies of the converging rivers and the almost utter quiet of the early dawn were a fitting overture to this glorious Commencement Day at Nazareth.

Taking a trolley car over the hills, I soon found myself on the princely domain of five thousand acres, in the forks of the Delaware, which was purchased by George Whitefield, the noted Methodist divine, and named by him Nazareth. Here he planned to start a school for the negroes in the building still standing, known as

"Whitefield House." It was in the course of erection in 1749, but a change in Whitefield's affairs prevented the consummation of his missionary work in the then great unknown continent of the West. In that same year in far-off London, Bishop Spangenberg of the Moravian Church purchased the estate of Whitefield. The Moravians were already known throughout the world as great missionaries and teachers, and the "Unitas Fratrum," as the Moravian Church is sometimes called, was revived at that time under the dashing leadership of Count Zinzendorf.

There was something in these names that compelled reverential retrospection of the past, as I wandered up by the monument to Nazareth Hall, built in 1755, and intended originally for the baronial residence of Count Zinzendorf, who had formed great plans for establishing a large estate and making this a notable religious rendezvous in the New World. Mind you, this was before there were dreams of a new republic in the West, and of a sylvan state thereof preserving the honored name of Penn.

The story of Count Zinzendorf, the Renewer of the Brethren's Church and influential in establishing Nazareth, is a romance in itself. He spent the years of his childhood in Upper Lusatia, in an old castle, ten miles from the border of Bohemia. Here, the noble, so prominently identified with the revival of the Moravian Church, spent his boyhood, and his early training was among the divinity students

at Wittenberg. He made the tour of Europe and met Calvinists, Lutherans, Roman Catholics and men of every creed, and felt an earnest crusader's interest in the revival of the Moravian Church. He was in love with his cousin Theodora, but found after betrothal that a young friend, Count Reuss, was also in love with

and he composed a cantata for the wedding of his former betrothed and then consecrated his life to religious work.

He started out filled with the restless spirit of travel, and found his way eventually to Herrnhut, where the Moravian Church was renewed. As he was banished from Saxony, he began his work, covering localities from the West Indies to Greenland and even to the African coast. It is doubtful whether a greater missionary world-traveler ever lived in his time than Zinzendorf. His work was contemporaneous with that of John Wesley and of George Whitefield. In his later days he dreamed great things for the struggling missionary post at Nazareth. His fortune had been spent in renewing and restoring the oldest Evangelical Church in Europe.

The Nazareth tract was originally purchased from William Penn, and with it was conveyed all the rights and privileges of a baronial possession, making it one of the few manors sold by Penn with that privilege. It is yet held on the condition of rendering service to the Penns and their heirs, by paying, if demanded, a red rose in June each year, forever, a reminder of the old Rose Tavern, prominent in Colonial history.

Even in these early times, a century ago, representatives of six nations worked together

her. The two young men started off to have the matter settled by the young lady, who selected Reuss. Count Zinzendorf had decided to give her up to his friend and in that way prove his greater love for her,

on the walls of Nazareth Hall, and this has been characteristic of the school ever since that time. The cornerstone was laid in 1755, about the beginning of the last French-Indian War, and the dark days of



HON. GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM

Attorney-General of President Taft's Cabinet and a Nazareth Hall graduate

that year included the terrible defeat of General Braddock, when the Indians, instigated by the French, were carrying blood and fire into Pennsylvanian frontiers; and even at the time of the building of the hall, hostile Indians prowled about the little Moravian settlement, but the Moravians were held in such high esteem that they were permitted to go on with their work.

After it was discovered that Count Zinzendorf would not be able to take up his residence in this country, it was decided to use the building for a great Moravian school.

The Moravian zeal for education was handed down through four centuries from the time of the Bohemian reformer, John Huss, through John Amos Comenius, Moravian bishop and educator, and the missionary spirit has always been prominent in their history. In Nazareth there still stands a log house built in 1740, in which the first boys' school on the barony was started in 1743.

Nearly twenty years previous to the Revolutionary war, Nazareth Hall became the Moravian boarding-school, in Nazareth village, lying midway between the Blue and the South Mountains. With the entire continent to choose from, no more favorable location could have been selected for an educational institution, whose animus stimulates sturdy character building. Even in the early days, it was renowned as free from malaria, a healthful and ideal place where brain and brawn could be nurtured for good citizenship. Although now within three hours' ride of New York and Philadelphia, there is just enough detour from the main highways of

travel, east and west, north and south, to make it as remote and isolated as if it were a thousand miles away in the fastnesses of frontier forests and hills.



HON. GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU

A former Nazareth Hall boy who is now president of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York

Through this great historic building—whose rough limestone exterior, built on the model of an ancient Silesian manor house, typifies Moravian sturdiness, and whose walls of stone are two feet thick—I wandered, deciphering historic tablets reading back over a century. What stories of life, vigor and hope these walls could tell. The floors still retain the thick, wide planks, laid over a hundred

years ago. The old bell that has summoned the pupils for over a century, since its first tragic greeting, is a relic endeared to the students. In the corridors of these halls, hundreds of boys, who have since become distinguished in national life, have met and parted. Here are still recorded the lessons, recitations, standing and drawings of a list of four generations of distinguished men who attended school here, making a most imposing roster of celebrated and honored alumni.

Many men now prominent in political and business life were students at Nazareth. Among them are George B. Cortelyou, former secretary to President McKinley and President Roosevelt, former Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Postmaster-General and Secretary of the Treasury; the late Senator Mallory of Florida, and his father, a member of the Senate from 1851 to 1861, and later member of the Confederate Cabinet; George W. Wickersham, Attorney-General under President Taft, was known at Nazareth Hall as "Sammy Wickersham," but he was easily identified long before he had reached the eminence of the presidential cabinet, and every boy at Nazareth loves the memory of the days he was there.

There were also many sons and grandsons of Congressmen and Senators, but the democracy of Nazareth Hall knows no distinction except the worth and merit of the boy himself. Senator Boies Penrose's grand-uncle, Mr. Isaac Penrose, was one of the promising students in the early days of the last century, and the identical drawings and recitations of the pupils of 1794 were shown to Senator Penrose on his recent visit. In the dormitory initials were carved, including those of many a man distinguished in public life.

Five school buildings, occupying the three sides of the square, front on a beautiful lawn opening to the south, with a view of the Lehigh Hills, that includes a landscape view unrivalled and worthy the inspiration of a Corot. Back of the hall is the pleasure garden and a beautiful natural amphitheater, wherein open-air plays have been given. Nearby is a cool spring and beyond it the wood lot. One could not conceive of a place where boys could better develop the best that is in

them. There is a swimming tank, and all the buildings are provided with modern conveniences, but we found the places in the closets upstairs still remaining where the boys in Mr. Cortelyou's time snugly put away their bright and shining wash-basins, before the days of modern and sanitary plumbing.

The boys live in groups, and are constantly with their teachers and professors, which gives them the inspiring personal contact with their instructors not possible in larger schools. This close association of the instructors and scholars has long given Nazareth Hall a distinction in educational methods that is unrivalled in the history of famous American schools. The boys study together, "bunk" together in military style, play together and develop a broad spirit of comradeship; and as a large family, develop a manliness and unselfishness that is basic in cultivating the manners recognized as those of a gentleman in all generations. Paradoxical as it may seem, this famous Moravian school is a military school, developing all that is best in discipline and training, while even teaching the doctrine of peace. Here it is emphasized and demonstrated what military training and preparedness mean toward a prevention of war, as recently demonstrated in the Mexican embroglio.

THOUSANDS of people were gathered about the parade grounds when Major Reusswig reviewed the last parade of the cadets. The little fellows, from 11 to 16 years of age, formed companies by themselves under manly young leaders. The two companies were drilled to perfection, and even the most ardent peace advocate could not help applauding the military proficiency and the manly, alert appearance of the Nazareth Hall boys on parade. At the Commencement exercises, the students appeared in full uniform, a class of seventeen graduated. The exercises, including music, declamation and oratory, were most inspiring, but the real spirit of the school was revealed when Dr. S. J. Blum arose to award the medals and honors, for there was a fatherly spirit and family atmosphere in these exercises that was refreshing after the stilted formalities of the average Commencement. Dr. Blum

called up the boys as he would have called for his own sons, and they responded, saluting in a manly and soldierly way. The diplomas were carried to the hall by two little orderlies, twelve years of age, in full uniform and feeling the importance of the task assigned to them. The gathering in the dining hall later further emphasized the family spirit, which is so especially characteristic of the Moravian brethren. To enjoy the Commencement exercises at Nazareth Hall, and to feel the soft and gentle spirit of June time amid so many historical scenes was indeed an inspiration. Among noted visitors at Commencement exercises in previous years have been Hon. George W. Wickersham and Hon. George B. Cortelyou. Mr. Cortelyou spoke interestingly to the boys, his address running in part as follows:

How impressive was the tribute to the worker when Doctor Franklin began his own epitaph: "Benjamin Franklin, printer"; and when Professor Agassiz began his will, "I, Louis Agassiz, teacher."

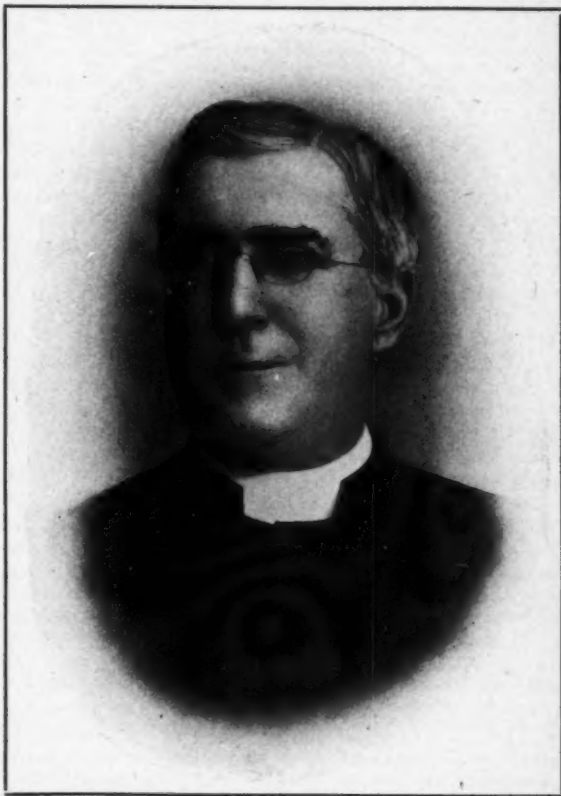
It is a good thing to have an ideal; it is a better thing to be an ideal. A boy without ideals is like a clock that has run down; he may be ornamental, but he is not useful.

Many of your ideals may be beyond your ability or your resources, but you can determine to excel in whatever you undertake; you can place the standard of character and accomplishment high and say, "There is my goal"; and press on toward it. . . .

Every boy has read, or ought to read, "Tom Brown's School-Days." If you have read it, you will recall that the story closes with Tom's return to the old school and the scene in the chapel under whose altar the great head-master of Rugby lay buried. There he pays the tribute of his grief to one whom he had, in the fullness of time, come to know and to love. What better thought, what

higher inspiration can I leave with you, boys of the Graduating Class—what better thought can we all carry with us from this evening's exercises than that so beautifully expressed by Thomas Hughes in those last words of his immortal story:

"And let us not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone



REV. SAMUEL J. BLUM

Dr. Blum has been in charge of Nazareth Hall since 1897

through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the

purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell forever and ever in perfect fullness."

The art of being thorough is, though difficult of attainment, one of the greatest aids in life, and Mr. Wickersham brought this out convincingly in his talk to a graduating class.

The world calls to every boy today more insistently than ever before. Your life in this quiet corner of the world until now has been like that of the thrifty German people who first made this part of Pennsylvania their home one hundred and seventy years ago. They came here in search of peace, away from the wars and the tyranny and the turmoil of Europe, and for freedom to worship God in their own simple and beautiful fashion. The hand of their industry made them rich; not with the ostentatious wealth of trade and commerce, but with the simple wealth of the husbandman. They built comfortable stone houses and ample barns. They cleared away the forests and tilled their fields; and seed time and harvest found them untiringly devoted to the labor that brought them. . . .

The besetting sin of our people today is superficiality; we are too often content with doing a thing, as we say, "well enough." Let me impress upon you the thought that nothing is "well enough" that can be better done. . . .

You must aim at the attainment of something worth doing, something that seems beyond any possible attainment, and in the struggle to reach it you will surely come nearer to it than if you aimed at a lower point.

A few weeks ago I attended a banquet given in New York to the great English general, Lord Kitchener. In replying to the toast in his honor, he spoke of a visit he had just made to the United States Military Academy at West Point, and he said that what struck him there was the thoroughness with which the work of the cadets was done. That was the quality which had distinguished the illustrious general himself in his own work. . . . I took occasion in a few remarks I made, to comment on that fact, and to suggest that when Lord Kitchener was raised to the peerage, the motto which should have been given him was the word "thorough." It was a mere fancy on my part, and I was surprised and pleased to hear Lord Kitchener say in an undertone, "It was the word 'thorough.'"

Mr. Wickersham relates many incidents of his life at Nazareth Hall, and among them of having been awakened in the dead of night by the bell tolling to announce the death of some resident, and by the solemn chords of a dirge rendered by the trombone players resonantly thrilling the deep stillness of the night. At that time

the old Moravian customs were preserved in Nazareth, and very little English was spoken outside of the school. Services in the church were conducted in German and one service in English. Dr. S. J. Blum, now president of Nazareth Hall, was then a teacher, and Mr. Wickersham recalls how with his long finger he used to emphasize this and that point impressively, but was always ready with a humorous story whenever the occasion would justify it.

The publication of the school, called "The Hall Boy," is a record of the activities of student life at Nazareth Hall that is most interesting. The topics of the Commencement orations, covering "Travel and Transportation," "Mexico, Past and Present" and "Athletics," reflect a manly as well as scholarly spirit in the students of Nazareth Hall. It was interesting to read the history of the seventeen young men who graduated and to look upon the class motto of 1914, "Non Palma Sine Labore"—"No Victory Without Labor." The boys of the graduating class have an annual educational tour and usually visit Washington, in charge of Dr. Blum and Commander Major Reusswig.

Nazareth Hall fits and trains its young men for the practical purposes of life, whether they take up a high college curriculum or not. The cadets everywhere indicated their affectionate love for Dr. Blum and the various members of the faculty, and it was refreshing to hear how the boys loved to go with them on their outing trips, just as a kindly father would take his sons for a holiday.

The drill, discipline and the general religious influence have called forth many a heartfelt and affectionate tribute of remembrance from the very elite of the alumni. Here are found phases of personal history not often seen in the routine chronology of the great schools. The book opened for me to the name of S. S. Palmer, who entered in '67, with his record of recitations and his marks for diligence. He later became one of the most prominent business men in the country, and the little record showing the death of his brother is a touch of the pathos of schooldays that suggests the life of Tom Brown of Rugby. No wonder the boys of Nazareth Hall never cease to honor and revere the name, for

here are preserved panoramic flashlights of the early life that have forecasted later achievement, and one can follow the career of these young men in every detail of work and recitation, while being trained for greater things.

* * *

A poem read at the last Commencement by one of the graduates of sixty years ago demonstrated the virility of the Nazareth Hall boys. The renown and distinction of many of the graduates and faculty

in the Nazareth Hall cadets combines love of learning with the love of country.

The laying of the cornerstone at Nazareth Hall in 1755 was an auspicious occasion, for there were present converts of the Delaware and Mohican Indians and the Gnadenhuetten Mission. There was a gathering of converts from nearly every tribe living east of the Mississippi, besides John Samuel, a native of the Malabar coast, and Andrew and Joseph, negroes from Africa. This was long before slavery



PROPOSED LIBRARY AND SCIENCE BUILDING

To be erected for Nazareth Hall as a memorial to their alma mater by alumni, patrons and friends

is an unbroken record that actually spans the history of the Republic. The story of the Moravian Church would not be complete without the record of Nazareth Hall, and while many of the students are not members of the Moravian Church, yet the wholesome influence of its cheery piety even in these days is appreciated.

The little brass cannon on the campus had been fired in the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the Civil War, to say nothing of the Spanish War. To me, the most impressive sight was to see the students, while passing on their way to the Commencement exercises, saluting the flag on the campus, and every environment tells that the student body as represented

had become a disturbing issue, but indicates the liberal and self-sacrificing devotion of the early Moravians.

On the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone, Hon. George B. Cortelyou delivered an address, and in introducing him, the remarks of Dr. Blum reflected the kindly and affectionate sentiments of the teachers toward their students, present and past.

In September, 1873, a quiet, modest, unassuming lad from New York, then but eleven years old, entered Nazareth Hall as a pupil. His reports, copies of which the school still possesses, show that he applied himself closely to his studies, stood high in his classes, and his conduct was entirely satisfactory. After spending some time here, he entered more

advanced schools, where, by hard study and diligent application, he fitted himself for a high and honorable position in life. The private secretary and trusted friend of President McKinley, he was with him when he was struck by the assassin's bullet, in the city of Buffalo, in September, 1901. At that time he became known to the entire civilized world by the bulletins which he sent out from the bedside of the stricken President, awaking alternate feelings of hope and fear in the hearts of the citizens of this land. At that sad period of this country's history, every one of its patriotic citizens could not help but speak in the highest admiration of the faithful care, loving attention and anxious solicitude shown for the dying President and his grief-stricken wife by his faithful and devoted Secretary. That boy who entered Nazareth Hall nearly forty-one years ago honors us with his presence today. The Hon. George B. Cortelyou, whom I now have the pleasure of introducing to you.

The old clock in the tower, placed there in 1796, still seems to echo the chimes of devoted and united efforts for the good of humanity. Amid such memories and traditions one soon falls under the spell of Nazareth Hall, and as I saw the invaluable records of American education lying scattered about, documents as precious as the archives of the government itself, I wondered why Nazareth Hall should be without a library building, for of all places on earth where a new library is imperatively needed, Nazareth Hall is certainly that place. If one could see the boys in their narrow quarters, trying to do the best they can with their few books of reference and literature, they would realize the good that would be derived and the pride and enthusiasm that would be stirred up in the students of today, if a good library were established in which these priceless relics could be displayed. I was interested when Dr. Blum revealed his hopes and plans for a fifty thousand dollar library, and I felt that I could not too strongly advocate in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE that every one interested in education should hasten to help him realize his modest dreams of an adequate library. The alumni will doubtless take hold of the matter, but any American right well be proud to add his contribution toward the library for Nazareth Hall.

After mingling with the student body and getting into the spirit of the institution, as it seems to have been handed down from generation to generation, one

cannot but feel that the generous and gracious spirit of the men on the roster roll of Nazareth Hall, and those whose fathers and families are represented in the illustrious list, will lead them to provide ample means to strengthen and develop this distinctive, unique type of the great American school, by providing an adequate library and equipment; for if ever there was a spot consecrated and devoted to the educational spirit of the past, present and future, where sturdy, moral, enterprising manhood has been developed, Nazareth Hall has a claim upon the citizenship not only of the great state of Pennsylvania, but of the Republic itself. Nazareth Hall with its historic names and fame will not long continue to be deprived of the facilities accorded to the ordinary high school in the smaller cities of the country.

Somehow, when I left Nazareth, that beautiful June evening, with the moon in full orb, illuminating the ancient domain, under the spell of its witchery, I could see, rising on the eminence, the very site selected by the beloved and revered Dr. Blum, the library building looming up on the horizon like a dream come true. It will be an impressive tribute of the men and minds of this later day to an ancient but virile institution, in appreciation not only of the invaluable service it has rendered to its student body in the past, but of the great things which the future has in store for just such institutions as dear old Nazareth Hall. The band was playing, the boys were shouting the college songs as they were hastily bidding each other good-bye in 1914—some parting forever—yet the memories of old Nazareth Hall will remain a tie of fellowship that neither time nor space can completely sever. The patriotic impulse inspired in the last salute by the graduating cadets to the old flag will also live, an imperishable reminder of the ardent patriotism of the boys of today, and the ideals and glories of American citizenship, instilled in an ancient school which was founded in Colonial days on the very frontiers of Indian warfare—a school which has survived many vicissitudes and which has never varied in its purpose of educating strong and God-fearing men for the responsibilities and duties of their day and generation.

Forrest's Pursuit and Capture of Streight*

by Bennett H. Young

THE Battle of Murfreesboro closed on January 2, 1863. The Army of the Cumberland under Rosecrans and the Army of the Tennessee under Bragg made no important moves or advances until late in the spring. Both armies had suffered a tremendous shock and great decimation, and it took them some time to recover from the effects of that frightful conflict.

Among the most enterprising Federal officers in the Army of the Cumberland was Colonel Abel D. Streight. Born in Wheeling, New York, in 1829, he was at this time just thirty-four years of age. He had recruited the 51st Regiment of Indiana Infantry, and his regiment had been a part of the Army of the Cumberland for some months. The story of success of the Confederate raids of Wheeler and Forrest and Morgan and Stuart had kindled the desire among some of the Federals to carry out similar operations.

During the time that Rosecrans and Bragg were waiting to get ready for another great battle, Streight conceived the brilliant plan of moving a cavalry brigade up the Tennessee River by boats to a point near Tusculum, Alabama, and there disembarking, march a little south of east to Rome, Georgia, a distance of a hundred and sixty miles. Although an infantryman, he had pondered the marvelous raids of the western cavalry, and he longed to imitate the example of horsemen. He calculated that along the route of his

march, both coming and going, he could play havoc, and destroy at will all manufacturing and other property which could be, directly or indirectly, used for the maintenance of the war. It required a man of great genius and transcendent courage at that period of the war, who had no more experience than Streight, to organize and carry out such a scheme. He argued if Forrest in Mississippi, Wheeler in Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, and Morgan in Tennessee and Kentucky, could successfully win out in their raids, he also might hope for equally good fortune. It was as bold if not a bolder feat than any Confederate cavalryman up to this time had undertaken. Streight deserved in this expedition more than fate accorded him. There had been some Federal companies recruited in the northern part of Alabama. Quite a portion of the people in that part of the state were disloyal to the Confederate cause. Frequent invasions of the Federals had developed this spirit of resistance to the authorities of the Confederacy and promoted enlistments.

Streight had come in contact with these companies of cavalry which had been recruited while refugeeing from Alabama. They would be thoroughly familiar with the route Streight intended to travel. Without the assistance of guides like these, such an expedition would be impossible. He had heard of the disloyalty of these people and he was sure they would be glad to welcome his coming into their midst,

* From "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," by Bennett H. Young

and would in considerable numbers flock to his standard.

In a little while Colonel Streight, who in sleep or waking pondered his plans, had so far worked out his project that he put it on paper and submitted it to his superior officers. They were delighted with the possibility of such an expedition, capable of doing such tremendous damage to the Confederacy, and his superiors concluded if Streight was willing to risk his life and his reputation, the Federal government could afford to risk a couple of thousand troops, as many mules and a cannon or two. His associates encouraged him in every way possible, commended and applauded him, and told him the government was ready to place at his disposal all the resources necessary to conduct such a campaign.

He was regarded by his superiors as the most daring and enterprising man of the hour, and not a word of caution was sounded in his ears. No echo of possible failure, or faintest warning escaped the lips of those with whom he counseled. If they questioned, naught of their doubts came to him.

IN order that Streight's command might start afresh and be prepared to make a great spurt, his brigade was organized at Nashville and it was proposed to transport it from there on eight or ten large steamers down the Cumberland River to the Ohio, thence to the mouth of the Tennessee River and up the Tennessee for several hundred miles to Eastport, Mississippi, and from this point to enter upon the real work of the expedition. The fact was emphasized that under this system of transportation, men and horses would start on the campaign absolutely fresh and ready for a headlong rush of ten days. It was calculated that possibly even more time could be consumed in the daring work which had been assigned for this adventurous command. In these days, on both sides men were prepared to take boundless risks. Their hopes and not their fears were their guides. It was decided that Streight might choose his own troops. He selected his own, the 51st Indiana Regiment. He felt that it was reliable. To this he added the 73d

Indiana, under Colonel Gilbert Hathaway, hardly less brave and resourceful than Streight, the 3d Ohio and the 80th Illinois, and two companies of Alabama cavalry, with a small battery. They made up a force of two thousand men. Nobody ever seemed to think it was necessary to advise with cavalry officers. Streight wanted to make the raid and he felt that he could accomplish what he had proposed and he consulted only with infantrymen. These officers, who had had no cavalry experience, decided that mules would be more reliable than horses, that they could do better service in the mountainous country through which the expedition would pass, in that they could live on less and were harder. When they came to this conclusion, they made their great mistake. It was strange that men with the experience and judgment of the Federal officers who were advising Colonel Streight would permit him to start out with untrained animals. At Nashville they gave him a few hundred mules, some two years old, many unbroken, and a number of them in the throes of distemper. As the expedition was to be one of spoliation, the impressment of horses was to be an essential for success. The troops and such mules as could be spared were placed on steamers and brought down the Cumberland River, to a landing called Palmyra, and there they marched through to Fort Henry on the Tennessee River. This march ought to have been done in a few hours, but it required four days. Streight's men were sent out in every direction in squads and singly to scour the whole country and impress every mule that could be found. They spared nothing that could walk or which could be saddled, and they took everything of the horse or mule kind that was attainable in the territory through which they forayed. With all this diligence and impressment they were still short of mounts. They had saddles and bridles, but they had no animals on which their equipment could be placed. After re-embarking at Fort Henry, with a convoy of a brigade of marines, and several gunboats, Streight reached East Port, Mississippi, where he put his men ashore and dismissed the boats.

General Granville M. Dodge, in com-

mand of the Federals in that locality, had been directed to give Streight every possible assistance. Dodge was twelve miles away from where Streight landed, but the leader of the expedition immediately rode over to where Dodge was. The Federals numbered some seven thousand or eight thousand men. Colonel P. D. Roddy, with a small brigade of Confederate cavalry, intercepted the advance of Dodge's troops. It was the plan that Dodge should make a feint for a few miles into Alabama. This would protect Streight until he got started on his march, and would also terrorize the Confederates by threats of an invasion by a larger force.

At Eastport the troubles of Colonel Streight began. Mules when broken are patient workers, but they are very uncertain performers, and when thirteen hundred had been corralled they all set up a loud braying. For a while this puzzled and disturbed the Confederates, but in those days Confederate cavalymen were very quick-witted and they took in the situation and stole across the picket lines covering Streight's men and mules, crawling in amongst them, and began hooting and yelling and firing their pistols and guns. This was a new experience for these long-earred military appliances; they immediately stampeded and at daybreak Streight found four hundred of his best mules gone. This was precious time wasted. He spent thirty-six hours in recovering his lost property, but more than half of the mules never came back. They had been picked up by Roddy's scouts, who thanked God for this addition to their mounts.

Roddy and Colonel William A. Johnson, with three small Alabama regiments, were plugging away at Dodge's advance, and so thorough were their efforts that it took practically four days to reach Tusculumbia. Here Streight brought up his own men and mules, and Dodge gave him six hundred mules and some horses, together with ten thousand rations of bread and six wagons. The Federal leader realized the tremendous task that he had undertaken. He looked over all those who were to go and saw to it that the faint-hearted and the physically ailing dropped out of his column.

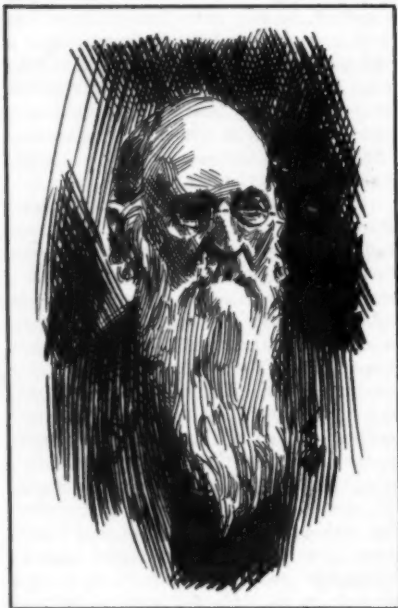
Colonel Streight, with all his courage, was afraid of one man. That man was

General Nathan Bedford Forrest. Dodge told Streight that Forrest had crossed the Tennessee River, and Streight knew well that if this was so it meant trouble. The most precious hours of Streight's life were the 24th, 25th and 26th of April. The delays made on those days were his undoing. The Confederates had not yet apprehended the Federal purposes. They knew where Dodge was, and they brought some cavalry down to impede his march, but they did not know that Streight was behind Dodge and that in a few hours, like a meteor, he was to be hurled down into their territory under orders to make a raid of more than one hundred and fifty miles into the very heart of the Confederacy, to destroy there what no money could replace and which was absolutely vital to the maintenance of the Confederate armies at the front.

It was passing strange that the Federal government, with men wise in so many military ways, and so many West Point men—like Sherman, Halleck and Grant—would permit Streight's enthusiasm to induce authority to enter upon such an expedition without the most complete preparation. Under the most favorable conditions, the odds were at least even, and the Federal soldiers were certainly entitled, in view of the risk they assumed, to the very best their government could give. Instead, Streight got the worst. He started short of horses and mules, and although brave, intrepid and ambitious, he could not make a raid without reasonably good mounts. Streight was anxious to go. He felt that if he succeeded he would become renowned, and forge at once to the front as the greatest of Federal cavalry leaders.

STILL lacking animals, it was decided that Streight should move out in front of Dodge's forces and pounce upon the unsuspecting planters and farmers in contiguous territory. Several hundred of his men were still unmounted. Russellville was the county seat of Franklin County, Alabama—eighteen miles south of Tusculumbia. By swinging down these eighteen miles, it would permit the scouts from his command to penetrate ten miles farther and impressment was driven to

extreme limits. Some animals escaped, but many were taken. Turning directly east, Streight moved up to Moulton, twenty miles distant. This gave him still more territory for impressment and confiscation, so that when he reached Moulton he had only a few men who had not some sort of a beast to ride. Upon the day following Streight left Moulton, and on the morning of the 29th of April Forrest was just sixteen miles away at Courtland. By this time Forrest had thoroughly



JOHN H. WISDOM

divined Streight's plan. He hurried in behind him and resolved to make escape impossible. Streight had left Moulton in the night, and by the time Forrest reached Moulton his trail was a little cold. Forrest told his soldiers that whatever else got wet, the cartridges were to be kept dry. As he rode out of Courtland, a cold, drizzling rain set in, but there was nothing could dampen the ardor and enthusiasm of the pursuers. They were man-hunting, and that always makes the drive furious. With hard riding, Streight had reached Sand Mountain. He had

bravely struggled to get on, but bad roads, bad weather, inferior mounts, and the wagons and artillery held him up. He was not sure that Forrest was behind. He earnestly hoped he was not. Streight rested all night, while Forrest was riding most of the night. He had only twelve hundred men and Streight sixteen hundred. There was never a time when Forrest needed more faith in his men. He had that faith, and he knew that if he could put his followers to the test, they would be found always dependable. Nobody thought about leadership or suggested anything to Forrest. The men who rode with him believed that he knew everything and all they asked was to be allowed to follow where he led. Forrest, rushing his men all the night of the 29th and the morning of the 30th, came close upon Streight's command without their knowledge. Both men had started just at the dawn of day, and both were dreadfully in earnest. Streight's men were already marching up the tortuous road to the crest of Sand Mountain. As the head of the column reached the summit, the bursting of a shell at the bottom and the driving in of the pickets told Streight that the man he feared was at his heels and had already begun to harass and harry. No sooner had the sound of the guns been heard than Streight, with the instincts of a soldier and the courage of a warrior, rushed back to the rear. He wanted to be where the danger was greatest and the conflict keenest. General Dodge had promised Streight to hold Forrest in check, and, if he got away, to pursue and nag him. He failed to keep his pledge.

In the beginning, Forrest underestimated both the courage and resources of his antagonists. Up to this period in his career he had never struck anything that was so game and so wary as this intrepid brigade of Streight's. He had not then realized that they were dauntless soldiers—led by a man as brave as the bravest. His first idea that they would become a lot of fugitives who had neither skill nor courage was soon dissipated. Captain William Forrest, brother of General Nathan Bedford Forrest, was in command of the advance guards and scouts. With a valor born of unlimited courage, he rushed

up to the fleeing Federals, now climbing the sides of the mountain. He manifested neither fear nor discretion. He had absorbed his brother's genius for quick and fierce assault. In a little while he ran into an ambushade skillfully designed by Streight, who had left Colonel Sheets of the 51st Indiana in the rear. A minie ball broke Captain Forrest's hip, and he fell in the midst of his enemies. Forrest had been accustomed to reckless use of his artillery. It was not often that his enemies disturbed him, but on this occasion he lost two of his pieces, and, right or wrong, he felt that the young lieutenant in charge of these pieces had not exactly measured up to his standard of determination. He requested later that this young officer be assigned to some other command. This brought about an altercation; the young officer attacked Forrest and shot him—as was supposed to be—mortally. Forrest, ferociously pursuing his antagonist, killed him. In death they were reconciled: the patriotic young officer expressing joy that his shot had failed of its purpose, that Forrest was to live and he to die.

Fighting, fleeing, feinting, ambuscading, hammering was now the order of the day. With his military experience and from fragmentary statements of his captives, Forrest knew that Rome was the destination of Streight. He understood what its destruction would mean to his people and to his country, and he resolved first, that Streight should never reach Rome, and second that he should never escape from the Confederate lines into which he had so boldly and fearlessly moved. At and about Rome, the Confederacy had unlimited treasures—there were foundries and manufactories of arms and munitions of war.

To his famous and gallant brother, Forrest gave only one command. He assumed that he and his forty scouts would need no sleep—at least they could have no rest—and so he told his brother to keep right on down the road and get up close to see what the enemy was doing. Streight made the mistake of ever taking any wagons at all. Climbing these narrow mountain roads with these impediments, his speed was greatly hindered. He had not gotten two miles from the top of Sand

Mountain when he saw he must fight. Forrest's order to "shoot at everything blue and keep up the scare" was driving his men with the courage of demons to attack every blue coat, wherever it was found. He had only one thousand men. He advanced them fearlessly and recklessly. Streight's men fought vigorously and viciously. For a few moments they threw a considerable portion of Forrest's forces into disorder, and with a gallant and splendid charge, scattered the advance guard of the Confederates. When Forrest was told that his guns were lost, he was beside himself with rage. He had too few men to use horse holders. He directed his men to tie their horses in the forest, and then ordered every soldier to the front. The effect of the loss of his guns upon his men he felt might destroy their morale, and he assembled his entire force and led them in a charge on the Federal rear. While Forrest was making these preparations to retake his guns, Streight's men were all ready to remount their mules and ride in haste along the Blountsville Road. Streight had heard much of Forrest, and he was pleased with this repulse and the capture of Forrest's guns. He congratulated himself that he could make a good showing, even if he faced Forrest's veterans.

SOMETHING like fifty of Streight's men had been killed or wounded, and he left his own lieutenant, Colonel James W. Sheets of the 51st Indiana, mortally wounded on the field. There was no time for burial services, regrets, tears or ceremonies. While Sheets was mortally wounded, Forrest's brother was desperately wounded. The Indiana colonel was left in the hands of his captors, and his lifeless body was consigned to a coffinless tomb. He died as brave men wish to die—at the front, with his face to his foes.

Forrest had sent two of his regiments by gaps parallel with Day's Gap, to attempt to head off the Federals. In this they failed because of the long detours they were compelled to make. Forrest now detached a portion of his command to ride parallel with Streight and west of him and to be sure that he would not be permitted to retrace his steps toward

Dodge's protecting forces at Tuscumbia. It was well into the day before Forrest and his escort and his two regiments were able to overtake Streight again. He was once more repulsed. They fought and battled with unstinted fury until ten o'clock at night, and then Streight silently stole away. The Federals held their ground with unflinching courage and far into the night, when their only guide was the flash of their guns. Forrest had one horse killed and two others wounded under him in this encounter. A flank movement impressed upon Streight the danger of his position, and he hurried away, leaving his dead and wounded in possession of his foes, and Forrest retook his guns. They had been dismounted, spiked and the carriages destroyed; but he had them, and, though useless, he had regained them from his foes.

Streight had a great helper with him, a man who had not so much experience, but he had as much courage. This was Colonel Gilbert Hathaway, of LaPorte, Indiana. In August, 1862, he had recruited a regiment which was mustered in at South Bend. He and his command had been at Stone River, and there paid a very heavy toll. His soldiers were well drilled and seasoned. Colonel Sheets had gone down at the front with the 51st, and since he fell Streight laid heaviest burden upon Colonel Hathaway. Streight had now behind him a man who knew neither faintness nor fear, and when he rode away, Forrest and his men rode savagely behind him. Two or three hours had elapsed when the impact in the rear was so fierce that Streight decided to use another ambushade to stop, if possible, until daylight, the impetuosity of the pursuers.

With the obscurity of the night, Streight had used great skill and genius. Forrest called for volunteers to ride into the Federal lines and develop their fire, so that he might fix the position of his foe. Lots of men volunteered, but three were selected. They rode in knowingly to the death trap that had been arranged with such care and cunning. All three came out of a storm of shot and shell untouched. No sooner had the scouts informed General Forrest of the position of the enemy than

he ordered forward a piece of artillery, filled almost to the mouth with canister. Noiselessly, the artillery was pushed up to the Federal position, and then by the moonlight, the inclination of the gun was fixed so as to reach where Forrest had been told the Federals were. It was three o'clock in the morning, an hour that tries men's nerves. A second piece of artillery was brought into requisition. This disturbed Streight and his men, and they were called in and hurried on to Blountsville. From Day's Gap to Blountsville was forty-three miles. It had been a march of fighting and ambuscading, marked on both sides with noblest courage.

AT Blountsville there was yet hope for Streight. If he drove due north, he was only thirty miles away from Guntersville, on the Tennessee River. There he might be safe; but Streight had started out to go to Rome, and to Rome he resolved to go at all hazards. Forrest felt that the troops he had despatched from Sand Mountain to head Streight off would meet him if he veered from the line to Rome. Streight, true to his plans and promises, kept on the road he had mapped out to follow. Forrest had now been riding forty out of forty-eight hours, and for more than a third of the time he had been fighting. Seeing that Streight had now resolved to keep upon the direct course toward Rome, Forrest did the wisest thing that any cavalry officer could do. He concluded to rest his animals and give his men two hours' sleep. The horses were unsaddled and fed the last shelled corn that they had packed on their weary backs from Courtland. Streight gave his men no rest, and at ten o'clock, upon the morning of the first of May, he rode into Blountsville. Strange scenes were enacted in that little town on that May Day. People from the surrounding country had come into the village to enjoy the festivities of such a holiday. They had driven or ridden their best horses and mules. There was food enough in town for Streight's men to eat and enough fresh animals to assure every man in blue a mount. The pleasures of the picnic were rudely shattered; robbed by hungry Federals of baskets or lunches, they scattered like bird coveys, and from the homes

of friends, hidden behind fences, or peering from the bushes with grief, rage and indignation, they witnessed their family steeds unhitched or unsaddled, harnessed with cavalry equipments, forced into the Federal column, and galloped away with the hated soldiers on their back. Girls with tears raining down their cheeks saw their pet saddle horses fade into the dim distance. The older men groaned in spirit and the young men writhed in anguish to realize that the mounts which had long been their chiefest pride were thus ruthlessly taken from their possession. This first of May was the dreariest and saddest that ever came into the lives of Blountsville folk.

Refreshed with food and a momentary rest, the Federal leader realized that all impediments must be thrown away; that to escape Forrest, he must march with quicker gait and move with longer strides. Rations and ammunition were counted out to the men. A portion of the contents of the wagons was packed upon mules. He parked his wagons and set them afire. They had hardly begun to burn when the 4th Tennessee Regiment, under Starnes, charged into the village and drove out Streight's rear guard. Streight had rested two hours, but he had rested the wrong two hours. Forrest's men were fresh from their two hours' sleep. Streight's rear guard was constantly and vigorously pursued and attacked. Federals concealed in the bushes fired into the advancing column. Here and there a man fell wounded, maybe dead, and dying or disabled horses were the markers that were revealing to the pursued and the pursuers the savageness of war, but none of these stayed the men who were harrying the Federal rear guard.

BLOUNTSVILLE was ten miles from the Black Warrior River. The road had become wider and smoother, but Forrest's pursuit became still more aggressive. Protecting the crossing by heavy lines of skirmishers on each side of the river and pointing his two howitzers westwardly, a spirited resistance was made by Streight, but Forrest's men, seemingly never tiring, charging again and again, finally broke the line. It was five o'clock in the afternoon of May 1st when the last Federal

fording the Black Warrior River. Men sleeping on their horses, here and there dropping from their steeds by either fatigue or sleep, reminded General Forrest that he had about reached the limit of human endurance, that there were some things even his trained riders could not do. Reserving one hundred men for pursuit, he now permitted his soldiers to go into camp for three hours. Scant forage furnished his horses a small ration, but his men preferred sleep to food, and they laid down to profoundest slumber. This gave Streight surcease from battle until nine o'clock next morning, but unwisely he drove his men every moment of the night. He reached Black Creek, four miles from Gadsden, but he reached it with his men fearfully worn and depressed. Forrest, true to his instincts and his knowledge of the powers of human resistance, let every man he could spare from picket duty enjoy a brief undisturbed repose. He calculated that he could release some from aggressive assault and sent one of his regiments to the rear and told them to sleep. Streight had marched during all the night. Forrest had rested three hours, and he was thereby enabled to begin pursuit with increased vigor. Riding at the head of his men, he spurred them on to supremest effort to reach Black Creek and save the bridge. He hoped to push Streight so hard that he would not find time to wreck or burn the structure spanning that stream.

At Blount's Farm, ten miles from Gadsden, one of the dismal tragedies of the expedition was enacted. On the first day of May, at 4 P.M., Colonel Streight reached Blount's plantation. There were only fifteen miles between him and Gadsden. This plantation furnished abundant forage for his horses. While the horses fed, the soldiers ate, a portion standing attentive in line ready to obstruct the advance of the Confederates. This rear guard was again vigorously attacked by Forrest. In resisting this advance, Colonel Gilbert Hathaway was mortally wounded. Forrest had become wary of ambushes, and was so cautiously watching for them that Streight declined to waste his time in further preparing them. The rear guard was under the direction of Hathaway. This soldier Streight was now cherishing

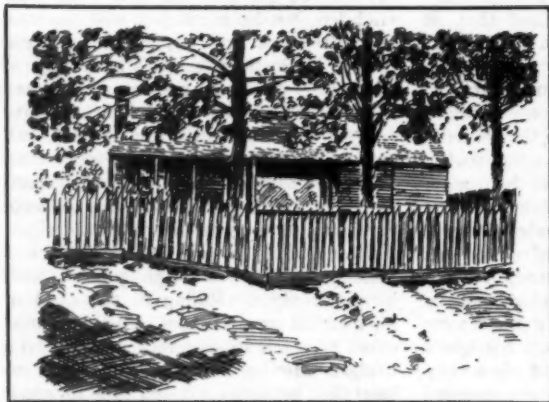
as his best helper. This Federal hero, leading his men in a charge, fell with his face to the foe, crying out, "If we die, let us die at the front," and there he went down, covered with the glory and honor which fame always accords to the brave. There was only time for comrades to request a decent burial for the brave Indiana colonel who had died so far away from home, and had been cut down in the full pride of his splendid career. These officers had known different experiences from the Confederates. They had been accustomed, when men of rank were killed, to handsome coffins and the consoling ornaments and trappings which robbed death on the

he may be found,"—and this the magnanimous planter agreed to do. He faithfully kept his pledge, and in the Alabama garden he gave sepulture to the gallant soldier. The Federal officer, with his enemies at his heels, and with the Confederate bullets buzzing about his person, waved the dust of his comrade a last sad adieu, and putting spurs to his horse galloped away and left the dead hero with his enemies to make and guard his tomb.

Far down in Walton County in southwestern Georgia, a plain, hard-working farmer of Scotch-Irish descent, known among his neighbors as Macajah Sansom, lived at a little town called Social Circle.

He heard of richer land in Alabama bottoms and decided to migrate. The youngest child in the family was Emma Sansom, born in 1847.

The change was not propitious for the father, and in 1859, seven years after his change of home, he died, leaving a son and two daughters to the care of his widow. In 1861, the lad, Rufus, the oldest of the family, heard the call of his country and went away as a member of the 19th Alabama infantry, to defend its rights. The little farm was left to the



THE SANSOM HOME

battlefield of some of its terrors. The owner of the plantation was asked to provide a metallic case for the remains of the dead soldier. He mournfully said, "There are no metallic cases in this country." "Then give him a plain pine coffin," pleaded the Federal officer, now exposed to and endangered by the fire of the advancing Confederates. "We have no coffins," replied the man, sadly shaking his head. "Then take some planks and make a box and bury him and mark his grave." "You have burned all my planks," replied the man, "and I have nothing with which to make even a box." "Then," he pleaded once again, with bullets whistling around his head and with the Confederates immediately in sight, "wrap his body in an oil cloth and bury him, for God's sake, where

oversight of the mother and her two daughters. War's ravages had not reached where they lived. The son and protector had been away twenty months, and all this desolate family knew of war was what Rufus had written of his campaigning and the narratives brought back by an occasional furloughed neighbor, or some who in battle had lost a leg or an arm, and returned disabled, bearing in their persons memorials of how terrible was real war.

The father had settled on Black Creek, four miles west of Gadsden, on the highway from Blountsville to Gadsden. On one side of his farm was an uncovered wooden bridge, plain and unsightly, but saved the passers-by from fording the deep, sluggish stream that essayed to halt man and beast on their travels across this new and

thinly-settled country. The dead father had built a small doubled, one-storied frame house from lumber sawed out of the pine trees that grew in luxuriance on the hills, a short distance back from the Creek. These two girls and their mother had but little of this world's goods. Some cows, chickens, a few pigs and a horse constituted all their possessions. They loved their country, and they gloried in the courage of the young man who was so faithfully and bravely fighting at the front. Joseph Wheeler was the first colonel of the 19th. This regiment had been at Mobile and later at Shiloh, where two hundred and nineteen of its members had been killed and wounded. It had marched with Bragg into Kentucky and down through Mississippi, and later in the valley of Stone River, at the Battle of Murfreesboro, where one hundred and fifty-one of its members were killed or received wounds. In his simple, guileless, homely way, he had written the awful experiences through which he and the neighbor boys had passed and the mother and sisters were proud of him and loved him for the dangers through which he had come, and what he had done made them zealous for the cause for which they had sent him away to endure and dare so much. Each mail day—for mails did not come often into this isolated territory—they watched and waited for the letter to tell what the brother was doing at the far-off front. A fifth of the neighbors and friends who made up the Gadsden company were filling soldiers graves in Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi and Alabama, and these defenseless women were afraid to open the letters that were post-marked from the army lest there should come tidings of the death of the one they so dearly loved.

BY the afternoon of May 2d the pressure of Streight and his men by Forrest was at its fiercest tension. Guided by his two companies of Alabama refugee horsemen, Streight had been told if he could only cross Black Creek and burn the bridge, that he might hope for a few hours' respite, and if he could not feed his weary men and wearier beasts, he could at least let them sleep enough to restore a part of their wasted energy, and from a few hours'

repose get new strength for the struggles and trials that yet faced them in this perilous campaign upon which they had so courageously come.

The rear guard was the front of the fighting, and there the plucky and indomitable Federal leader was pleading with his soldiers to stand firm and beat off the pitiless onslaught of the relentless Confederates, who seemed devilish in their vehement and impetuous charges. He had chosen men of valor for this work, and they nobly responded to his every call.

Sitting in their cottage, mayhap talking of the soldier brother, there fell upon the ears of these defenseless home-keepers strange sounds: the galloping of horses, the clanging of swords, frequent shots, sharp, quick commands. They wondered what all this clamor could mean, and rushing to the porch, they saw companies of men clad in blue, all riding in hot haste toward the bridge over the creek. They were beating and spurring their brutes, who seemed weary under their human burdens, and in their dumb way resenting the cruel and harsh measures used to drive them to greater and more strenuous effort. The passers-by jeered the women, asked them how they liked the "Yanks," and told them they had come to thrash the rebels and run Bragg and his men out of the country. They said "Old Forrest" was behind them, but they had licked him once and would do it again.

The well in the yard tempted them to slake their thirst, and dismounting, they crowded about the bucket and pulled from its depths draughts to freshen their bodies and allay the fever that burned in their tired throats. They asked if they had any brothers in the army, and not to be outdone, the women said they had six, and all gone to fight the Yankees. Two cannon went rumbling by. The men on their horses were belaboring them with great hickory wythes and were driving at a mad pace to get over the wooden bridge. Some blue-coated men came in and searched the house for guns, pistols, and opened and pried through the drawers of the wooden bureau and looked in the closets and presses and under the beds; but they found nothing but a side saddle, and one, more malignant than the others, drew his

knife from a sheath dangling by his side and slashed and cut its skirts into small pieces and threw them upon the floor at the feet of the helpless women.

THE line grew thinner. In double and single file some stragglers were all that was left of the men in blue, and then the rear guard came, and over the creek the women saw the cannon on the banks, the horses unhitched, and the little Federal Army dismounted, scattered out among the trees and bushes and standing with guns in their hands, waiting for somebody else to come. They saw the men tear the rail fence down, pile the rails on the bridge, and then one started into the house, and seizing a piece of blazing coal from the chimney place, ran in haste to the bridge and set fire to the brush and rails, and the flames sprang high into the air. They looked down the road and wished that some men in gray would come and drive away these rude soldiers who had disturbed the peace of their home, ungallantly destroying their property, and cutting into fragments their saddle, which had come as a gift from the dead father whose grave was out in the woods near the garden gate. As they looked down the road they saw one single blue-uniformed man riding at highest speed, rushing along the highway as if mad, waving his hands and beating his tired mount with his sword. Just behind him, at full speed, came other men, shooting at the fleeing Federals. In front of the humble home the single horseman suddenly stopped and threw up his hands and cried "I surrender. I surrender." Then up to his side rode with rapid stride a soldier in gray. He had some stars on his collar and a wreath about them, and he said to the women, "I am a Confederate general. I am trying to capture and kill the Yankee soldiers across the creek yonder."

Standing on the front porch of the house, these women watched these startling and surprising proceedings. The leader who was pursuing this single soldier in blue sat on his panting steed at the gate. The young girls knew that the gray uniform meant friends, rescue, kindness, chivalry. They walked to the fence and outside the gate touched the bridle of their deliverer's steed and patted his foam-covered neck

and looked up into the face of the stern soldier, without fear or dread.

With tones as tender as those of a woman, the officer who had captured the Federal vidette said, "Do not be alarmed. I am General Forrest, and I will protect you." Other men in gray came riding in great haste and speedily dismounting left their horses and scattered out into the forest on either side of the road. The youngest girl told the Confederate general that the Yankees were amongst the trees on the other side of the creek, and they would kill him if he went down toward the bridge. She did not realize how little the man in gray feared the shooting. Now the flames from the burning rails and bridge timbers began to hiss and the crackling wood told that the bridge was going into smoke and ashes and no human power could save it from ruin.

The leader said, "I must get across. I must catch these raiders. Can we ford the creek, or are there any other bridges near?" "There is no bridge you can cross," the younger girl replied, "but you and your men can get across down there in the woods. If you will saddle me a horse, I'll go and show you where it is; I have seen the cows wade there and I am sure you, too, can cross it." "Little girl," the general exclaimed, "there's no time for saddling horses. Get up behind me," and seeing a low bank, he pointed her there. She sprang with the agility of an athlete upon the bank, and then with a quick leap seated herself behind the grim horseman, catching onto his waist with her hands. The soldier pushed his spurs into the flanks of the doubly burdened horse and started in a gallop through the woods, by the father's grave, along the path indicated by his youthful guide.

The mother cried out in alarm, and with ill-concealed fear bade her child dismount. General Forrest quietly said, "Don't be alarmed; I'll take good care of her and bring her safely back. She's only going to show me the ford where I can cross the creek and catch the Yankees over yonder before they can get to Rome." There was something in the look of the warrior that stilled fear for her child, and with eager gaze, half-way consenting, she watched them as they galloped across the

corn field. They were soon lost to sight in the timbered ravine through which the soldier man and the maiden so firmly seated behind him now passed out of view. Following the branch a short distance, General Forrest found that it entered Black Creek three-fourths of a mile above the bridge. Through the trees and underbrush, as she saw the muddy waters of the stream, she warned her companion that they were where they could be seen by the enemy, and they had better get down from the horse. Without waiting for the assistance of her escort, she unloosed her hold and sprang to the earth.

THE soldier, throwing his bridle rein over a sapling, followed the child, who was now creeping on her hands and knees along the ground over the leaves and through the thicket. The enemy saw the two forms crouching on the soil and began to fire at the moving figures in the bushes. Fearing that she might be struck, the soldier said, "You can be my guide, but you can't be my breastwork," and rising, he placed himself in front of the heroic child, who was fearlessly helping him in his effort to pursue her country's foes. Standing up in full view of the Federals, she pointed where he must enter and where emerge from the water. Her mission was ended. The secret of the lost ford was revealed. Streight's doom was sealed. The child had saved Forrest in his savage ride ten miles and three hours' time, and now he felt sure that Rome was safe and that Streight and his men would soon be captives in his hands. As they emerged into an open space, the rain of bullets increased, and the girl, not familiar with the sound of shot and shell, stood out in full view and untying her calico sunbonnet, waved it defiantly at the men in blue across the creek. The firing in an instant ceased. They recognized the child's heroic defiance. Maybe they recalled the face of a sister or sweetheart away across the Ohio River in Indiana or Ohio. They were brave, gallant men, the fierceness of no battle could remove the chivalrous emotions of manly warriors. Moved with admiration and chivalrous appreciation of courage, they withdrew their guns from their shoulders and broke into hurrahs for the girlish heroine who

was as brave as they, and whose heart, like theirs, rose in the tumult of battle higher than any fear.

Forrest turned back toward his horse, which was ravenously eating the leaves and twigs from the bush where he had been tied. The bullets began whistling about the retreating forms. She heard the thuds and zipping of balls, and with childish curiosity asked the big soldier what these sounds meant. "These are bullets; my little girl," he said, "and you must get in front of me. One might hit you and kill you." Two or three went tearing through her skirt. General Forrest was greatly alarmed for the safety of his protegee. He covered her more closely and placed his own body as a bulwark to defend her from shot or shell. He trembled lest he might be compelled to carry her back dead in his arms to her mother and sister, and he groaned in spirit and thought what could he say to the stricken mother if her child were killed. Death for himself had no terrors. He had faced it too often to experience even a tremor, but the strong, brave man shuddered lest harm should come to the child who had, with so stout a heart, served him and his country. Riding with quickening speed, he galloped back to the house. He tenderly placed his hand upon the red cheeks of the girl, now glorified in his eyes by her wonderful courage. He bowed to the mother and sister. He requested the daring lass for a lock of her hair, and gave orders to instantly engage the foe. He sent aids to direct the artillery to the newly-found ford, and while they were moving with all haste into position, he drew from his pocket a sheet of unruled paper and wrote on it:

Headquarters in Saddle,
May 2d, 1863

My highest regards to Miss Emma Sansom for her gallant conduct while my horse was skirmishing with the Federals across "Black Creek" near Gadsden, Alabama.

N. B. FORREST,
Brig. Gen. Com'd'g N. Ala.

In half an hour this simple-hearted, untutored country child had won enduring renown. She had risen to the sublimest heights of womanly courage—written her name on fame's scroll in most brilliant letterings, and taken company with the world's noblest heroines. The opportunity

came her way, she took advantage of all it brought, and reaped a harvest of immortality—the most generous award that fate could bestow.

Emma Sansom married October 29th, 1864, C. B. Johnson, a private in the 10th Alabama Infantry. She, with her husband, moved twelve years later to Calhoun County, Texas. Her husband died in 1887, leaving her to care for five girls and two boys. She died in 1890 and sleeps in the Lone Star State.

The Gadsden Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy erected a



EMMA SANSOM

monument to her memory, which was dedicated in 1906. It rests on a stone base, with a statue of General Forrest with Emma Sansom riding behind. It was built on the banks of the Coosa in the city park and on the base are these words:

In memory of the Gadsden, Alabama, girl heroine, Emma Sansom, who, when the bridge across Black Creek had been burned by the enemy, mounted behind General Forrest and showed him a ford where his command crossed. He pursued and captured that enemy and saved the city of Rome, Georgia. A grateful people took the girl into their love and admiration, nor will this marble outlast the love and pride that her deed inspired.

The Sansom farm is now the site of Alabama City—a hustling, vigorous cotton

town. Gadsden has grown to be a flourishing city, the result of the development of the Alabama iron and cotton trade, and an electric line connects the two places. The Sansom house still remains. The family have been widely scattered. A mill worker rents the old home. The father's grave, with its stone monument which was erected to his memory, is in a cottage yard nearby; but these sad changes cannot dim the glory of Emma Sansom's fame, or depreciate the love and admiration of the men and women of the Southland for the patriotic courage of the mountain lass.

Within less than thirty minutes after the time that Forrest had saluted Emma Sansom, his artillery was in place, and the Federals, on the east side of Black Creek, were driven away. It was short work to cross the stream. The guns, with ropes tied to the tongues, were hauled down to the bank of the stream; the ropes were carried over and hitched to two artillery horses, and through the rough ford the cannon were pulled across.

These were covered with water, but that did not hurt the guns. The ammunition was taken out of the caissons, handed to the soldiers, who rode across carrying it in their arms, and when on the other side, it was quickly replaced. No sooner was a portion of the advance guard across than they took up a furious gait, pursuing the Federals into Gadsden.

No time was given for Streight and his men to do damage there. It was now well toward noon of May 2d. Forrest had kept well in touch with the troops which were traveling parallel with Streight. They were not up, but they were in reach. His escort, by wounds, fatigue and death, had been reduced one-half. The brave Tennesseans, under Biffle and Starnes, melted away until there were but five hundred left. Some had fallen in fatigue and sleep from their steeds. Others were wounded and died by the roadside. Streight now realized that there was no escape for him to the west; he must go to Rome. He hoped still to outride his relentless pursuers.

Gadsden, on May 2d, 1863, produced both a heroine and a hero—Emma Sansom and John H. Wisdom.

The Federals reached Gadsden about twelve o'clock, m. They came into the town on the main Blountsville Road, and they came with much haste. The author had passed through the town five months before, when on sick leave. It was an insignificant village and had little to tempt an enemy or to feed a friend. He rode by the Sansom home, stopped for a meal, a drink at the well, talked to the mother and two daughters—little dreaming that the younger would, in less than half a year, spring into a world-wide prominence.

The failure to stay Forrest and his followers at Black Creek had dispirited some of Streight's officers and men. These had lost something of their buoyancy of march, and dark forebodings loomed up in their minds. They rode as fast as their wearied mounts would allow, the three and a half miles from the Creek to Gadsden. Emma Sansom, by revealing the lost ford—the track the family's cows so long had used—saved Forrest much of time and ride. Hardly had the men in blue dismounted in Gadsden before, a mile out, they heard the clatter of Enfields and the shouts of conflict. They had long hoped for a brief rest. They were confident Forrest would be delayed at least three hours at Black Creek. They were now to learn that Forrest's delays were most uncertain quantities.

A small stock of provender for beasts and food for man had been collected from the surrounding country by the Confederate commissaries, but the country was illy provisioned and there was but little to either impress or buy. The vigorous onslaught of the Confederate vanguard soon drove the Federals out of the town, and the new-comers promptly extinguished the fire that Streight's men had kindled.

General Forrest, always well up to the front, rode rapidly into the village. He divined that Streight might push on a detachment towards Rome and mayhap do savage work there before he and Streight might reach the river. He called for volunteers to ride to Rome, cover the sixty miles' space intervening between Gadsden and Rome, and prepare the people there for the coming raid. The younger men had long since gone to the front.

The astute Confederate general was no mean judge of human endurance. Amongst his wearied men and jaded steeds he doubted if there was one who would cover the sixty miles in time to save the town; but to Rome a messenger must go with all speed.

The weight of evidence seems to show that Forrest sent a messenger of his own. There is no account of the route he traveled, and no report ever came back to tell whether he reached Rome. There were men other than Forrest who loved their country and who would nobly respond to its call.

John H. Wisdom, familiarly known in that country as "Deacon Wisdom," because of his connection with the Baptist Church, owned the ferry across the Coosa River at Gadsden. Here the river runs north and south, and two roads lead to Rome—one on either side of the stream. Streight chose the one on the west. The ferryman had gone out into the country in his buggy early in the morning, and when he returned at three o'clock in the afternoon, he proceeded to hunt for his boat, which had disappeared. He could find no trace of this, and finally two neighbors shouted across the stream, telling him that the Yankee raiders had come into Gadsden and turned his boat loose and sunk it, and that they were headed for Rome.

THE deacon had heard of the large foundries and manufactories at Rome. He had never been there, but he knew their value to his country was beyond count, and in an instant he caught the burden of a great mission. He bade his neighbors tell his wife and children goodbye and to say that he had gone to Rome.

He had read the story of Paul Revere's ride. "Now something greater than that," he said, "is passing my way. Revere rode eighteen miles; I must ride sixty-seven and a half miles, and two-thirds of the distance along roads of which I know nothing. I hear voices speaking. They tell me it is my time now—that fate is beckoning me," said the bronzed, wiry ferryman. "I must show myself a real man." With the simple faith of a child of God he turned his eyes heavenward. He had heard what David has said of

Jehovah, and he prayed thus: "Now, God of Israel! Thou Who dost neither slumber nor sleep, in the darkness of the coming night, keep me and help me do this thing for my country and my people." The humble ferryman in an instant had been transformed into a hero.

HE sprang into his buggy, and his horse, hitherto used to kindly and gentle treatment, felt the cruel lash upon his sides, as with relentless fury his master forced him along the rough highway.

Wisdom calculated that it would take twenty hours for Streight to reach Rome. He believed that he could do it in half the time. He knew the road for twenty-two miles. Beyond that he must trust to the signboards, to the stars and to the neighbors. The darkness had no terrors for his brave heart. There were no telegraph wires, no telephones, and horses were the only means of rapid transportation. Upon his steed, and such as he might borrow by the way, he must now rely to save his nation from irreparable ruin. There was no time to feed the beast that had already traveled twenty miles. He led him to the river and let him drink. Moments were too precious for more. The weather was propitious and the panting of the weary animal in the wild dash showed how intent was the master in his purpose to thwart his people's foes. This steed had probably come from Kentucky, where speed and endurance were part of a horse's make-up, and now he must demonstrate that blood will tell. Wisdom measured the powers of his animal and exacted from him all that safety and prudence would admit. There were not many houses on the way-side, but wherever the hurrying messenger saw a man or a woman or a child, he cried out: "The Yankees are coming and they are on the way to Rome!" Some were incredulous. Many took his warning words to heart and hid their horses and mules in the forest and buried their treasures in the earth. The messenger had no time for roadside talk. He felt that he was on the King's business and must tarry not by the way. His answer to inquiries was a wave of his hand, then lashing his reeking steed, and, madman-like, hurrying on.

By five forty-five he had covered just one-third of the distance. He had made twenty-two and one-half miles. The detours he felt impelled by safety to make had increased the distance. He had gone about ten miles an hour. If he could find two horses as good as his own, he could reach Rome before dawn. He looked at the sun, and wished that, like Joshua of old, he might bid it stand still.

At the little village of Gnatville he endeavored to secure a change of steeds. The best he could find was a lame pony belonging to the widow Hanks. He unhitched his weary, foam-covered, panting horse and led him into the stable. The buggy spindles were burning hot and it must be abandoned. He must now ride if he would save Rome. Borrowing a saddle and mounting the lame pony, he listened to the many appeals from the widowed owner to go slow. He then started toward Cave Spring. When out of sight of the pony's mistress, he stirred him to greater effort. Night was now coming on, and the way was exceedingly lonely. He watched every crossroad, and now and then a fear passed his mind that he might miss the way. In these days, in northern Alabama, there were few who traveled by the stars. Five miles of vigorous riding and whipping brought the horseman with his limping mount to Goshen, a little past sundown. Here he found a farmer and his son returning from their daily toil with two plough horses. The deacon pleaded with him for a horse, and the father finally saddled the two and told the messenger he could ride one, but his boy would go with him and bring them back. Darkness now overshadowed the way. The boy looked upon the forced ride with distrust and counseled a slower gait, but the more the lad protested, the fiercer Deacon Wisdom rode. In the stillness and silence of the night, they dashed along in a swift gallop for eleven miles. The riders exchanged but few words. The jolting of the fierce gait allowed no waste of breath. Here the messenger bargained with Preacher Weems for a fresh horse. If he was to ride nine and one-third miles an hour, no animal that could be picked up by the way would last very long. The boy returned with the led horse, but he had an

idea that his companion of the long ride was an escaped lunatic.

Wisdom cared little for what those he passed thought of him. He had a message and a vision. All else was now shut out of his mind. He rode on to John Baker's—eleven miles further—and here he got another mount. No sooner was the messenger out of sight of the owner of the horse than he rushed into a swifter gait, and going down hill at a gallop, the horse stumbled and Wisdom was thrown violently over his head, landing in the middle of the road. He lay for a few moments unconscious, while the beast stood near, munching the bushes in the fence corner. Thought came back, and half dazed, he pleaded with God to let him continue his journey. The thought that he might now fail burdened his soul with profound grief. He rubbed his limbs, pressed his temples, relaxed his hands, reached down and drew up his feet. In a few minutes complete consciousness and motion returned. Crawling, he reached the horse, and with his hand on the stirrup, he pulled himself half way up and finally after much effort he managed to get into the saddle again. Once again mounted, he held the reins with firmer grip, but still relentlessly drove his steed.

Twelve miles more brought him within six miles of Rome. It was now half past eleven o'clock at night. He told his errand and asked for another horse. The farmer gladly granted his request, and whipping into a gallop, Wisdom soon saw the lights of Rome. He anxiously peered through the darkness to see if the great wooden bridge over the Oostenaula was still standing. He could distinguish no flames or beacon lights of destruction along Streight's pathway, and he knew then that he was the first to Rome. A great joy welled up in his heart. He had not spared himself, and he had saved his country.

He had started late, but he started fresh. He had, as Forrest would say, "gotten the bulge on the blue coats," and had beaten them in the game of war.

From three-thirty in the afternoon until twelve o'clock was eight and one-half hours. He calculated that he had lost, in changing horses and by his fall in the road, an hour and thirty minutes. That

gave him seven hours' actual driving and riding time. He had made an average of over nine and a third miles in every hour he had been in the buggy and in the saddle. He had been faithful to his country's call.

There were no citizens to receive him. He trotted through the deserted streets of Rome to the leading hotel, kept by G. S. Black, and in impetuous, fiery tones made known the cause and reason of his coming. He pleaded with the landlord that there was no time for delay, that everybody must awake and get busy and drive back the Yankees. The innkeeper told him to ride up and down the streets and tell the startling news. It was a strange sight and strange sound as this weary horseman shouted in the highways of Rome, "The Yankees are coming! The Yankee raiders are coming to burn up the town." Some believed, some doubted, but still the tired man cried out and with shrill called he yelled, "Wake up! Wake up! The Yankees are coming!" Rome was not as big then as it is now. Half dressed, scurrying hither and thither, old men and boys came rushing out on the sidewalk to inquire the details of the startling story of the Federal invaders. The women and children, slower of movement, soon joined the excited throngs, and with speechless wonderment hung with breathless interest upon every word that fell from Deacon Wisdom's lips. The court house and church bells rung out with dismal warnings. These sounds terrified even brave hearts, but to the mothers and their clinging offspring, they appeared as omens of woe and disaster. Rome was stirred as never before, and for the moment there was dismay and direful dread.

THERE were some in this appalling hour who knew what to do. One-armed and one-legged soldiers and convalescents were there, and in a moment they became the recognized leaders. Squirrel rifles, shotguns and old muskets—such as were left—were pressed into use and a little railroad from Rome to Kingston made rapid trips, bringing in all who were willing to help defend the town.

A little way out from Rome was the bridge across the Oostenaula River. It was the only gateway from the west into

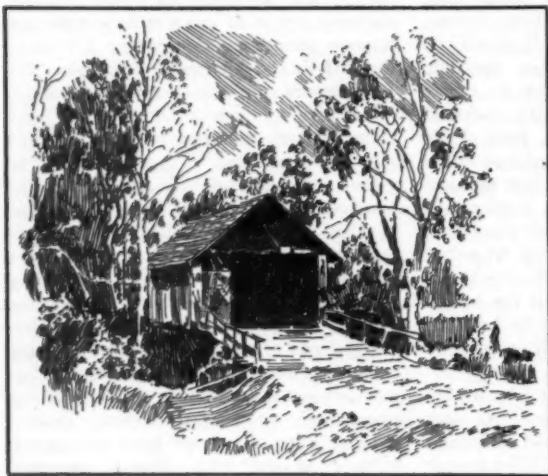
the city. Negro teamsters were awakened, horses and mules were harnessed and hitched to wagons, the warehouses were broken open and everybody began to haul out cotton bales and pile them along the highway by which Streight must ride to reach the bridge or the town. The sides of the bridge were filled with straw and great stacks were piled on the roof. The straw was saturated with turpentine, so that when the test moment came, if the soldiers could not beat back the assailants, a flaming bridge would bar the way of the blue-coated invaders into the city. At

his followers could do, fate had decreed that Rome should be saved. The defenders began to exchange shots with the invaders. The men at the bridge fired the cannon. The Federals answered with their carbines, but the casualties were few. Russell, with his two hundred followers, had done all men could do. They had come as fast as they could march; they had acquitted themselves as intrepid heroes; but John H. Wisdom, the brave, hardy Baptist deacon, in the language of Forrest, had "gotten there first," had beat them to the town and told them of their coming. Fate had decreed that Streight must fail, and Russell, with a heart full of sorrow and disappointment, faced about and rode back to meet his chief. While Russell looked over the river at Rome, Streight was fighting at the Black Creek Bridge.

The people of Rome presented Deacon Wisdom with a silver service, still preserved by his descendants as a priceless treasure, and they sent to widow Hanks, the owner of the lame pony, a purse of \$400.

Darkness, Streight's best friend, began to hover over his weary and depleted

brigade. He had directed Russell to ride over all barriers and to let nothing deflect him on the road to Rome. If he failed, he hoped Russell would succeed. Russell, through the long, long hours of the night, faithful to his orders, rode and rode and rode. After six hours of tireless effort, Russell reached the Chatooga River. He found a small ferryboat and managed to get his men over, but he forgot a most important thing. He failed to leave a guard to protect the little craft so that his comrades could find some means of crossing when they arrived. The citizens calculated the value of the craft, and poling it down the stream, hid it where Streight's men, in the dark, would never discover its whereabouts.



BLACK CREEK BRIDGE

least it would stay their coming until the implacable Forrest, in their rear, might reach the scene of action.

Captain Russell, the Federal vanguard leader, had ridden as hard as he could ride with his weary men and his tired steeds. A little after sun-up, he approached the stream west of Rome, and when he looked he saw cotton breastworks and soldiers with guns behind them. On the hill outside the town he met an old negro woman and inquired if there were any soldiers in Rome and she answered, "Yes, Massa, de town am full of sogers," and then he knew that he had lost and that the day ride and the long night ride, with all their suffering, had been without avail; that, though he had done all that he and

Streight rode all night and struck the Chatooga River, where Russell had crossed some hours before. He realized that he must go higher to get over. He found a bridge above, but it cost him a weary, dreary night's march. Several times his detachments lost each other and it was not until daylight in the morning of the 3d of May that he got his last man across the river. He burned the bridge. He made no halts. He had marched twenty-eight miles from Gadsden under appalling difficulties. Most men would have stopped and either surrendered or died in the last ditch, but Streight had started to Rome, and to Rome he was bound to go. In this last effort he reached Lawrence. A little way off, near the Georgia line, he ordered his men to halt, but there was no use for an order to halt. Nature, the greatest of captains, issued its command; and, while their ears were open, they heeded no voices, but sank down on the ground—unconscious and powerless in sleep.

Streight had found some provender; his horses were as weary as his men. Still brave and hopeful, with a few of his iron-hearted and almost iron-bodied officers, he rode through the camp, picking out here and there a man, who with a stronger physique than his comrades had stood the pressure of the tremendous ride and incessant fighting. These he directed to feed the horses of their less vigorous companions. A little while before going into camp, Streight passed another ordeal. A squad of his returning soldiers told him the story of Captain Russell's failure. There were no foes in front of Russell. Streight was between him and the pursuers. He had hoped great things from this vanguard, and when he learned that Russell had turned back, even his brave soul began to question whether, after all he had dared and suffered, he must at last fail.

The scouts told him that Russell had seen Rome, but as an ancient negro said, "Dat Rome is plum full of sogers and dem big guns is a p'intin' down all de roads."

Russell had lost out, and his mission, upon which he had gone with high hopes and bright expectations, had failed, and with a heart burdened with disappointment and chagrin, Streight's messenger had turned his face back to the west.

He understood how Russell might have ridden through to East Tennessee, or marched north to the Tennessee River, but Streight was glad he had not deserted his commander and had come back to face with courage any disaster or ruin that the end might bring.

NO thought of yielding came into Streight's mind. If he had chosen to map out the future, rather than surrender, he would have preferred death on the field amid the carnage and storm of conflict. No call of patriotism, no appeal of duty, no echo of glory could reach the ears of his men, now dull with sleep, or bodies overwhelmed with weariness. In the midst of these sad and harassing surroundings, with two-thirds of his command asleep on the ground, his persistent enemies again appeared on the scene. They looked to him to be tireless, vindictive, and with a strength more than human. Streight, still game, fearless, called upon his men to respond to the rifle shots which came whizzing from the guns of the Confederate advance. No order or pleading could move the men, now unconscious with sleep. With a touch of mercy in this supreme hour, when they were put into the line of battle, they had been told to lie down with their faces to the foe. When the foe came, they were reposing prone upon the earth, with their guns in their hands, cocked, but the motionless fingers had no will power behind them to pull the triggers; and thus, ready for battle—ready, if awake, to die—but unconscious and silent, they lay immovable and helpless. Streight walked through the ranks of his once valiant soldiers, and pleading with tears in his eyes, begged them once more to rise and defend themselves from the foe—men, who like mad devils, had relentlessly pursued them for one hundred and twenty hours.

In the midst of this direful extremity Forrest appeared at the head of his vanguard a few hundred feet away. He was surprised that only a few shots were fired by the enemy, and that of those he was fighting and pursuing, there rose up only here and there an isolated form. He sent forward a flag of truce, demanding surrender. This Streight refused, but

consented to impart with the Confederate chieftain. These two brave men met between their lines. Forrest told Streight he had him surrounded, and that therefore resistance was useless; that it could only result in loss of life, and that, in view of the experiences of the past few days, it might be that no prisoners would be taken. Streight inquired how many men he had with him, to which Forrest replied, "More than enough to whip you, and I have more coming." Fortunately, Forrest's artillery appeared upon the scene. Streight, disturbed and still defiant, but not despairing, rode back and called a council of war. In saddened tones, rendered even sadder by fatigue and exhaustion, his officers advised surrender. They were as brave as Streight, but they had less to lose. They took a more rational view of the desperation of the surroundings, and without a dissenting voice advised a capitulation. Fearlessly and dauntless of spirit, Streight still urged a last conflict. He pled with them for one more fight, telling them that Forrest's men were as tired as they were and they ought not to yield with fourteen hundred soldiers in line, but the burdens of wearied nature depressed their brave spirits and they said: "We had better yield."

WITH a calmness and courage born of a spirit that knew not fear and with grief depicted on every lineament, if not with tears streaming down his cheek, he told his comrades that he yielded to their judgment; but he would never vote to give up the fight. Forrest was glad enough to get the surrender. He granted most honorable terms, retention of side arms and personal property. The sleepers were awakened and marched out into an open field and stacked their guns, and Forrest's weary, tired men marched between them and their only hope. Disarmed, there was nothing to do but accept the sad fortune of a defeat. Defeat it was; but these men were glorious even in defeat. Streight had only one request to make—that his men might give three cheers for the Union, and this was done with lusty shouts and enthusiasm in the Alabama forest. These brave men, valiant and loyal even in defeat, flung into the faces of their

triumphant foes hurrahs for their cause and their country.

Streight was carried to Richmond and confined in Libby prison, and with one hundred other officers escaped through a tunnel in February, 1864. Hid by friends for a week, he finally reached the Federal lines; and, undaunted, returned to his regiment. He was offered command of Chattanooga, but, still brave and active, he declined the post and asked to be assigned to active service in the field. He was yet to see more of war. He was at Dalton when it was besieged by Wheeler. He was at the Battle of Nashville in the winter of 1864, and commanded a brigade in that memorable conflict. He was mustered out of service in 1865, returned to Indianapolis, Indiana, and opened a furniture manufactory, and afterward developed a wholesale lumber business. A man of such tremendous energy and physical endurance was bound to be successful. Elected State Senator from Marion County, of which Indianapolis is the county seat, he introduced a bill for the erection of the magnificent capitol since constructed at Indianapolis. In 1880 he was candidate for governor, but was defeated by Albert G. Porter. He died at his home near Indianapolis in 1892, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was never fully appreciated by his countrymen, and when the story of his raid shall be fully and fairly told, he will take a high rank among Federal heroes.

North and South, the story of Streight's pursuit filled the people with wonder. In the South, to wonder was added an admiration which became almost idolatry. The men and women of the Confederacy might well adore this marvelous soldier. They placed him on the highest pedestal. He was so great and so brave that they saw none of the defects of his character, and nothing could make them believe but that he was all that was good and true and patriotic and grand. They looked upon him as a fierce, intrepid, determined, successful cavalry soldier, who was ever courageous of heart, in whose bosom fear never found place, and before whom difficulties melted away whenever the touch of his transcendent power passed their way.

The Silken Cord

by Allen Brooks

EDITOR'S NOTE—The revolution which finally overthrew the Queen-Dowager, the evil-genius of the degenerate Manchu dynasty, and made way for the republican tendencies which now promise so much for the renaissance of the power, glory and prosperity of China is the basis of "The Silken Cord," whose mystery, tragedy and spirit are essentially Chinese, and strike a new note in current fiction.

THE streets of Canton were thronged, and from every window a gay dragon, butterfly or tanner bespoke the fact that something unusual was going on. Men, women and children in holiday attire glided silently along, exchanging looks, but very few words. The children acted as if awe-inspired and reflected in their actions the cautions which had been given them.

In front of the home of Chang Sing, a young man of nineteen or twenty stood, looking, waiting. His face was serious; his whole attitude showed deep thoughts and an utter disregard of the gay decorations all about him. To be sure, he was eager to see his young Emperor, in whose honor the holiday was being held, but his mind was filled with misgivings, and he had learned secretly that the Empress was planning no good for the young Emperor.

There was a whispered rumor; it had come to him in the night and he was puzzled. Time and time again he had heard his father tell of the cruelty and heartlessness of the Empress, and now he learned that many feared what she might yet compass against the rightful ruler.

The ties of blood to her meant nothing, and this had especially disturbed Chang's mother, who had often told him of her fears for the life of the young Emperor, saying, "I fear, I know not what." And then drawing him close would almost

whisper to him, "Be brave. Keep strong. Love your Emperor and find some way to protect him."

So thus it was that on this holiday Chang stood thoughtfully filled with vague and anxious thoughts. He felt that in some way he had taken upon himself great responsibilities. The weight of them sobered him and he felt years older. And way down in his heart there was a great fear, a fear that something was going to happen, he knew not what. And with it all came a great sense of duty, a duty to his Emperor.

This thought urged him to action, yet he knew not what to do. Then he saw something which gave him an idea—an idea which settled his whole future life.

He heard the plaintive little cry of a small bird, and looking up he saw a huge hawk chasing it. Try as best it could, the little bird could not get far enough away. Slowly but surely the hawk circled around it, each circle drawing nearer and nearer. And Chang, as he watched, felt sure that the little bird was doomed. Then there were other shrill cries and a whole flock of small birds appeared suddenly, as if they had come down from the very blue sky itself.

The encircled bird cried and cried again. The hawk slowed down for a second and appeared to be watching the rapidly approaching flock. Suddenly she made a rapid sweep toward her prey. The little bird barely escaped, by a quick turn.

Then the hawk found that she was too late, for the flock now attacked her from all sides, and each bird in the flock seemed to be striking straight for her eyes. She could find no chance to strike, for no sooner did one swoop by than another was flying at her, always straight for her eyes.

If she circled, they were all about her. If she swooped, they followed, and when she turned upward, there they were waiting for her.

Seeing that it was hopeless, she forgot her original prey in looking after her own safety, and with one rapid flight straight up through the center of her persecutors, she soared high in the air and left them. And then the whole flock of little birds flew down onto the roof of a house, and lighting, commenced to straighten out their feathers and chirp to one another.

And Chang as he watched them found food for thought. "What the birds can do with the hawk, the young men of China can do with the Empress," he half said aloud. And thus it was that the great secret society of China found its inspiration and inception.

"Why not?" said Chang to himself. "We will form a great secret society. A little bird will be our emblem. We will have our members all over the world. We will have them in the Emperor's household to protect him. We will have them all about the Empress. We will work silently, quietly, secretly, always for our Emperor. And if anything should happen to him, through her, we will fly about her until we deprive her of sight, hearing, or even life itself."

WITH these new-born thoughts, Chang no longer stood still. He sprang into action. The coming procession was entirely forgotten. There was work to be done.

After a hasty look up the street, he turned into the house and finding his mother, he unfolded to her some of his plans.

"Mother," he said, "I am going away. It is better that you should not know where or why. I can only tell you that I have a great work to accomplish—something which means a whole lot to our Emperor and to our country. Please make

ready for me a few necessary things, as my journey will be long and I know not when I shall again look into your eyes and ask for your blessing. It may be that I shall never see you again, and if not then we shall meet in the happy life beyond, and I can then render you an account.

"From time to time I shall send you a picture of a bird. If the wings are spread, you will know that I am active and on the move. If its wings are folded, you will know that I am resting and watching. And if I send you a picture of a whole flock of flying birds, you will know that important events are taking place. And not until you receive a picture of a lot of birds settled on a roof will you know that my work is finished."

"So be it, my son. I will ask no questions, but may you soon send me the picture of the housetop. For surely I shall miss you, and no matter where you are or what you are doing, you may be sure that your mother's love and anxious thoughts are with you." And she touched his forehead, with her lips, while he held her in his arms for just an instant.

Then quietly Chang left the house and slowly wended his way along a narrow alley, with its pavement of small granite blocks. Once in a while he would look up at some signboard covered with Chinese letters in gold or flatten himself against the wall to allow a sedan chair to pass.

The "Nightmare City of Canton" was getting ready for the evening meal, and from many a blue-gray brick house the odors of cooking filled the narrow alley and reminded Chang that he had had no food since morning. Just then Chang noticed two coolies behind him and he waited for them to pass. No sooner had he stopped, however, than they became strangely interested in the proprietor of one of the little shops, who was sitting with his dish of Indian ink and paint brush beside him and was adding up on his abacus the results of the day's business.

Chang gave them a look and hastened on. After a while he looked back again, and again he found the two coolies following. "Strange," he said, "why do they follow me? It cannot be that my thoughts are already known. But I must escape them."

And as he walked on, that same dread and fear of something, something he could not see, came over him and in the coming darkness he wondered what it was that had taken such a hold of him. "Why should I be followed? Can it be possible that anyone knows?"

He little knew that his father's house had been watched for months, that all the time his mother and father had been talking to him a young girl who was employed about the house was always listening and watching, and had reported to her people all that had been said and done. She had heard the last conversation between Chang and his mother and had run in all haste to her father to tell him that there was a plot against the Empress. And he it was who had sent the coolies to trace Chang and learn, if possible, his object and who were his associates.

But Chang had learned wisdom in a very short space of time, and once filled with enthusiasm over his project, he instinctively had learned caution.

BY this time it was quite dark, and as he was passing a double-leaved doorway he recognized it as a shop kept by the father of a young woman who had always been his ideal. Yet he had never dared to speak to her or even hope that she had seen him. He noticed that the doors were not fully closed. He made up his mind quickly, and slipping in between them, he drew them together. He was not a second too soon, for just as they came together he heard the steps of the two coolies and heard their exclamations as they found that he was no longer in sight.

"Why did you fall on that slippery stepping block and thus delay us?" he heard one say to the other.

"Do you think I wanted to fall?" was the reply. "Surely my arm is painful enough, and if I did not know that our master will be angry with us, I had much rather go home and rest a while."

Then the voices faded away, and Chang turned to find the young woman Rami, sitting watching him.

"Your indulgence, but I have been followed, and I took advantage of your half-open doors to evade my pursuers. Kindly pardon me, won't you?" he said to her.

"I truly will," said Rami, "but I must talk quickly to you, as there is no knowing how soon mother may hear us, and then I know not what will happen to me. I knew that you were coming."

"Knew that I was coming?" said Chang. "Why, I did not know that myself."

"Yet it was so," said Rami. "This afternoon I was sleeping and as I slept I distinctly saw you push the doors of the shop open, glide inside and close them and stand listening. And so, after supper, I crept out here and opened them just so very little and I was sitting waiting for you."

"I fear I am very bold, yet I know not what there is within me which makes me so. There is some mysterious power at work and now that you are here, I have a strange feeling of being at rest. And I feel sure that you are going to tell me something, something in which I can help you. Quick! tell me. I hear my mother walking in a restless way and she will soon come looking for me."

"Yes, I, too, feel that much must be said quickly," said Chang, "and kneeling to you I bow to the token which is hanging over your head—that picture of a bird with outspread wings."

"I know not what you mean by that token," said Rami. "That picture was one I drew one day after looking at you in vain. I wished I was a bird that I might fly far away from here and forget you."

"Rami," said Chang, "I think I understand, and surely if it has been given to us both that the bird shall be our token, then surely we were intended to work together in this world for a common cause. Put your heart at rest. If your mother should come, I will tell her everything, and I shall ask her to allow me the honor of some day being able to ask for you for my very own. I have seen and worshipped you for years and many are the offerings I have burned, that good fortune might some day enable me to speak to you. But just now, and perhaps for some few years to come, I must carry on a great work and you are going to help me. I know it, I feel it."

"Chang," said Rami, "I am fearful that you will not find me all that you desire, yet I promise you this: my life, love and

devotion are yours. Now, tell me quickly."

"It is this," said Chang, "I am going to found in China and in every part of the world where our people can be found, a secret society. Its emblem will be a bird. Its object, to protect our Emperor. Its finish, revenge upon anyone who harms him. And you must help. I have it all clearly in my mind now. Now I know why we have been so strangely drawn to each other. It is you who are going to be my helpmate. It is you and I who are going to start and build up this safeguard of the Emperor."

"I will give to you your work. You must find some way to get employed in the household of the Empress. You I can trust. Though we have never spoken to each other before, I know and feel it is true. Now I must go."

"If your mother should question you and our voices, say to her that Chang will ask in due course for your hand and do it as formality requires. May I?" and leaning forward he waited for her lips to touch his.

With a curious little tremor, Rami arose and with her lips she touched his and then with a half sob, half sigh, she turned away. "You make me feel so strangely," she said. "Please go."

"Yes, light of my heart, I will go. But we will work for each other and may the spirits bring us together when our work is finished. Remember, our token is a bird. When once you are in the household of the Empress, send a few brief notes from time to time to my mother, and in one corner draw a bird with wings folded if everything is quiet. Wings spread, if there is something going on. And a whole lot of birds if there is danger."

"Your eyes shine at me like some strange beacon. They bid me go, yet they make me want to stay."

"Read them as you like, Chang, but go. How wonderful it is that so much happiness can come so quickly, last such a little while, and leave one so terribly lonely and hungry." . . . There was the sound of approaching footsteps. After a gentle pressure of Rami's hand, Chang glided swiftly to the doors, opened them just enough to allow him to pass, then drew them together and stood listening.

He heard Rami's mother say, "What are you doing, child? Why have you not locked the doors? What makes you look so strangely? Come, tell me, what has been going on here?"

"Mother," said Rami, "my dream has come true. Chang has just left a message that when the proper time comes he wishes, in the proper manner, to ask you that I may become his wife."

"He is engaged in a great work. A work which means much danger to himself and all of those who work with him. And he has asked me to share his dangers with him—help him."

"Please listen, mother, and do not look so alarmed. He is going to form a great secret society to protect our Emperor and punish our Empress if she treats our Emperor badly. And he wants me to go to work in the household of the Empress in order that I may warn him of any danger to our Emperor. You will help me, mother, won't you? And when our work is finished, Chang and I will get married, and he will work for you all his life and protect your grave after you have left us, and keep food and gifts on it."

"I will talk it over with your father, Rami," said her mother. "Just you lock the doors, go to bed and I will let you know in the morning."

THE BEGINNING

With gentle footsteps Chang slid away from Rami's door and quickly made his way until he came to where Lee, a young man of about his own age, lived. Lee and he had always been close friends, and Chang felt that he could trust him.

Gently he ran his fingers over the bamboo blinds in front of one of the windows. First he ran them slowly and then quickly, and he did this three times. After a few moments, without having made a sound, Lee stood beside him. Chang grasped his hand, and together they entered the house and made their way to a door in the rear of the first room they entered.

Lee opened the door and taking a small lamp from a shelf he lit it, and they entered a small room which was perfectly dark, until the gleam of the small lamp threw its rays about.

Lee closed the door behind them and

putting the lamp down, turned to Chang and asked why he had come.

"It is a long time, Chang, since you touched the bamboo of my window. Why have you come tonight? Did you see our Emperor today. To me he looked very sad. I wish that there was something I could do for him. What is the matter with China? Why are we so helpless to have what we want?"

"Strange," said Chang, "that is just what I have come to you about."

"So may that show all where my heart is," said Lee. "To you, my hand."

Then Chang told Lee that tomorrow they must speak to some of their friends and in the evening meet at the old robber's house, kept by the one-eyed Sam.

They knew they could trust Sam, for many a time they had seen his face grow dark at the mention of the Empress, and his hand slip onto the handle of a knife which he always wore about him. And they had heard a story that once Sam was



"In one corner draw a bird with wings folded if everything is quiet. Wings spread if anything is going on. And a whole lot of birds if there is danger"

And then he sat up close to Lee and in whispers he unfolded his plans and told him how the idea had come to him and all about what had happened to him since.

When he mentioned the two coolies Lee's face grew very grave and he looked about the room as if fearing that even now they were being watched.

"And what am I to do, Chang? Of course I am with you. My life is my Emperor's," and saying this, Lee rose to his feet and taking brush and ink he quickly drew on one of the panels of the door a small bird with wings outstretched.

high up in the councils of the nation and was supposed to have committed suicide by opium at the command of the Empress. And the whispers had it in regard to his history that the Empress, taking a fancy to him when he was yet a very young boy, had taken him into her household, ruined his young life and then had given him her commands.

How he had escaped was never known. Yet there had been someone who had carried out his unconscious body and brought him back to life.

Sam had appeared one day in Canton

and had hired the old robber's house which no one else had dared to live in. He had paid little attention to anyone until one day Lee and Chang, passing along one of the alleys, had found him lying with a broken leg, after a bad fall on the slippery pavement, and had carried him home and looked out for him until he was well. Since then they had been great friends, and they were the only ones who knew that regularly, once a month, a fleet-footed messenger would pass the house of Sam and as he passed would drop through one of the open windows a small package. And once they had seen on it a peculiar mark which they afterward learned was only used by those in the household of the Empress. So they knew that the one who had saved him was still alive and still interested in him. But they never asked him who it was.

Having talked their plans all over and having settled that those who were to be chosen members must come from as many different occupations as possible, the two young men parted and Chang hurried home.

His anxious mother was waiting for him, and soon Chang was eating a cold supper, and while eating was telling her all about what he had done. Then, his supper finished, he went to bed.

* * *

The house of Sam was in utter darkness. Not a glimmer of light was to be seen. If one had watched it closely, one would have been puzzled as to what was going on. For every four or five minutes for nearly an hour, the figure of a young man could be seen coming from first one direction and then from the other. The figure would stop in front of Sam's house and disappear. Sometimes, if there was anyone about, the figure would pass on and then reappear when all was quiet again.

Inside the house it was stranger yet. Sam was sitting, his pipe between his lips and a small lamp beside him. The lamp was completely covered on three sides and only threw its shadows away from the windows.

As each young man entered Sam would put his pipe down touch his fingers to his lips, and then moving a box slowly along the floor, he would raise a trap door and handing the young man the lamp, he would

point the way down a ladder, which could be seen in the dim light. Then, as the young man descended, he would lean over and watch to see that he found his way correctly. When satisfied, he would close the trap door, light another small lamp, replace the box, move a button along on his abacus and again take up his pipe.

When fifteen buttons had been pushed along on the abacus, Sam rose and after carefully listening at his windows and looking up and down the street, through a slit in one of the blinds, he went to the rear of the room and slipping a panel to one side, he entered a small passageway and closed the panel after him.

THE MEETING

Deep underground there in a large room were gathered the fifteen young men, and at one end and facing them all Chang and Lee were seated. Not a word had been spoken. Suddenly Sam appeared in their midst and making his way among them took his seat on the right of Chang, in the corner, and putting his lamp on the floor beside him, said to Chang, "All is well."

Then Chang rose and speaking slowly in deep and impressive tones he addressed them.

"If there is anyone here whose courage fails him, he had better be gone at once. For once having taken the oath which I am about to administer, there will be no turning back. The one who leaves us then, we shall some day leave dead for the dogs and vultures, and we shall see to it that his grave is not protected.

"For us, our emblem is a bird. And from now on we devote our lives to following wherever that emblem shall lead us.

"To our friends we will be everything. To our enemies and to traitors, we will do anything. We will be banded together for the protection of our Emperor. If, in the course of events, it becomes necessary to wreak vengeance upon anyone who has plotted against him or our Society, then you all know what must happen to him or her. And when the end has been accomplished and the individual is no longer capable of doing harm, then some one of us must manage to stamp the cold brow with our emblem.

"Soon, throughout this great country of ours, we will be many thousand strong. The ghosts of our ancestors are all about us. China must be free. We must take our stand among the nations of the world. The one being who stands in our way is the Empress. She cares no more for her people than she does for the dirt in the streets. She thinks only of herself and her power. But she is safe in our hands just so long as she treats our Emperor well. Once let her harm him and then let her fear for her own safety. Before long we shall have a few of the faithful about her. They must be provided with the means to torture and punish her if the occasions arise. Ling, the chemist, has promised to provide us with the materials. For her, opium is too easy. He has already spoken to me of a subtle poison which we can find a way to administer, which will first weaken her courage and make her fearful of spirits all about her. Then there will come before her eyes strange visions and the terrible fear that her grave will be neglected.

"When she is kind to the Emperor, we will cease giving it to her and live in hopes that she may learn wisdom.

"Each one of you must send to Sam each month what you can spare, for there will be need of money at times and we must always be provided. This much you must do for the cause, and some day by our united efforts we shall place China where she belongs, among the leading nations of the earth.

"And now, my brothers, I am ready to administer the oath. Each one of you must bare the left shoulder. For the protection of us all the mark which I shall place upon you will soon disappear. Otherwise, I would wish that each one of you and myself might be stranded in such a way that all through life the brand might be seen.

"But that would not be wise, for the friends of the Empress might hear of it and everyone might be examined, and then—you know what our fate would be."

Amid deep silence Chang produced a small bird. For an instant he regarded it tenderly, and then with a quick slash of his knife, he severed the head, and pinching the neck with his fingers, he held it so that not a drop of blood escaped. Then

rising he motioned for them all to do the same, and after they were all on their feet, he commanded them to repeat after him the oath which he administered:

"I believe in the happiness of our future life. I have of my own free will come to this meeting place.

"I love my Emperor.

"I shall die happy if I lose my life in his cause.

"I recognize no sin in dealing with his enemies.

"I am willing to lie, cheat, steal and use poison in his behalf.

"I stand with my Emperor against the whole world.

"If I fail to keep my oath or am disloyal to this cause in any way, then I recognize the right of my fellow-members to deal with me as they think best."

AS the sound of the voices died away, Chang called up each one and allowing the blood to escape drop by drop from the neck of the bird, he touched with it every left shoulder. After they had all been before him, he placed the body of the bird in a lacquer box and passed it to Sam, who, lifting a square stone from the floor, placed it in a secret niche beneath. Then one by one all of the members left the secret room by the ladder by which they had entered.

Lee lingered behind, and when they had all disappeared with the exception of Chang, Sam and himself, he came close to them and whispered, "Did you notice Sang when you touched his shoulder?"

"No," said Chang.

"I did," said Lee. "He gave a queer little shiver and as soon as he thought no one was watching him, I saw him slip his right hand up under his coat and wipe his shoulder. He must be watched, I fear; I trust him not."

"Why, he it was," said Chang, "that came up to me yesterday and of his own free will asked me if there was not some way in which we might protect our Emperor. I talked with him for a while and he seemed to feel so much hatred for the Empress that I talked freely and asked him to join us here."

"It is enough," said Sam. "I will watch Sang and before two suns have set I shall

know, and may the good spirits protect him if I find him wanting. If he is a traitor, he will be the first one to be found with a little bird fastened on his forehead. Now, Chang, you were speaking to me the other day about Rami and wondering how you could get her placed in the household of the Empress. I have been thinking the matter over and I think it can be arranged. Will you kindly arrange a meeting for me with her mother?"

"My thanks to you, Sam," said Chang. "I will do as requested and ask no questions."

"Now, Lee, I think we had better be going. The evening is getting late and early on the morrow I must be on my way to build up and extend our society. For time passes quickly and there is much to be done. On my way home, Sam, I shall stop at the house of Rami and deliver your message. May the good spirits watch over us all and protect us until the good work is done."

"So say I," said Sam, and leading the way the three men were soon in the room above.

Lee left the house first and Chang followed, but going in the opposite direction. In a short few minutes' walk he was in front of the house of Rami. As he approached it his heart beat more quickly and he could hardly catch his breath.

"I wonder what this feeling is which comes over me," he said to himself. "It is something akin to fear, for it makes me tremble. And yet why should I, a strong man, tremble at being near that slip of a girl?"

Just then he saw a small white hand come slowly out between the blinds of one of the windows of Rami's house. It took him but a second to grasp it tenderly in both of his.

"May the good spirits bless you and watch over you," he whispered, as he pressed the hand to his cheek. "While I desire to remain here always and while I long to look once more into your eyes, and feel the touch of your lips, I must only linger, for I know it can only be you, Rami, as no one else in all the world has made me feel so strangely. I can only linger long enough to ask you to tell your mother to send word to Sam when she

can see him. He will arrange for you to be placed in the household of the Empress. And now I must leave you. Would that you could bid me farewell, for I know not how long it will be before I see you again."

The hand was quickly withdrawn, the blinds opened silently and quickly the joy-lit face of Rami came close to his and he felt on his forehead a tender farewell.

The blinds closed.

As though half drunk with wine, Chang glided away down the alley. More than ever he loved his Emperor.

ON THE ROAD TO PEKIN

Two days later, on the road to Peking, Chang was slowly trudging along. His fellow travelers were footsore and ill-tempered and rills of perspiration seamed each dust-covered countenance. Each burden, no matter how light, was more than enough, and the whole world looked dreary to the weary travelers.

Chang paid no attention to anyone. On his back his small pack felt like a load of iron, but he seemed to mind it not. His thoughts were on other matters. He was just about to pass a small tea house when his attention was attracted by a crowd gathered about a prostrate form stretched under an old cedar tree which stood near the entrance. Not knowing why, he joined the crowd, and what he saw made his heart jump into his throat. There lay dead upon the ground the traitorous Sang, who had been at the meeting two nights before. His sightless eyes were glazed, and on his waxen forehead a small golden bird told but too surely the cause of his death.

"How strange," said one of the on-lookers, "it was not thirty minutes ago that that young man asked me the address of Ling, the chemist. And I told him that I did not know, but that he might learn at the tea house. He left me and shortly after I saw him talking with a man with one eye, and now there he is dead."

"But where did the golden bird come from on his forehead? He did not have it there when I talked with him."

Chang did not want to hear more. Shifting his pack a little on his shoulder, he started and left the crowd. "Nun ber one," said Chang to himself. "It is but

the beginning; Sam surely did his work well." And as along the dusty road Chang made his way, he had plenty of food for thought. "Surely," he said to himself, "the combination of many brains is stronger than any one, even if that one has eminent power and great resources. I think we have found the solution of many questions. May the enemies of the bird take heed, albeit they know not what is before them." And as he walked his heart grew lighter. The whole world grew brighter and courage came to him.

"We will save our Emperor," he said half aloud to himself. "We will make China great," he said cheerily, and a little farther on he found himself in a small wood, and swinging his pack off his shoulders, he put it down under one of the trees, and finding a brook nearby filled a dipper which he had taken from his pack and getting out a little chicken which his mother had cooked for him, he proceeded to enjoy his noon meal.

THE SECRET TOLD

In the smoking room of a great steamer the first day out from Cherbourg for New York, the usual crowd was gathered. The white-coated stewards were busy serving drinks and answering questions as to whether there would probably be any auction pools on the way over, on the average run of the ship; was there a full passenger list, etc., until one wondered at their patience.

Curled up in one corner with a novel on the table before him and a small glass of Pilsner on its rubber coaster, a young American was looking over the crowd and making mental comments as he tried to size up each one. He had crossed the Atlantic a number of times and had become more or less familiar with certain types. At a glance he recognized one of the old-timers, a gambler with whom he had come in contact on his first trip to London, on the old Majestic. He smiled as he watched him, for there was the same studied manner, the quiet sizing up of everyone in the room, the half-lit cigar hanging rather limply at one corner of his mouth, until its owner seemed to discern a possible victim, when it was held firmly between the teeth, and a well-kept though

rather fat hand, reached for a match and scratched it. For the next few moments clouds of smoke nearly obscured the man's face. He acted for all the world like a squid which fills the water with its liquid sepia in order that under its cover it may shift its position or escape observation for the time being.

Wandering into the room came two Chinamen, well-groomed and quietly dressed. Without paying attention to anyone they took seats at a table close by the American. They interested him and half unconsciously he shifted his position a little nearer to them. As he moved, they glanced at him, then looking reassured, they called the steward and gave their orders.

Sometimes they spoke to each other in their native language. At times they spoke in English. One of them mentioned Washington and was bemoaning the fact that he had forgotten to get a copy of the *Paris Herald* before he came on board.

The American heard them, and reaching into his pocket he took out the paper mentioned and offered it to him, saying, "You are welcome to this copy if you like." "Thank you," said one of the two, and took it.

This was the beginning of their acquaintance, and before New York was reached they had become fast friends. Every evening during the voyage the three would be found in one corner of the smoking room, and the American was learning a lot about China that he had never heard before. In his conversation with them he had learned that one was attached to the Chinese embassy at Washington, and that the other was the son of a merchant in one of the large cities of the East.

The American noticed that each one wore on his watch chain a charm made of gold in the form of a bird. He never asked them about it, and it was not until the last evening out from New York that he learned that there was a common bond between them and he drew his own inference as to what the charm signified.

On the evening in question all three were in their same corner, as usual, when something was said about the Empress of China. It was the American who

broached the subject by saying, "I understand that your Empress is a woman of tremendous ambition and great intellect."

"You speak half truly," said the one who was the son of the merchant. "She was, but she is no longer. A long life of over-indulgence and the use of drugs has so altered her that she has grown gross in appearance, cruel in thought and absolutely merciless toward those whom she thinks may stand in her way."

"And how about your Emperor?" asked the American.

"Our Emperor is China's hope," said the one from the embassy. "If only he lives, there are great things ahead for China."

"Is he ill?" asked the American.

"No, not ill," said one, "but his life is constantly in danger. The Empress may at any time take it into her head to destroy him."

"Why do you not do something about it?" said the American.

"Do something?" said the merchant's son. "We have done a lot. Let me tell you that the Chinese have the strongest secret society in the world. Its members are scattered all over the world. We, both of us, are members. Why, it was only a short time ago that we heard that the Empress was planning to do the Emperor harm and from all over the world we sent cables that if she dared to touch one hair of his head, we would wreak vengeance on her. And that night, in her room, a number of birds were found flying about. She feared them. She had learned that a number of her faithful servants had been found dead, and always upon each brow a little golden bird was found."

"She hates the birds that fly in the night and our members help her to become more fearful and many, many times when she has put her feet into her sandals she has felt a sting of something, and a maid has found it was a needle which some careless person had left there. Then that night she has felt still more a great fear, and for days she has prayed to the spirits that they spare her and kill all birds."

"But, my friend, I have told you too much. Only remember this. I have told you this in semi-confidence, but if you

ever learn that anything has happened to our Emperor, you may be sure that it won't be long before something will happen to the Empress. Here is my card. If you ever happen to come into my father's store, just ask for me," and rising, the two youths said "Good night" to the American and left him thinking.

On landing he went about his business, and it was not until years later that events recalled to his mind the conversation in the smoking room.

THE BUSY BIRDS

In a small room attached to the suite of the Empress, Rami was seated busily engaged in repairing some garments which one of the ladies-in-waiting had given her. Occasionally she glanced out of the window in the direction of a young man who was working in the garden. He in turn would sometimes glance up from his work, but never seemed to direct his gaze at any particular object. Yet there were times when their glances met and as if reassured after one of these glances, the young man would turn to his work and work steadily for awhile.

There was a gentle breeze, and throughout the palace the silken hangings were swaying slightly as the currents of air swept by them.

In her room the Empress had about finished dressing and from the sharp commands she was giving it was easy to see that she was in bad humor. Had she not again heard of the unfortunate death of another of her messengers whom she had sent with commands to the Emperor? He had been found at the foot of a wall, with his neck broken. But deeply imbedded in his heart there had also been found the short blade of a knife, such as the pruners in the orchard used—and on his forehead traced with dirty fingers was the outline figure of a bird.

When fully dressed, the Empress swept into her receiving room and turning to one of her attendants, she commanded that Chu Lung be sent to her. In a few moments he appeared. His shifty eyes swept the room before he looked into her face.

"I obey," he said.

"You obey," the Empress cried, "you

poor miserable specimen of a cur, of course you obey. And you will do more. Find for me these miserable worms who have grown so bold that they kill my messengers. Learn for me why on the brow of each there is always the image of a bird. Learn this, I tell you, and come and tell me in order that I may deal with them. I will give you twenty-four hours. If at the end of that time you cannot give me the information I want, then let me tell you that you will have to eat birds, see birds, live with birds and die with birds. I will give you to the birds, and after you are dead there will be birds all over you. Be gone. Take your poor miserable self out of my sight and never return unless you can tell me what I want to know. And now send me my trusty Captain of the Guards. He is the only one I can now trust to deliver my message to the Emperor."

Chu Lung glided out of the room. Hardly had he disappeared when a tall, splendidly built, manly, with a figure which showed strength and tremendous power, the Captain of the Guard, almost filled the doorway. His manner was courteous, yet there was not one trace of fear in his expression.

"You have sent for me?" The deep tones of his voice vibrated through the room.

"Yes, Captain, I have sent for you. I need you," answered the Empress. "Sad as it may seem, I think the time has come when the young Emperor will be happier if he should leave this troublesome world and dwell with the spirits of his ancestors. He is a nice boy, and I hate to think of his being troubled and harassed with the cares of this world. I have tried to send a number of messengers to him,

but they have all failed. The birds got them, they traveled so slowly. You are my last hope. I have a package which I want delivered to the Emperor. Its contents I will tell you when you are ready to depart. Are you afraid? Had you rather I



He covered it with his foot and not until he felt sure that no one was watching did he stoop to pick it up

would send one of your men? Perhaps the task is too hard a one for you? Or perhaps you fear the birds will get you. If you have not the courage, then depart and send me one of your men who knows no fear."

Slowly the hand of the Captain came to the salute. On each cheek came a flush, and his eyes glittered strangely.

"Your commands, my Majesty," was all he said.

With a look of deep admiration the Empress called him to her and handing him a package she half whispered her directions.

"Must it be done?" said the Captain.

"You have your orders," was all the Empress said.

The face of Rami, whose ear had been pressed closely to the wall in the next room, grew white. She glided over to the window and a bit of lace floated downward toward the garden. Then quickly taking brush and ink she drew on a piece of paper a whole flock of birds and at the bottom she drew a figure of a man and then wrote one word, "Captain."

No sooner had the lace touched the ground when Lee—for it was he who had been working in the garden—saw it, picked it up and then he waited. A piece of paper fluttered down. He covered it with his foot and not until he felt sure that no one was watching did he stoop to pick it up. A glance at it and his day's work was over. He left the garden.

THE BIRDS IN THE WOODS

The Captain of the Guard was nearing his journey's end. One night more and early the next day he could deliver his package. He had had a troublesome journey. Nothing had gone right since he started. At the very gates of the palace he had stumbled over a loose paving stone which he felt sure had never been loose before. Every man he passed seemed strangely interested in him. Some were even bold enough to speak to him. All seemed to place something in his path.

At a tea house he had been given something which made him strangely dizzy. When he awoke after sleeping, his room was always filled with birds. If he rested under a tree by the roadside and took a nap, he always found paper birds on the ground beside him when he woke.

If he asked his way he was always sent in the wrong direction. And now near the end of his journey he had grown thin and haggard. He hardly dared to eat, sleep, or rest. It was only his great strength that was pulling him through.

Thoroughly apprehensive, he had made up his mind not to spend the last night in the public house. From a little bakeshop

he bought some bread, and leaving the road he made his way into a little wood. Seating himself with his back to a tree, he ate his bread and prepared to spend the night. His precious package he felt of to be sure that nothing had happened to it. Slowly darkness settled about him, but before he slept he heard the cries of strange birds all about him, and brave as he was, he could not help the little shivers which crept up and down his back.

A twig cracked near him and he started up. He did not hear the sound repeated, so he settled back, but his right hand grasped firmly the handle of a small sword whose naked blade rested by his side. Then acting on impulse, in the darkness he did a strange thing. Without making a sound he got onto his feet and taking from around his waist a coil of silken cord, stretched it from tree to tree about a foot above the ground. When he had completed the circle and firmly fastened both ends, he went to his big tree, and making himself as comfortable as possible, he leaned back to sleep.

But the hilt of his small sword was buried in the ground beside him, and its sharp point protected his breast. And it was well for him that he had so arranged it, for creeping through the woods an hour later, Lee made out in the darkness the figure of the man he had been following and he heard his heavy breathing as he slept.

Cautiously he approached, and when near he made up his mind that a quick rush and a swift blow was his best plan. So drawing his knife he sprang forward. The invisible rope caught his feet, and before he could recover himself, he fell and received the sharp point of the short sword in his left breast.

The days of Lee were over. The impact of his body woke the Captain. His groping hands pushed aside the lifeless body. Drawing out his sword he wiped it as best he could on the sod beside him, and kicking the body away, he again buried the hilt of his sword in the ground, with the sharp point pointing upwards to protect his breast.

And when morning came, he arose and searching the garments of Lee, he found a number of little paper golden birds, and when he found them, he smiled.

"Not all birds strike home at night" was all he said. And feeling again for his package, he left the woods and went to fulfill the commands of the Empress.

The mother of Chang was worried. For weeks she had received little notes from Rami, and always in one corner there was the picture of a flying bird, but yesterday there had been thrown in at her window a sketch of a whole flock of birds flying, and that morning another had been found, and looking out of a window she had seen one-eyed Sam making his way down the alley and she was worried. Late in the afternoon she received word from Sam that Lee was no more. He had been found dead in the woods with an ugly wound in his breast, and his knife in his hand, and scattered all about him were numbers of little golden-paper birds. But not one of them was on his brow. The picture on which the note was written was all covered with flying birds.

TOO LATE

The Emperor was dining when the Captain reached his palace and the attendants were unwilling to admit him. Showing, however, the seal of the Empress, he paid no attention to them and fairly brushed them aside as he made his way into the presence of the Emperor. Startled, the Emperor half rose, then recognizing the seal of the Empress, he settled back, while over his face crept a look which seemed to say, "At last, it has come."

Slowly the Captain undid the package which he had so safely guarded, and taking out a ball of opium, some gold leaf and a silken cord, he placed them in front of the Emperor, saying, "The Empress, Her Majesty, sends these to you with her compliments, and she bids me tell you that unless you make good use of them, I shall on my return see to it that her commands are obeyed. Permit me now, your Majesty, to take my leave. In four hours I will return, and may the good spirits have welcomed you before then, for though her Majesty's stern commands make my heart most heavy, yet they must be obeyed."

Then turning, the Empress's messenger glided swiftly from the room.

The attendants shrank away from him and stood gazing silently at their Emperor, who sat looking at the objects before him. Suddenly his decision was made. Quickly taking the ball of opium in his hand, he placed it in his mouth and swallowed it before any of the faithful about him could prevent him.

Rising to his feet the Emperor then made his way with head erect to his bedroom, and stretching himself on his couch he calmly waited for the call to join the spirits of his ancestors. And little birds flew out of the windows of the palace and they all flew away in the same direction, in the direction of the palace of the Empress.

WHAT THE BIRDS DID

Impatiently the Empress was walking up and down her reception room. "It is time my messenger was here. It is now four days since he departed." Scarcely had she finished speaking when her Captain stood before her.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I return to you the gold leaf and the silken cord. It is my duty to report that the Emperor is no more. He has sent to you his loving greetings and wishes me to say that he is happy with the spirits of his ancestors."

"Tis well," said the Empress. "You have done your duty, and I now make you the guardian of the treasures. At the meeting of my councilors, which I shall quickly call, you are to take your place on my right, where I can conveniently consult with you."

Bowing with appreciation, the new guardian of the treasures backed from the room. As he departed a bird flew into the room and flew straight at the Empress. As she saw it her face grew pale and she shrilly called upon her attendants to kill it.

"Kill it quickly, I command you."

Then she shuffled her way slowly to her bed-chamber. There was a great fear in her heart. She looked all about her. She examined the walls. She looked at every door. She was all of a tremble. Every sound made her start. She kept calling for first one person and then another, but no sooner would they appear than she would command them to leave

her. And it was far into the night before she had the courage to lie down to rest.

And what happened that night no one ever really knew. For some hours, at intervals, there were heard shrill birdlike calls all about the palace. Blinds and silken draperies moved in curious unseen ways. There was a smothered cry now and then, but when morning broke there was a deathlike stillness all about and the Empress was found half hanging over the side of her couch, and on her forehead was fastened the outline of a bird fashioned from pure gold, and on one of its wings was inscribed "'Tis Finished."

Chang's mother was fairly beside her-

self. Not one word had she received from Chang since the death of the Emperor, and a great fear was in her heart.

Suddenly Sam stood before her and in each hand he held a scroll. "All is well" was his greeting and then slowly he unrolled one of the scrolls. It was a picture of a housetop, and all over the roof were little birds, some trying to straighten out their feathers—others simply resting.

Then he unrolled the other scroll, and from it Chang's mother learned that all was well with her son, and that soon Rami and he would send for her to join them in the new home that they would have—in the far north of China.

ON THE STEAMER NISQUALLEY

By ALICE HAMILTON RICH

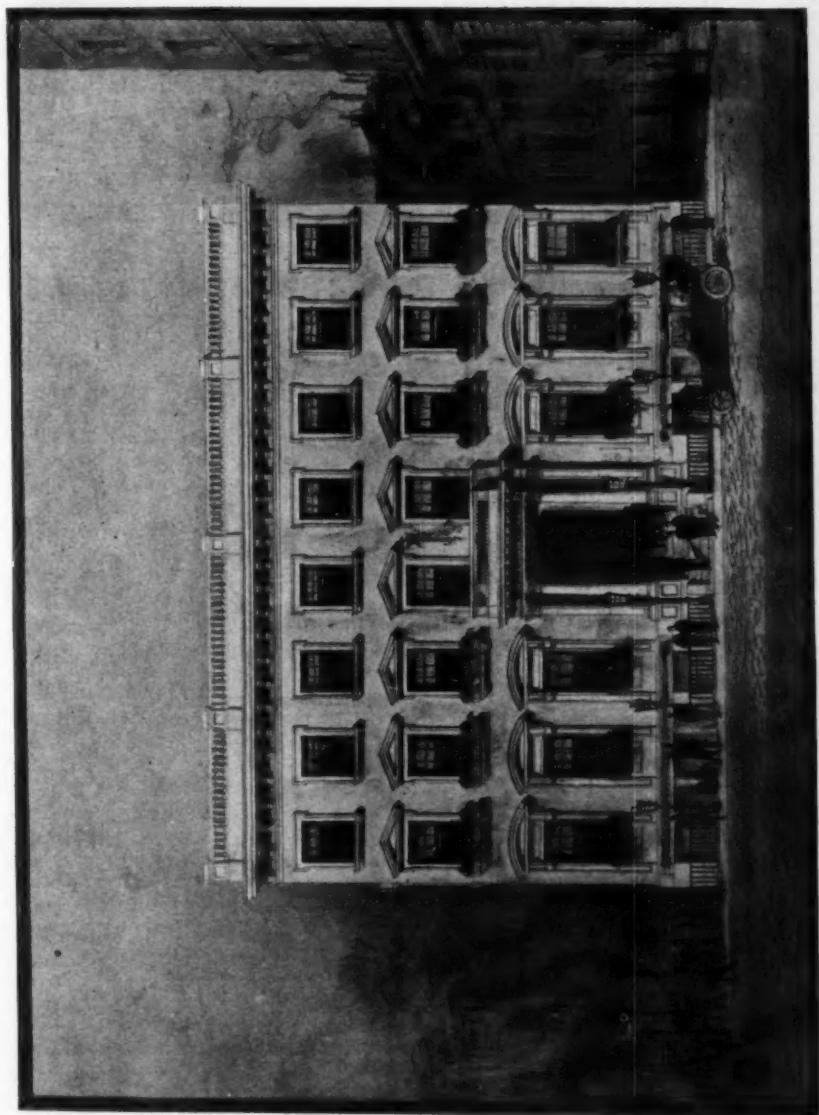
THERE'S a sheen of light on the waters
Of beautiful Puget Sound
And the stately knightly fir trees
Circle the hills around,
And fleecy cloudlets hover
To crown God's Mountain high*
While a single sea mew lover
Is wailing his wistful cry.

Ripple, ripple the waters
Over the pebbly shore
As we curve around an island
We wist not of before
And catch a glimpse of caverns
Wild things above explore.

Ah lover, sea mew flying,
Is it there in hidden nest
Your mate is brooding nestlings
Under her downy breast
While you are flying homeward
To mate, and brood, and nest?

We are nearing a happy valley
Where a bungalow I see
And there a little mother
Is brooding our babe for me
And I doubt if even the angels
Are as happy as are we.

* The Indians call Mount Rainier "The Mountain that was God."



INDIA HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE

India House

by

George Willoughby

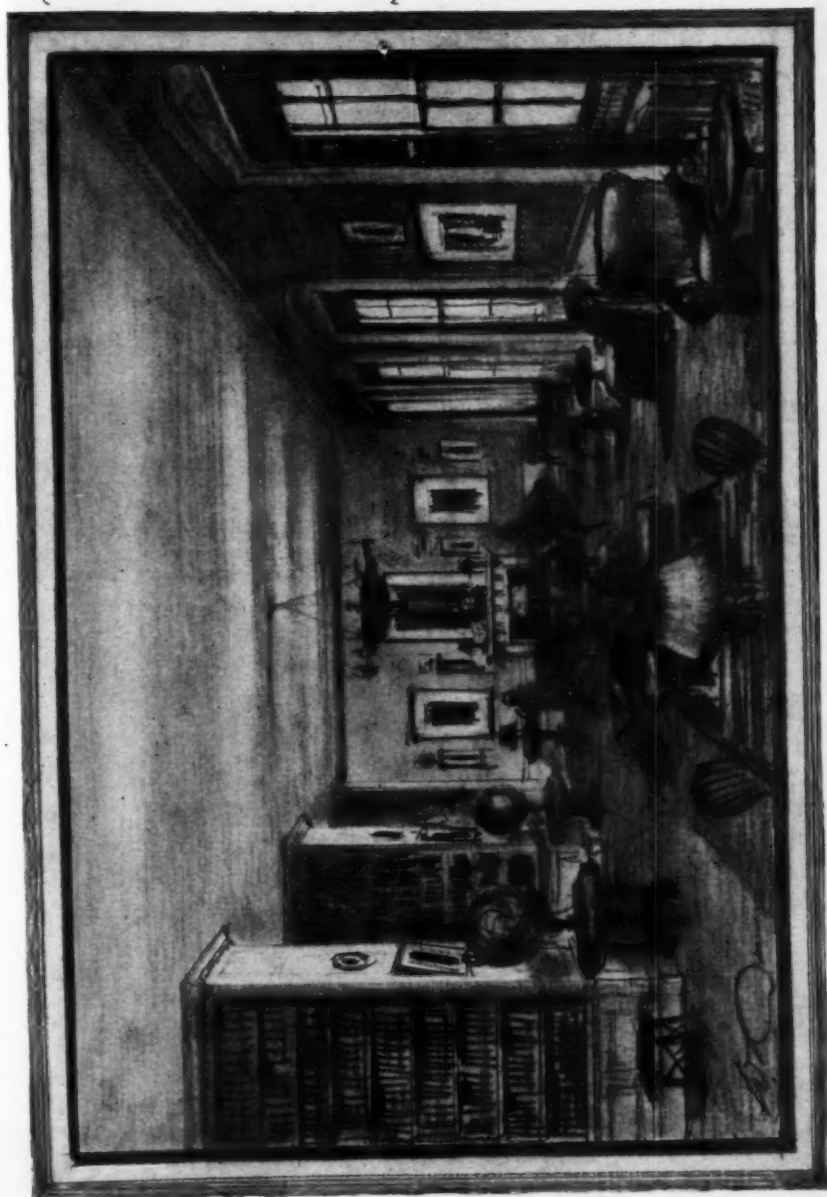
WITH all Europe in a turmoil, interest has revived in the American merchant marine as exports await shipment and find the vessel supply inadequate. What more appropriate time for opening "India House" in New York! Foreign commerce is absorbing the attention of the leaders of industrial activities and they feel that opportunities are presented today for a new era for the foreign commerce of the United States.

"India House" in New York City is certain to become one of the popular down-town clubs, facing as it does historic Hanover Square, once occupied by W. R. Grace & Co., so well known in the export trade for many years. It is not only spacious, but is especially adapted for the purpose of the club, devoted to stimulating foreign commerce and preserving the traditions of the American foreign trade, which existed in the brave days of Salem's eminence in world commerce. The spacious halls, winding staircases and high ceilinged rooms speak of the halcyon era of clipper ships, and seem a most appropriate place for preserving the glories of foreign American merchant vessels and clippers in the days when American trade flourished in India and all over the world. A large number of appropriate pictures and paintings have been collected to be placed in the club. The interior of the building has been extensively altered and will be furnished in a manner to recall the foreign trade traditions of the early

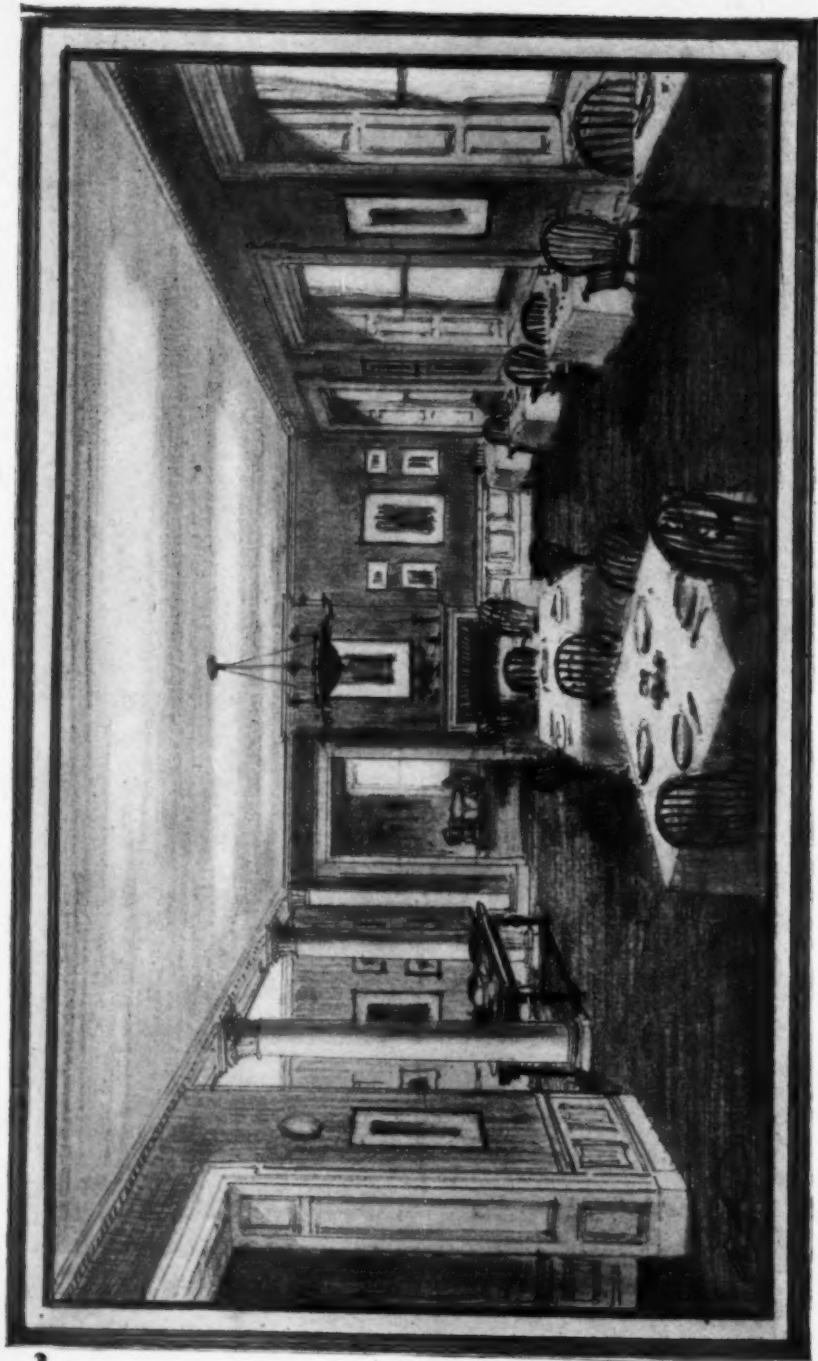
days. "India House" will be a gathering place for those interested in foreign trade who would naturally gather to talk over matters in a social way, and may become as noted as the East India House in Leadenhall Street, London, in which were nurtured many plans for the extension of British commerce, that have made it an institution in English history.

It is fortunate that Mr. J. A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and also president of the National Foreign Trade Council, has been chosen as president of "India House." The Club will be composed of fifteen hundred members, five hundred resident members, five hundred non-resident members in the United States, and five hundred living outside the continental United States. The success of the National Foreign Trade Convention held at Washington last May has awakened the interest of the people throughout the country to the importance of developing foreign trade and the necessity of doing it now, while the doors of opportunity are wide open. Over seventy-two commerce and industrial organizations were represented at this convention, and the collected addresses are regarded as the most important literature of the times upon the subject of foreign commerce.

"India House" is not directly connected with the National Foreign Trade Council, but rather a rendezvous for those interested in foreign trade. Here one can go at almost any hour or day and find men interested in trade in almost every com-



LIBRARY AT INDIA HOUSE



A DINING-ROOM AT INDIA HOUSE

modity in all parts of the world. It will develop an international trade fellowship that always precedes the growth of trade. The membership will be national in every sense of the word, judging from the enthusiastic reception which the idea has received from business men in all parts of the country. Representatives of the diplomatic and consular service and commercial attaches and agents of the Department of Commerce at Washington will be eligible to membership, which will enable them to come into a most favorable contact with the representatives of trade in other lands and those who are doing their utmost to extend the interests of American commerce in this country.

In view of the fact, Germany has an organization similar to the National Foreign Trade Council of thirty-five thousand firms. The impetus of the movement to build up foreign trade was never so strong as at this time.

With such a rendezvous as "India House" located in old Hanover Square for representatives of all nations to assemble in a social way, the possibilities of this club can scarcely be computed. The completion of the Panama Canal and the enact-

ment of the new tariff and the new currency law are the stimulus for a notable forward movement in foreign trade.

Lawyers, railroad men and business men and all kinds of professional people active in various lines of work have their downtown clubs in New York City, where they get together to talk things over and "India House" will provide a place where those who are interested in foreign trade can gather in the same way. The people of the country are beginning to realize that all export trade brought to this country is not only a permanent and accruing benefit to our own country, but to those with whom we trade. It is simply a matter of bringing about a more favorable distribution of the world products to the benefit of all concerned. "India House" is established with all conjured memories of world-trade days and the romantic association of the past, when American clipper ships dotted every sea. The determination of industrial leaders like Mr. Farrell and his associates to make a record of the next decade for American export trade that will mark a new era in the history of the country, will awaken hearty co-operation throughout the country.

FREDERICK III OF GERMANY

NOT the bold Brandenburg, at Prussia's birth;
 Nor yet Great Frederick when his fields were won,
 And her domain stretched wide beneath the sun;
 Nor William whose Sedan aroused the earth,
 Was hero, conqueror, like the king whose worth
 And woe subdued the world beside his bier.
 Serene he walked with death through year and year
 Slow-measured; braving torture's deeps in dearth
 Of hope—the faithful, steadfast, lofty soul!
 Ah, chant no dirge for him, but joyful pæan!
 While Baltic laves its borders, Rhine doth roll,
 No truer life will seek the empyrean
 Than his whose fame nor realm nor age can span—
 The manliest emperor, the imperial man!

—Edna Dean Proctor, in "Poems."

Unveiling of the Confederate Monument

by Myrle Wright

ONE of the most dramatic and impressive summer events in Washington in 1914 was the unveiling of the beautiful Confederate monument, amid the graves of the Confederate dead in Arlington Cemetery, which was formerly the estate and home of General Robert E. Lee. The United Daughters of the Confederacy have worked for many years to secure this adequate and appropriate memorial, and they provided one of the largest and most striking bronze monuments in the country for this momentous occasion.

Representing the Confederacy is the stately figure of a woman with her hands resting on a ploughshare, which portrays permanently an eloquent story that is already history. In beautiful Arlington Memorial Day exercises are held every year for the Union soldiers, usually attended by the President, and now the Confederate veterans can gather about their memorial for the boys in gray.

Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland, presided. The noted sculptor of the monument, Sir Moses Ezekiel, now a titled Englishman, but formerly a Confederate soldier, was present both as sculptor and veteran. He was a member of the gray-uniformed cadets of the Military School at Lexington, Virginia, whom the commanding general hesitated to send into the bloody charge as he looked at the bright and rosy faces of the boys from fourteen to sixteen, ready and eager to

face the scenes of death and carnage. In every detail the exercises were memorable and the addresses by the President, former Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Hilary A. Herbert; General Bennett H. Young; the grandson and namesake of Robert E. Lee; Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, president General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and General Washington Gardner, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, were notable contributions to contemporaneous history. Hon. Hilary A. Herbert presided and gave a most comprehensive review of the achievement then completed that had marked an event possible only in the greatest republic known to history.

The opening speech by General Bennett H. Young, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, equalled his splendid address at the great reunion of veterans on the battlefield of Gettysburg which attracted national attention. It was an eloquent portrayal of the purposes and meaning of the occasion and was a veritable keynote of the occasion, given by the Kentucky boy who rode with Morgan.

The President witnessed the entire ceremony and was keenly interested in the proceedings. When Paul Micou, grandson of former Secretary Hilary A. Herbert, amid the cheers of the crowd, pulled the cord that unveiled the handsome memorial, the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" as the inspiring bronze seemed to arise upon the shining stone pedestal surrounded by thirty-two bas-reliefs with

the triumphant figure of the new South surrounded with the banners of the various Confederate states greeting the vision of those present.

The brief address by the President was abbreviated by a terrific wind and thunder-storm; a dramatic finale. The great throngs of people did not have an opportunity to escape before sheets of rain were pouring down in torrents on the veterans

the blinding storm vividly recalled scenes of war-time furies.

The President was rushed to the covered automobile which was in waiting and driven to the White House at a pace that would not come within the speed limits of Philadelphia, anyhow. During the storm those who could find protection in the covered automobiles were fortunate, but many of the women and children were compelled



Copyright by Clinedinst

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT UNVEILED RECENTLY AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY
President Wilson accepted the monument on behalf of the reunited nation

in blue and gray, recalling memories of the camp life fifty years ago. The ladies in bright attire were drenched. It was a sorry sight of crumpled millinery and dresses, and skirts clung as if the women had just emerged from a bath. There was little pride of starch and curl remaining. The crowd took shelter under the massive stone fence and I found myself talking with a Confederate veteran as we made the best use we could of the remnants of my umbrella, which had been blown inside out with the gale. To see the men, women and children hovering for protection under that Arlington cemetery stonewall in

to stand unsheltered as the rain poured down in torrents. Like all American crowds they were good-natured and cheerful, going home drenched to the skin, but with their enthusiasm not at all dampened by the fury of the storm.

The Confederate monument occupies a conspicuous place in the National Soldiers' Cemetery, and is another of the myriad of beautiful memorials which have been erected in recent years by the Daughters of the South to the Confederate dead. In the days of her returning prosperity the South does not forget her revered dead, and what Northern cities and towns did

years ago she is doing even more generously in proportion to her dead. Every address upon the occasion was a chapter added to the historical archives of the nation, and the President's address, cut short by the rain, was forecast in the eloquent tribute of General Bennett H. Young in the keynote address in which he said:

We are here to dedicate on the nation's ground, on the space reserved for its most renowned and illustrious dead, a Confederate monument. In its inception, its construction, its location, and in its mission, this structure stands in a class by itself.

A republic alone could foster or permit those who lost in a great, prolonged struggle to erect in such a place as this a tribute to the dead, who for four years battled against the flag that floats above a place of sepulture like this.

At this hour I represent the survivors of the Southern army. Though this Confederate monument is erected on Federal ground, yet the men from whom I hold commission would only have me come without apologies or regrets for the past. Those for whom I speak gave the best they had to their land and country. They spared no sacrifice and no privation to win for the southland national independence.

I am sure I shall not offend the proprieties of either the hour or the occasion when I say that we still glory in the records of our beloved and immortal dead. Their surviving comrades and their children still believe that that for which they suffered and laid down their lives was just; that their premises in the Civil War were according to our Constitution. The men of the Confederacy submit, but they have no words to recall nor history to change. The South gave 200,000 lives, the best and most precious offering it had, as an assurance of honesty of conviction, unflinching faith and integrity of purpose.

The sword said the South was wrong, but the sword is not necessarily guided by conscience and reason. The power of numbers and the longest guns cannot destroy principle nor obliterate truth. Right lives forever. It survives battles, failures, conflicts and death. There is no human power, however mighty, that can in the end annihilate truth.

To accept a situation the sword created, and bow gracefully and promptly to the inevitable decrees of force, is one of the highest evidences of great manhood and superb valor.

No man can stand on this hill and look southward without feeling his heart glow with wonder and admiration and pride, as he reviews what the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia wrought out in heroism and valor between Arlington and Richmond.

The most heroic men in the Confederate army were the men who carried the guns.

We are in sight of the spot where General

Lee witnessed the most wonderful evidence of devotion and loyalty that ever came into the life of a commander. At Spottsylvania Court House three times the Confederate Chief of Staff started to the front, in apparent crises.

Three times these men refused to go forward one step until General Lee had removed himself from the immediate danger. At the last, when John B. Gordon, with that voice which thrilled and enthused all who heard it either in peace or in war, with a distinctness that rose above the discord of battle, cried out, "General Lee, these men have never failed you before, and they will not fail you now, but they will not advance until you go to the rear." General Lee rode away, and the Confederates redeemed their promise and compelled their enemies to retire.

THE warlike scenes of fifty years ago were vividly recalled at the encampment of the United Confederate Veterans at Jacksonville, Florida. The veterans came to the city from all directions, wearing their uniforms of gray, and carrying the stars and bars under which they fought so valiantly. Amid the strains of "Dixie" they marched here and there, breaking ranks now and then when a group of old comrades came in sight. Some appeared in the same old suit of the early sixties whose distinctive feature is a short roundabout coat, and carried the very canteens they had used through the war. Here and there an officer sweltered in his long gray frock uniform and official dignity, while that "roundabout" private looked as frisky as a cadet. The scene brought back memories of the Gettysburg Reunion, where was assembled the largest number of Confederate soldiers since they first gathered.

Fifty years ago these men were engaged in mortal combat with the blue-uniformed Northern men, and here in Jacksonville, now ablaze with bright bunting, they met as old friends. The bonds of comradeship seemed very close and tender as they related experiences of those stirring days, and paid earnest tributes to Southern heroes, to Jefferson Davis and those associated with him in the council of the Confederacy. The headquarters of General Bennett H. Young of Louisville, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, who was a member of Morgan's Cavalry and author of "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," amongst the greatest

war books ever written, was at the Aragon House, where the old colors carried by the gallant boys of the South blended with the Stars and Stripes.

Southern women have an inherited pride in their soldier boys, and the handsome young girls and matrons, wearing long sashes of ribbon indicating them as sponsors and maids of honor are always a conspicuous and charming feature of a Confederate reunion. The gallantry and chivalry of the Southern soldiers were emphasized in their making the part delegated to the ladies so prominent a social feature of the reunion. There were functions everywhere and every waking hour, and the

fraught with the keenest appreciation of American valor—north or south. Intermingled everywhere were the old battle flags, Federal and Confederate, and the old martial airs of the Northern army blended with the strains of "Dixie" and "Maryland." The battleflag of an Ohio regiment captured during the war was returned with imposing ceremonies by the Confederate veterans to the veterans in blue. An address by Mrs. Leigh, a daughter of the Confederacy was another reminder of the active part which the daughters and wives played during the Civil War. The war cries—known as "rebel yells" in the old days, that rang out



Copyright by Clinedinst

GENERAL BENNETT YOUNG, COMMANDER OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS
Delivering address at the unveiling of the Confederate monument

festivities arranged by the sponsors and maids of honor seemed to overshadow even the tireless efforts of the sons of the Confederate veterans.

In a great tent at Springfield Park the delegations from each Southern state gathered under their respective state banners. Stirring speeches and responses were heard, and the whole occasion was

through the halls, could not be duplicated elsewhere, for they were the real yells which the Yankee soldiers so well remember echoing across the battle and picket lines. Gray-clad veterans would join a group of Grand Army men here and there and share with them the hearty greeting from the good people of Jacksonville and visitors, especially remembering the

impressive scenes and incidents at Gettysburg in 1913. In the deliberations of the Confederate veterans the spirit of loving devotion to the old leaders was still manifest, and while there was not a note that did not ring true with patriotic fervor, there were many incidents dear to the veterans who must ever cherish in memory the old war days just as Scot and Briton



Copyright by Clinedinst

MASTER PAUL HERBERT MICOU
Grandson of Colonel Hilary A. Herbert, who unveiled
the Confederate monument

love to tell of Percy and Douglas, Bruce and De Argentine, Cameron and Claverhouse, Prince Rupert and Cromwell.

The parade was an imposing scene reflecting the swiftly passing years. The line of march was headed by General Bennett H. Young mounted on a handsome black charger, and still erect and soldierly in bearing despite his three-score and ten years. He was followed by veterans on horse and in automobiles, of whom the South may well be proud, for they are the fathers and grandfathers of the young South of today; the filial devotion of the sons and daughters and the citizens in general found expression in the hearty applause that greeted the boys in gray as they passed by, and even the showers of

the morning did not dampen the enthusiasm of the seventy-year-young boys.

In the hotel corridors the throng gathered about the piano and old war songs were sung with fervor. At times it seemed almost a reproduction of the "Heart Songs" book. Mothers and grandmothers joined in the chorus, and when one group wearied of singing another carried it on in choral relays, an endless day of old songs. Visions of ante-bellum days were recalled when the grand ball was given in the great tent. The stately grand march recalling scenes of the war era, was an inspiring procession. Young ladies in curls, attired in dainty costumes of the Civil War, marched with graceful step through the quadrille to the air of "Listen to the Mocking Bird." The grand march was led by the Commander-in-chief, having for his partner the sponsor for the South, Miss Corinne Hampton of Columbia, the granddaughter of the late Senator Wade Hampton, followed by hundreds of veterans and their daughters and granddaughters recalling the balls of half a century ago, as did the good old Virginia Reel danced with real southern fervor and gaiety, followed by the stately minuet and the lancers. Every now and then the orchestra would break forth with the "Hesitation" and the "Tango," and off the younger people would start in the gliding tread of the modern dances, leading their elderly partners a merry march. The veterans would not be outdone, and many of them were right at home with the one-step and two-step or "quick-step." One old sailor who had trod the gun-deck of the Merrimac gave an exhibition of the old-fashioned "Sailor's Horn Pipe." The great tent was aglow with the brilliant uniforms of the veterans and the sons of veterans in gray, and the exquisite costumes of the beautiful women, for it was altogether a delightful renaissance of the gay society days before the war.

The United Confederate Veterans, like the Grand Army of the Republic, is an organization that can never be recruited. The sons and daughters of the veterans in gray and blue may take up the work, but there is something in their actual physical presence that can never be replaced when the last veteran is "mustered out." The

sufferings and privations of the soldiers of the Civil War was an initiation that no civic ceremonies can equal. Memories of these events seem to bring them very close together in their later years, although in their business sessions there were indications that the Confederate veterans love a good scrap even among themselves now and then, but after the bout is over they quickly respond to the same bugle call for duty.

In the contest for the meeting-place of the reunion of 1915, Richmond, with its wealth of memories and warm welcome as the capital of the Confederacy, proved a good drawing card for the veterans. The vivid pictures of the dedication of the "Battle Abbey," the grave of Jefferson Davis and his daughter Winnie Davis, amid historic scenes dear to the heart of every Confederate were too attractive for any opposition. So the encampment will be held next year in the city where the capital of the Confederacy was maintained during all the years of the war. History has reversed itself on this occasion. "On to Richmond," was the cry of the soldiers of the North in '61, and "On to Richmond" will be the cry of the soldiers of the South in 1915 to revive memories of the inspiring victories and disheartening reverses of the old days. When the report of the committee who attended the Gettysburg reunion was read, containing a glowing tribute to the generous hospitality of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the Northern soldiers, there was a hearty cheer and the plan was projected of having Northern soldiers invited to visit some Southern battlefield.

ONE could not look upon this gathering of Confederate veterans without feeling a better American. It was a sidelight on the real meaning of "war times" rarely appreciated by those living in the North, and while there were occasional outbursts that

would indicate uncompromising convictions as to the righteousness of their cause, there was none of the rankling bitterness of mere sectionalism so rampant between North and South during and after the war. The incidents of the Spanish War in which Confederates and the sons of Confederate soldiers enlisted and served with honor, and the fact that many are now serving in the Army and Navy in the Philippines, China, and Mexico, have renewed and inspired a sincere spirit of loyalty to the stars and stripes. The Confederate veterans took favorable action to participate in the celebration to be held in Baltimore commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the song, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Everybody was full of the carnival spirit and the citizens of Jacksonville certainly did themselves proud in the manner in which they handled the affair. Not one fatality occurred to mar the happiness of the occasion and Jacksonville contemplates inviting the Grand Army of the Republic to hold their encampment in the gateway city of Florida during the winter months, so that the boys in blue may know something of the real delights of the climate of the South. Altogether the scenes were most impressive to a wayfaring editor, and Jacksonville has already won national distinction as a convention city. The occasion was indeed a happy sequel to the Gettysburg Reunion.

When it was all over the railroad station at Jacksonville was thronged with veterans returning home weary but happy, some riding all night in the coaches and taking a rest as they did in the old days, all enthusiastic with the thought of the next Reunion at Richmond, and generous in praise of Jacksonville, for the universal comment of the veterans was that the city left nothing undone to make complete and memorable the memory of the Reunion of 1914, of the boys who wore the gray.



A Retrospect in the Packing Industry

by Jackson Courtney

THERE is a business literature of the times that deserves as great attention or even more than much of the current output of new novels. In the mail matter coming to an editor's desk, the reports of various corporations, if more widely read and commented upon, would eliminate much useless prejudice and misinformation. The day has arrived when many of the pamphlets and booklets issued in connection with the regular processes of business historically and ethically reflect the vital and essential thought and influence of the times.

In the Year Book of Swift & Company for 1914, bound in the standard colors of the firm with words and letters which have been iterated and reiterated in "all sorts and conditions of" advertising, I found more of the very essence of things worth while considering in connection with the philosophy and thought of today than in many of the "best seller" books.

From the frontispiece, an artistic design showing a flock of sheep under a tree, with the caption reading "More and Better Live Stock," to the array of advertising material they have issued, produced in the last pages, there was a story of 1914 complete in itself, although only dealing with the affairs of the corporation. There were illustrations and terse diction in the pages that reflected the trend of the times. This matter appearing in a magazine fifty years ago would have made a sensation as an artistic and distinctive literary effort, and might have created a new school of

thought rivalling the wave of transcendentalism associated with memories of Brook Farm and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Portions of the annual statement by Mr. Louis F. Swift, president of the corporation, are epigrammatic in thought and diction, and the information is furnished with the swift directness of a rifle-shot, as demanded in these days of accelerated activities.

Recounting the record of sales in 1913, aggregating four hundred million dollars, the facts are shown that while the dividends to stockholders are seven per cent, the aggregate charge for service to the public represents a smaller percentage than that received by any other industry in the country, and that this service to producer and consumer is done with a profit of only two and a half cents on every dollar sale made by an organization employing over thirty-five thousand employees and millions of capital.

President L. F. Swift has long been recognized as one of the leaders in providing insurance, and every possible advantage for those associated with him in this great organization, and includes in his plans every individual. "Working conditions for men and women have been materially improved to our mutual benefit," he modestly states without alluding directly to the results he has secured. The early indications of a bumper corn crop for 1913 were disappointed, and adverse conditions reduced the actual yield to less than that of the previous year.

The president commented, "Men in the live stock industry cannot regret this fact any more than we do, because their interests and ours are mutual. All branches of industry are better served when grain crops and especially corn are above the average."

The distinction and difference between the terms "refrigeration" and "cold storage" is pointed out clearly by Mr. Swift. "All perishable food products must be refrigerated, but only the surplus goes into cold storage, in seasons of heavy production when the supply far exceeds the demand. Then it is the producer's protection against over-supplied markets and abnormally low values; and it is the consumer's protection against a short supply, caused by natural conditions that cannot be avoided."

"The attitude of the corporation is favorable toward Federal regulation of cold-storage plants, providing for a maximum time limit on goods carried therein, not to exceed twelve months or from one season to another season; also other regulations prohibiting warehouse men from putting any product into cold storage that is not absolutely fresh and in prime condition, the policy that has always been pursued by Swift & Company."

All through this interesting little book, with a cover suggesting the exterior of their refrigerator cars, are stored little bits of general and detailed information that indicates how intimately associated are large corporations and their stockholders. There are over twenty thousand owners of Swift & Company's stock, who share in the profits of the business, and this book tells the story of the year. Intensive farming is succeeding the old methods of agriculture, and the slogan "More grain and other feed must be raised to support more live stock" is the caption of an illustration which would honor the pages of any periodical.

"Intensive farming must be general and not the exception. The shortage in meat animals can only be replaced by raising more live stock on the farm. Attention is called to the fact that the day of mere theories is past, and that this is a day of concrete object lessons in farming as well as in industrial pursuits. The boys and

men of the present generation are taking more interest in animal husbandry and in meeting and solving, in a practical way, those conditions that have long puzzled public men, statesmen and economists.

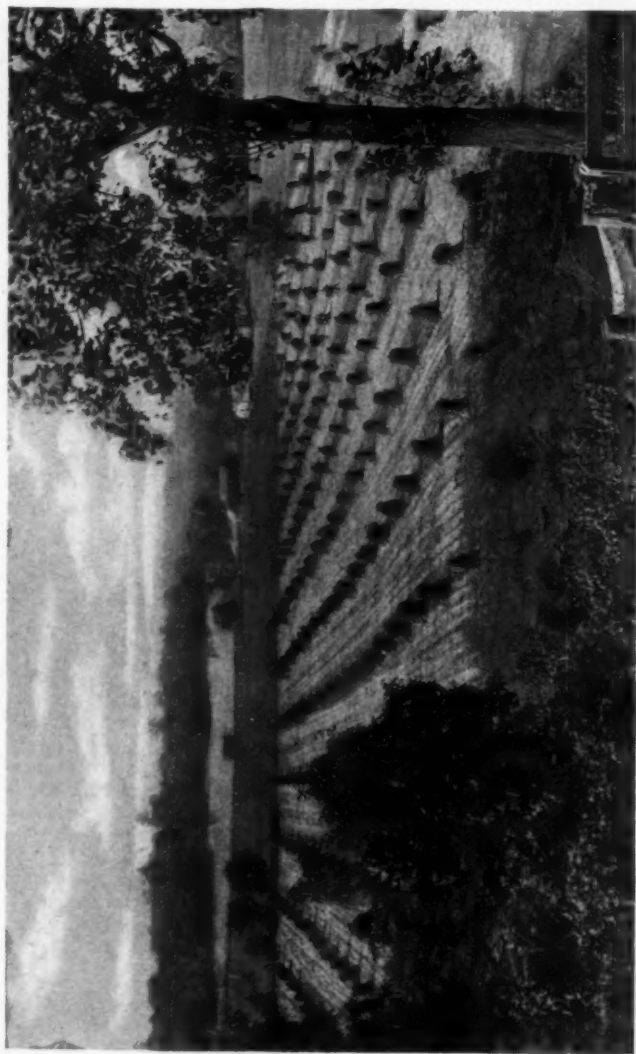
A review of various products follows, illustrating how the Wool Soap babies and all the figures in their advertising have become as familiar as the children themselves in the household. An interesting array also is that series of the coats of arms of various nations which were represented at the International Refrigeration Exposition held at Chicago in September, 1913, at which the refrigerator car introduced



THE PET CALVES

and used by Swift & Company attracted universal attention and a view of this refrigerator car appears with its glass side, presenting as appetizing an array of meats, etc., as the stalls at Faneuil Hall market during Christmas week suggests the daintiness of a delicatessen display, flanked and barricaded by those solid and substantial products of finest quality—the food of the nation, which has so much to do with determining the initiative force and very spirit of the people, for while "as a man thinketh, even so is he," the physical and mental qualities of people are largely determined by the food that they consume.

The report in referring to the United States inspection laws and their enforce-

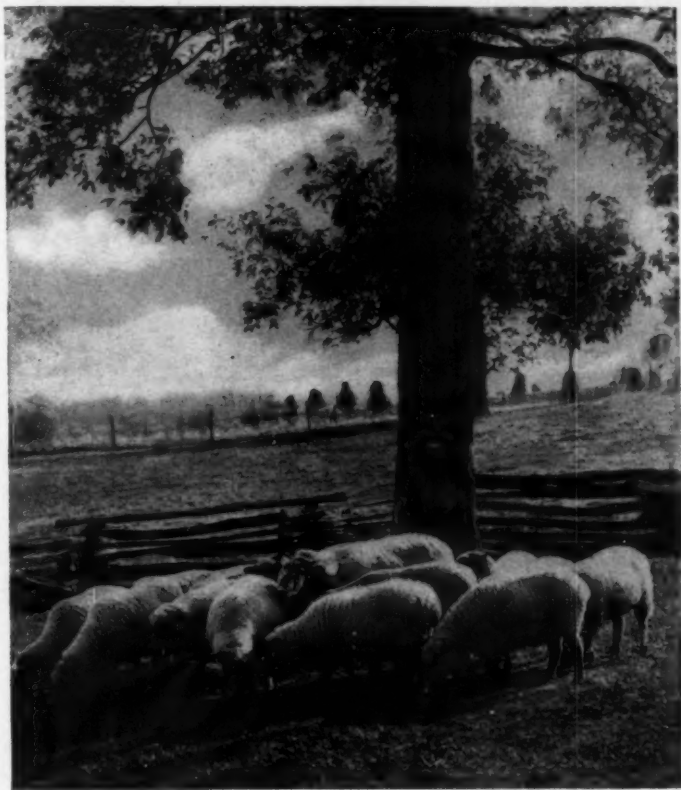


A SPLENDID HARVEST OF GOLDEN CORN

ment makes it clear that the Swift management is only too anxious to co-operate with the government in any legislation and administration thereof which will really shut out unfit material, and make all men engaged in the business use only such stock as will secure and retain the confidence and patronage of the general

adopted and maintained by the Company and adverted to in this report. It obviously does not pay to save a few dollars at the risk of losing the services or forfeiting the confidence of faithful and skilled assistants.

President Swift and his company are certainly to be commended for the aggres-



SHEEP AND LAMBS UNDER THE TREES AT NOONDAY

public. Any packing firm had better give away a hundred packages of faultless goods than to sell one which excites disgust or alarms a neighborhood with sickness.

Equally important in the eyes of the Swift management, from a purely selfish and business point of view, are the safeguards of the employee's health and safety,

sive and enthusiastic way in which they have exploited the best phases of business life and industry, and co-operated with agricultural development in building up one of the most world-renowned food product concerns, supplying a material portion of the people of many nations in a manner reflecting honor and credit upon American business methods.



A smile of triumph, pitiable yet glorious, lighted for an instant his poor drawn face, and he opened his tightly-clenched right hand

His Father's Cross

by John R. Larus

HE was such a little fellow. Such a very, very little fellow that I would look at him half in compassion, half in wonder that he should be fronting the hardships and hazards of a campaign instead of being safe at home under the watchful care of a mother. For he did not look to be over twelve years of age, although I afterward knew that I had underestimated the dignity of his life-attainment. He was such a pretty lad, too, with large blue eyes that seemed as full of trust as those of a dog, yet timid and shrinking in his ways; not of the best, one would think, to be comrade to the rough soldiers and camp-followers by whom he was surrounded, and whose language was not always—

But I ask you one thousand pardons. I am begun in the wrong place. I have not yet told you who he was, or who I am, or where we were, or how we came there, or why we were there at all. That is like us French, you will say, so eager to get to our ends that we do not take sufficient thought of our beginnings. I grant you—I, a Frenchman of the French! It is a national fault; but grant us, you, at least one atoning virtue. By highroad or by pathway, with ease or with toil, we arrive!

We are impulsive—oh, yes. But we are strong, too. If I excite myself? but I am French. And that means excitement, impulse, enthusiasm; that means the highest triumph or the lowest despondency. Yes, to be French means all that.

At the time when this little tale begins I was *sous lieutenant* of voltigeurs. I was fresh from l'Ecole Militaire, and I was proud—ah, so proud!—of my epaulette and swordknot, not to speak of the

sword of honor which I had won for proficiency. I, Francois d'Ambert, cadet of an ancient house, was on my way to the field where Glory stood awaiting me with open arms—or so I dreamed. For Napoleon III, Emperor of the French by grace of his name, had called upon his brave soldiers to chastise the presumption of the Prussian Eagle, which had dared to scream aloud when France had bidden it hold its peace, and we were on our march to battle—and Sedan.

Now I am a Napoleonist, I. I speak as in the present, for my convictions do not change with the frown or smile of the time. I believe that Napoleon the Great was the lion of his people, and, if his faults were as great as his virtues, his errors as colossal as his triumphs, it was because nature gave him nothing in little; and his best far outweighed his worst. So I am not minded to speak aught against his nephew, nor is aught calumnious to be truly said. But he allowed himself to be befooled. Figure you! Two months before war was declared I went, *en amateur*, to the great arsenal at Vincennes. I was told by the cicerone that in the Salle d'Armes there were 120,000 chassepot rifles. A lie! there were not half the number.

When I joined my regiment we reported over nine hundred men. We marched upon the field not six hundred strong.

Treachery in high places: that is the whole story of the Franco-Prussian war.

BUT I am vagrant, discursive—another national fault. I make amends; I bind myself to my subject. Something I have told you of myself; let me now speak of my hero. For you will understand, if

it please you, that I am not the hero of this story—or of any other. The hero is Jean Reynault.

He was the little boy of whom I have already written. He was a drummer-boy. Only that, and yet a hero; or at least the potentiality of one. As you shall see, if you have patience to the end.

His father was corporal in our regiment, and he had no mother. It was thus accounted for that he was here. He had been drummer for but a few short weeks when war was declared. Fain then would he have ceased to drum, but his father would not have it so.

"*Tonnerre de tous les diables!*" he had growled when Jean timidly spoke to him upon the subject. "Art thou a coward then, hein?"

After which, there was, of course, nothing more to be said.

But Jean told me, quite privately, while we were sitting together, upon the trail of a gun, that if he was not exactly a coward—a thing you could not expect a French boy to admit—he feared he was not of heroic stuff. He had already been in action with our regiment, and he said this, sitting there with his arm on my knee:

"I do not love battle. The soldiers look fine, and the drums and trumpets sound pretty, but when the bullets begin to say 'zip! zip!' and the shells to scream 'whe-e-e-ee!' my heart calls to me 'Run!' and it is not easy to say it nay. If I were not encompassed, I might save myself in spite of my pride and my father."

So he talked openly to me, as to a brother. For although I was an officer and he only a drummer, there was affection between us. He was so small, so lonely, so confiding, so good, and so very pretty.

YET he was very proud of his father, the corporal. He told me that he was of gentle blood, and that before the Revolution the family had written *de* before their name. Also, that his father, the corporal, was so grand, so strong, so brave. As he really was, and many others beside. But what Jean chiefly loved to talk about was the Cross of the Legion of Honor which the corporal had won by conspicuous gallantry in one of the first engagements of the war.

Ah, you colder-blooded, philosophical, stoical Teutons, you do not know what the Cross means to a French soldier! You cannot conceive how a small piece of metal and enamel, prettily fashioned if you will, but intrinsically of small worth, can be of such priceless value in the eyes of a soldier of France. I will tell you: I who wear it. It is because it is not really fashioned of metal; it is fashioned of honor.

Perhaps in these utilitarian days we also are losing some of our illusions. Perhaps it may come to pass that the Cross will be naught and its glory but a tradition. But those will be evil days for the Great Nation, and it will fall, perhaps to rise no more. For we Frenchmen have sentiment, or we cease to be French. And when we cease to be our true selves, darkness and the shadow of death will come upon us. For a nation is strong only as it is individual.

But I again keep you from Jean. And there was little enough of him, heaven knows! We grew so friendly that he told me all his hopes and ambitions. They were as slight as himself, poor boy!

"It is thus, my lieutenant," he said one day. "I am not fit to be a soldier. My father would make me one, but he knows me not well. When this war is over and we have conquered those beggarly Prussians who dare to insult us with resistance"—alas! few of us then foresaw the shadow of Sedan!—"I will go back to my village—ah, dear Villanges! if you could see it, my lieutenant, with its great trees and its quaint well and its gray walls! I know them all, and almost think they know me. I will go back there, and I will go to a friend of mine, an old man, who paints pictures and is so kind and wise, and I will say to him, 'Make me also an artist.' And then I shall live there so happily with my pictures—I see some of them already in my dreams—and some that I love the least I shall sell, and so get enough money to buy a little cottage, and then perhaps I may marry and have children. It must be a great happiness to have children to teach of *le bon Dieu*."

Poor boy! poor innocent boy! So earnest and gentle; so fitted for the life of which he dreamed, so unfitted for fields of strife. Let me hasten on to the end.

AT length dawned that morning which was to bring in its iron breast retribution for all the sins of France, the morning of Sedan. There were still some of us who looked for victory as of tradition and right; but the wiser heads had learned already, in many a sharp defeat, that we were no longer invincible. They fought, but it was only for France and her honor, and not with hope of conquest.

I sit not here to give you a description of that famous battle. There were many gallant deeds done that day, and they were needed to soften the blackness of the blot. Of these I marked but one, and it is of this I am to tell you.

Our regiment was not idle that day; it has even been said that we fought well, although all seemed to me as of inextricable confusion. I was soon dirty, bareheaded, hoarse with screaming orders, reproaches, encouragement. I had no clear idea of anything, save that we made charge after charge upon some guns, always to be repulsed. At intervals I saw Jean, his face ashy white, his lips trembling, and a thrill of pity would go through my heart. But I had my work to do, and it gave no time even for friendship.

At length there was a moment's respite, while we re-formed our shattered ranks. Then our colonel, his gray hairs bared, his sword bent and useless, rode out before the men and spoke to us in tones that rang above the roar of battle.

"My children," he said, "that battery yonder is enfilading France. It must be taken. Do you hear? It *must*. Can you do it?"

Three hours before we should have answered with a shout of "Yes!" But we

had, however tardily, learned the wisdom of modesty. There was a deep, low growl, but no words. Yet the colonel seemed satisfied.



We grew so friendly that he told me all his hopes and ambitions. They were as slight as himself, poor boy!

"Beat the *pas de charge*!" he cried.

And then I saw how poor little Jean essayed to obey the order. It was but feeble, that essay, but the inspiring sound of the drum was not needed then. The men were already drunk with defeat.

The regiment sprang forward in one last wild, grand rush. Then came the thunder of cannon, the "ping" of rifles, shrieks, oaths, blood, turmoil, chaos!

When I again had pause to think, I was standing, with dripping sword, upon the crest of the hill among the dead. The battery was taken.

Taken, but only to be lost. For upon us few and spent and weary, there came a very whirlwind of cavalry with gleaming helmets and sabres, and we were hurled back. We had done all that men could do; there were no supports, and nearly every officer was dead.

As we sullenly retreated, with rifles playing upon us at every step—the cavalry had not followed us; they had not dared, although we were now so few—I saw Corporal Reynault, in the rear ranks, fling his rifle to the earth and go down. Well, he had done his duty that day.

AND a moment later I saw Jean. His face was of the whiteness of death, but his eyes were gleaming. He had thrown aside his drum and was rushing back—back into the red maw of death. I strove to call to him, but my voice was too weak. Then he was swallowed up in the smoke that lay shroud-like upon the field and I saw him no more. I could not follow him; I, a *sous-lieutenant*, was now in command of the regiment! Ah, but we had fought well.

The rest is not of the battle. We lost, and I care not to write of it. It is of the night after that I come now to speak.

As soon as it was possible I stole away into the darkness where lay the dead. For Jean had not returned, and my heart was heavy with fear. Hardly had I known how I loved the boy. I knew where to seek for him, and it was not long before my search was over. Across the body of his dead father, himself still and silent, but yet alive, although stricken to the death, lay Jean.

A man was bending over him. As I approached, I saw from his uniform that he was one of the famous and hated Uhlans, and I grasped my scabbard in an instinct of self-defence. My sword was long since broken and gone. But the man saluted me gravely and courteously.

"Here is a bad business, my officer," he said in correct French, but with a vile German accent.

"This so young lad is badly hurt. Shall I help you move him?"

"But you are a Prussian," I said sharply, for I was sore with defeat.

"I am a Prussian," he answered with a slow smile in the light of the stars—ah, God! that they should calmly look upon such a scene—"but I am also a man."

"But you are an enemy."

"I was an enemy today," he answered in his German-French; "tonight, if you will, I am a friend."

I hesitated. I was very sore indeed.

"See," he said, ponderously but kindly. "here is no Frenchman, no Prussian. Here are only three brothers, and one dies. Shall I help you, *mein Herr*?"

You know our impulsive French ways. I fell on his neck and kissed his cheeks.

"May God, who has turned his face from France, bless you," I said. "You are a true man."

He shrugged his shoulders and together we bent over the dying boy. He was almost sped; but the Uhlan, with touch as gentle as that of a woman—bah! what woman so gentle as a tender man?—raised the drooping head to his shoulder and poured his flask from some spirit between the pallid lips. Then Jean opened his eyes and they fell upon me.

"It is you, *mon lieutenant*," he murmured with I know not what of gladness in his voice and making a feeble attempt to salute.

"It is I," I answered in tones choked with tears. "Jean, Jean, in the name of pity, why came you back into this place of fiends?"

He was too weak for more words. But a smile of triumph, pitiable yet glorious, lighted for an instant his poor drawn face, and he opened his tightly-clenched right hand. And there I saw the bauble, the phantom, for which he had given his young life, his father's Cross of the Legion of Honor.

A bauble and a phantom; yet worth, I think, even this. For he held it as the color-bearer his flag, not to be lost without dishonor.

We buried him there, the gentle German and I, and it were hard to tell whose eyes paid him the larger tribute of tears. Then we said farewell.

"We have won today," the Uhlan said as we parted, "and we shall win tomorrow."

Yet fear nothing. Herr Lieutenant, the nation which produces such boys can never be really conquered."

I think he was right. Ah, if all our foes had been such men as he, the worst degradation had not come to us. Yet, even though we were ground into the dust beneath the iron heel of Bismarck, I think he was right, that simple Uhlan. While we hold honor as more sacred than life itself, we can never be conquered to our hurt. For we shall still keep our most cherished possession though we lose all else.

I still have the Cross which was made

doubly glorious by the blood of Jean Reynault. And when I tell his story to the children, as they come at dusk from their play to talk with me in the glimmering firelight, I bid them remember how at the call of honor this gentle lad put by his haunting fears and proved himself a hero of the best. And I pray that they, as true sons of our beloved France, may ever hold glory and honor the only gifts of life which, worthily won, are worth the winning. For thus, and only thus, shall France's children work her redemption and she stand, as in the olden days, a nation without peer.

DEATH HAS CROWNED HIM A MARTYR

(Written on the day of President McKinley's death)

IN the midst of sunny waters, lo! the mighty Ship of State
Staggers, bruised and torn and wounded by a derelict of fate.
One that drifted from its moorings in the anchorage of hate.

On the deck our noble Pilot, in the glory of his prime,
Lies in woe-impelling silence, dead before his hour or time,
Victim of a mind self-centered in a Godless fool of crime.

One of earth's dissension-breeders, one of Hate's unreasoning tools
In the annals of the ages, when the world's hot anger cools,
He who sought for Crime's distinction shall be known as Chief of Fools.

In the annals of the ages, he who had no thought of fame
(Keeping on the path of duty, caring not for praise or blame),
Close beside the deathless Lincoln, writ in light will shine his name.

Youth proclaimed him as a hero; time, a statesman; love, a man;
Death has crowned him as a martyr, so from goal to goal he ran,
Knowing all the sum of glory that a human life may span.

He was chosen by the people; not an accident of birth
Made him ruler of a nation, but his own intrinsic worth.
Fools may govern over kingdoms—not republics of the earth.

He has raised the lovers' standard by his loyalty and faith,
He has shown how virile manhood may keep free from scandal's breath.
He has gazed, with trust unshaken, in the awful eyes of death.

In the mighty march of progress he has sought to do his best.
Let his enemies be silent, as we lay him down to rest,
And may God assuage the anguish of one suffering woman's breast.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in "Poems of Power."

A Passage at Arms in the House

Another Old-fashioned Debate

ALATE Congressional debate over the details of a bill requiring publicity of the details and expenditures in elections of United States Senators or Representatives, gave rise to the following discussion:

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chairman, this measure has to do with certain political committees which have jurisdiction over two or more States. To my mind, that very seriously cripples a measure for honest elections; but, more than that, there is no requirement for the publication of these committee reports. It is a vital omission and should be corrected. The Senate in 1912 held a hearing at which something like four thousand pages of testimony were taken on the elections of 1904 and 1908, which would have been entirely unnecessary and the expense avoided had such a provision as that contemplated in my amendment been in force at that time. When publishing the total expenditures of candidates, why should not the national committees' statements be included and published in this particular document? If any member of this House undertakes to go to the national committee reports of 1912 he will find it is a Herculean task to locate and systematize them, and that it is impossible to find vital facts, facts of contributions to campaign funds, unless hours are spent in the labor. I feel that my amendment added to this bill would be of great importance, because it would give the publicity that the people want. The movement back of this bill is a demand for the truth, a movement to disclose the influences and forces back of parties and back of candidates, and that movement is wider than many members here realize. It has come from public enlightenment; it has come from the multiplication of books and papers; it is a great moral wave of repudiation of corruption in politics. It is the mighty power of the

trend toward people's rule, and the only way to secure genuine democracy is to have the people know exactly the influences back of candidates and back of political committees. No halfway measure is justified, for there can be no compromise here without a surrender to corrupt influences in government. I believe great good will come in having the national committees' reports published in public documents, and I hope that this amendment will prevail.

MR. MADDEN. The supposition is that the people are behind the candidates.

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. There is a supposition to that effect, but it is a fact that other interests than the people are back of certain candidates.

MR. MADDEN. Will the gentleman name some of them?

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. The great interests of crooked big business, the railroad interests, the liquor interests, and others have and are attempting to dictate the election of officials who are "supposed" to serve the whole people.

A number of men, who depended for their support upon those interests, have been driven from public life, and there are more to follow. There were exposures, for instance, in Ohio, and in other States where men high in office were scoured out of public life because of publicity turned upon their alliance with those interests.

MR. FESS. Will the gentleman yield?

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. Yes.

MR. FESS. Who are the Ohio people?

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. I was referring to the formerly distinguished Senator from Ohio, who is also a candidate at the present time for re-election, and whose retirement to private life was due to the exposure of certain influences back of him when he was a public official and was supposed to be representing the people.

MR. HUMPHREY of Washington. Will the gentleman yield?

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. I yield to the gentleman from Washington.

MR. HUMPHREY of Washington. I wondered what interest the Harvester combine is back of—what candidate it is behind.

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. The gentleman always tries to distort facts by bringing in matters—

MR. HUMPHREY of Washington. Oh, no. MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. Which are entirely extraneous.

MR. HUMPHREY of Washington. Two representatives of the Harvester combine were prominent in politics.

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. I will say to the gentleman that I think that the Harvester interests in support of any candidate should be shown. I am in favor of showing every influence back of parties and back of national committees; and this Harvester influence to which the gentleman referred is not in any way opposing publicity. That is a mighty good test. Let all others meet it as faithfully, and the people will do the rest.

MR. HUMPHREY of Washington. Which one does the gentleman favor—Pinchot or Perkins?

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. Oh, the gentleman, as usual, distorts the question and brings in an issue which is entirely apart from the proposition. I am arguing for the publishing of the accounts of political committees, to let the people know exactly who and what are back of candidates; and neither Perkins nor Pinchot are candidates for office.

THE CHAIRMAN. The time of the gentleman has expired.

The question is on the amendment offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania.

The question was taken, and the Chairman announced the yeas seemed to have it.

On a division (demanded by MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania) there were—ayes, 32; noes, 30.

MR. RUCKER. Mr. Chairman, I ask for tellers.

Tellers were ordered.

The committee again divided, and the tellers (MR. RUCKER and MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania) reported that there were—ayes 38, noes 32.

So the amendment was agreed to.

The Clerk read as follows:

SECT. 16. That this act shall not be construed to annul or vitiate the laws of any State, not directly in conflict herewith, relating to the nomination or election of candidates for the offices herein named, or to exempt any such candidate from complying with such State laws.

MR. RUCKER. Mr. Chairman, I desire to offer an amendment.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Missouri offers an amendment, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Amend, on page 16, after the end of line 2, by inserting as a new section the following:

"That the words 'Representatives,' and 'Representatives in the Congress,' whenever they occur in this act, shall be held and construed to include and embrace Delegates to the Congress of the United States, and all the provisions of this act shall apply to candidates for Delegates to the Congress of the United States."

MR. RUCKER. Mr. Chairman, I know the House is restless to get through with this bill, and unless some gentleman desires, I will not discuss it at all.

MR. COX. Does that apply to Resident Commissioners also?

MR. RUCKER. No; it only applies to Delegates.

THE CHAIRMAN. The question is on the adoption of the amendment.

The question was taken and the amendment was agreed to.

THE CHAIRMAN. The Clerk will read.

The Clerk read as follows:

SECT. 17. That every person who shall willfully violate any of the provisions of this act shall, upon conviction, be fined not more than \$1,000 or imprisoned not more than one year, or both.

MR. RAKER. Mr. Chairman, I move to strike out the word "willfully" in line 3, page 16.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from California offers an amendment,

which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Amend, page 16, in line 3, by striking out the word "willfully."

MR. RUCKER. Mr. Chairman, I hope that the word will not be stricken out. So far as I am concerned, I am not going to yield to that slanderous circular that came here this morning. There is not a lawyer in this House but knows that, after all, no crime can be committed that is not willfully committed, and "willfully" means, from the time the first law book was written down to this time, "intentionally."

MR. RAKER. I think the word "willfully" ought to go out. The word "knowingly" ought not to be in there.

MR. RUCKER. Does not the word "willfully" in this case mean "intentionally"?

MR. RAKER. Yes.

MR. RUCKER. Can a man violate the law without doing it intentionally?

MR. RAKER. No; and therefore the words "to know" belong in there, because in the

PEOPLE DEMAND THE TRUTH

The movement back of this bill is a demand for the truth, a movement to disclose the influences and forces back of parties and back of candidates, and that movement is wider than many members here realize. It has come from public enlightenment; it has come from the multiplication of books and papers; it is a great moral wave of repudiation of corruption in politics. It is the mighty power of the trend toward people's rule, and the only way to secure genuine democracy is to have the people know exactly the influences back of candidates and back of political committees

commission of these crimes there must be some intent.

MR. RUCKER. I would like to ask the gentleman if he ever read a criminal statute in his life that did not qualify it in this way?

MR. RAKER. Most of them. And it avoids a whole lot of complication in a trial before a jury. If it is out of the statute, it makes it much plainer. If a man violates this law, make him suffer.

THE CHAIRMAN. The question is on the amendment offered by the gentleman from California [MR. RAKER].

The question was taken, and the Chair announced that the noes seemed to have it.

MR. RAKER. Division, Mr. Chairman.

The committee divided, and there were—ayes, 22; noes, 38.

So the amendment was rejected.

MR. FESS and MR. BRITTEN rose.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Illinois [MR. BRITTEN] is recognized.

AS REGARDS PUBLICITY

When publishing the total expenditures of candidates, why should not the national committees' statements be included and published in this particular document?

MR. BRITTEN. Mr. Chairman, I desire to offer an amendment.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Illinois [MR. BRITTEN] offers an amendment, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Amend, section 17, page 16, by placing a comma after the word "both" in line 6, and add the following: "That no person being elected a Senator, Member of or Delegate to Congress, or a Resident Commissioner, shall after his election or appointment, and either before or after he has qualified and during his continuance in office, deliver any lecture or address for pay other than his actual traveling and hotel expenses during the time that Congress is in session."

MR. RUCKER. Mr. Chairman, I make a point of order on that. It is not germane to the legislation at all.

MR. BRITTEN. I hope the distinguished chairman of the committee will not make the point of order on this. I am willing to leave the amendment to the House to decide. I realize it is subject to a point of order, but there is no question about the advisability of incorporating in this act something of this kind.

MR. RUCKER. I make the point of order.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Missouri makes the point of order and the point of order is sustained.

MR. FESS. Mr. Chairman, I move to strike out the last word.

Members of the committee, a remark was made by my friend from Pennsylvania [MR. KELLY] awhile ago that I do not think ought to go unchallenged. I deplore more than I

can tell you the cycle of thinking that this nation is in today that leads men to speak as if men who had been defeated in contests heretofore have been defeated largely because of crooked practices or bad character.

I hold not the brief of any man mentioned from the State of Ohio, but when anyone will hint that the distinguished gentleman whose name was mentioned is a man subject to bribe or subject to the sordid influence that would prevent his voting upon matters pertaining to the welfare of the nation as against his own selfish interests, I do not think such a statement ought to go without challenge. I know this man that my good friend from Pennsylvania mentions. I know him intimately, and I want here and now, with all the vigor of my protest, to speak against the habit of members on this floor and elsewhere taking the name of public men in vain and charging them, either specifically or by innuendo, with being men without character.

I do not believe that my friend here, knowing him as I do, and knowing his high standing and character, would for a moment, if he knew the facts, draw his conclusions from the cheap newspapers and also from the magazine that runs the penny-a-liner, and take from these his judgment and here on this floor declare that one of the ablest men now in the State of Ohio that this nation has known is subject to bribe and controlled by sordid influences.

MR. SELDOMRIDGE. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

MR. FESS. It seems to me that the remark ought to be withdrawn.

THE CHAIRMAN. Does the gentleman from Ohio yield to the gentleman from Colorado?

MR. FESS. At least unless some definite information is given to support it.

THE CHAIRMAN. Does the gentleman from Ohio yield to the gentleman from Colorado?

MR. FESS. I know what the gentleman from Pennsylvania refers to, and I believe I can give him information that will satisfy him, because, in my opinion, he is a fair-minded man. The source of information that the gentleman from Pennsylvania has drawn his conclusion from is not a correct source, and the gentleman's conclusion is not warranted by the information. I can tell you what had occurred in regard to the thing that the gentleman was mentioning, and I cannot stand here as a citizen of the State of Ohio and listen in silence to a man being slandered on this floor without a chance to reply to the slander.

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chairman, the gentleman from Ohio [MR. FESS], with all the fervor of a Crusader, takes up the cause of one whose name I did not mention on the floor, but who was so well known to common report that when I indicated, as I did, that he had been scourged out of public life because of his relations with sinister powers in this Government, the gentleman from Ohio knew exactly whom I meant and rose to his defence.

I am willing to admit the gentleman's statement that there is a school of thought in this country that does not hold public men above criticism, a school of thought which he seems to be very much afraid of in this country. You hear a great outcry coming from reactionaries about the injustice of attacks upon public servants who insist upon the divine right of rulers and the doctrine of lese majeste.

MR. FESS. Will the gentleman yield right there?

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. I would like to have a little attention paid to the other side of the question. While Tories denounce demagogues and others who criticize those holding office when they prostitute their offices to improper purposes, I would like to have a little notice given those who use their respectability and their morality and their high standing among their fellowmen for the purpose of defending everything that is false and everything that is evil in our public life.

MR. FESS. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

MR. DONOVAN. Mr. Chairman, a point of order. The gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Fess] knows better than to do what he is doing. He must address the Chair if he wants to interrupt the gentleman from Pennsylvania.

THE CHAIRMAN. Does the gentleman yield?

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. I cannot yield. The gentleman from Ohio had five minutes in which to defend his friend from Ohio.

I want to say, Mr. Chairman, there is another school of thought in this country, a school far more dangerous than that which holds up to censure those who conduct themselves dishonorably in public office. I believe that every public official is a public servant, and when he refuses or neglects to serve the interests of the public he should be driven from the place he has discredited. I am in favor of having critics, not only on the floor of this House to denounce the sinister influences of invisible government, but an army of critics all over the nation, who will watch public officials who are elected to represent them, and if these fail to represent them honorably will denounce them and scourge them from office.

The gentleman from Ohio defends his friend who is a primary candidate for United States Senator on the Republican ticket in the State of Ohio. The gentleman says he can clear the good name of that candidate. Why did he not clear his name when he withdrew under fire, with the absolute certainty of being proven guilty?

MR. RUCKER. Mr. Chairman—

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. He was then assailed, and it was then the proper time for the gentleman from Ohio to clear his name.

MR. RUCKER. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

THE CHAIRMAN. Does the gentleman from Pennsylvania yield to the gentleman from Missouri?

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. I cannot at this time.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman declines to yield.

MR. RUCKER. Then I make the point of order, Mr. Chairman, that the gentleman is proceeding out of order.

MR. DONOVAN. Mr. Chairman, I will make the point of order that there is no quorum present. What is fair for one is fair for the other. The chairman of the committee violates every rule of procedure.

MR. BRYAN. Mr. Chairman, the gentleman from Pennsylvania is absolutely in order.

MR. RUCKER. I make a point of order, Mr. Chairman.

THE CHAIRMAN. Does the gentleman from Pennsylvania yield?

PUBLIC MUST BE TREATED RIGHT

Every public official is a public servant, and when he refuses or neglects to serve the interests of the public he should be driven from the place he has discredited.

MR. RUCKER. What did the gentleman say about the chairman of the committee?

MR. DONOVAN. I say that the chairman of the committee violates every rule and is regardless of the proprieties.

MR. RUCKER. What rule?

MR. TOWNSEND. Mr. Chairman, I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman from Pennsylvania be allowed to continue for ten minutes more. He is giving us a great deal of interesting history.

MR. FESS. Mr. Chairman, reserving the right to object—

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. KELLY] has the floor.

MR. TOWNSEND. I ask that my request for unanimous consent be put, Mr. Chairman. I do not think we ought to withhold from the Record these valuable truths that are being distributed.

MR. HAMILTON of Michigan. Mr. Chairman, has the time of the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. KELLY] expired, or is he entitled to proceed?

MR. TOWNSEND. I ask unanimous consent, Mr. Chairman, that his time be extended.

MR. GOOD. Reserving the right to object, Mr. Chairman, I would like to ask the gentleman if he will not extend that request to fifteen minutes, giving me five minutes to make some remarks on the subject of—

MR. TOWNSEND. Certainly.

THE CHAIRMAN. Does the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. RUCKER] insist upon his point of order?

MR. RUCKER. I made the point of order,

Mr. Chairman, merely to induce the gentleman to stop a moment, so that I could ask him a question, but he refused to stop.

MR. GOOD. Reserving the right to object, Mr. Chairman—

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Pennsylvania has the floor.

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chairman, I yield to the gentleman from Missouri, since he makes a point of my refusal.

MR. RUCKER. I do not care now to ask the gentleman any question.

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chairman, I refuse to stand here as a member of this House and listen to strictures upon those who have criticized men in public life. The gentleman from Ohio [MR. FESS] defended one whose name was not mentioned. He says that he knew the facts that would clear that gentleman's name of any aspersions that had been made upon him. I said, "Why did you not bring them out at the time?"

A DEFENCE

When anyone will hint that the distinguished gentleman whose name was mentioned is a man subject to bribe or subject to the sordid influence that would prevent his voting upon matters pertaining to the welfare of the nation as against his own selfish interests, I do not think such a statement ought to go without challenge

These are not unsupported magazine assertions and statements from newspapers to which I and the gentleman are referring. These are court records. They are to be found in the hearings of the Senate Committee. They are to be found in the actions of the ex-Senator himself out in Ohio, who withdrew under a storm of fire because he knew he was guilty and for no other reason whatever.

The matter is directly in line with my amendment, which caused the outbreak from the gentleman from Ohio [MR. FESS]—the right of the people to know about the conduct of their Government, the right of the people to have a flashlight turned upon the facts of the conduct of their representatives.

THE CHAIRMAN. The time of the gentleman from Pennsylvania has expired.

MR. FESS. Mr. Chairman—
MR. TOWNSEND. Mr. Chairman, now I renew my request.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Ohio [MR. FESS] has already addressed the committee on this motion, has he not?

MR. FESS. I move to strike out the last two words.

MR. TOWNSEND. Mr. Chairman, I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman from Ohio [MR. FESS] may address the committee for ten minutes and that the gentleman

from Iowa [MR. GOOD] also have ten minutes.

MR. DONOVAN. Mr. Chairman, I am going to object.

MR. BUTLER. I have waited here three days to vote on this bill, and I object.

MR. DONOVAN. I ask for the regular order.

MR. MONDELL. Regular order, Mr. Chairman.

THE CHAIRMAN. If there be no objection, the pro forma amendment will be considered as withdrawn, and the Clerk will read.

The Clerk read as follows:

SECT. 18. That all acts and parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

MR. RUCKER. Mr. Chairman, I ask unanimous consent that the sections be renumbered to correspond to the amendments to the bill. Now, I call attention to the fact that when we read section 3 of the bill it was passed over to be recurred to.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Missouri asks unanimous consent that the sections of the bill be renumbered to correspond to the amendments that have been made. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MR. RUCKER. Now, Mr. Chairman, I ask that we recur to section 3 for the purpose of offering an amendment.

THE CHAIRMAN. Section 3 was passed over and the gentleman from Missouri offers an amendment to it, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Page 3, line 19, after the word "committee," insert "the actual expenses of maintenance of committee headquarters."

The amendment was agreed to.

MR. GOOD. Mr. Chairman, I offer an amendment as a new section.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Iowa offers an amendment which the Clerk will report.

MR. FOSTER. Mr. Chairman, a parliamentary inquiry. Where does this amendment come in?

MR. GOOD. At the end of line 21, page 3.

MR. FOSTER. How does it come that we return to this section?

MR. RUCKER. When we reached section 3 there was some discussion with reference to one provision of it, and we passed it over with unanimous consent to return to it.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Iowa offers an amendment, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Amendment by Mr. Good:

"At the end of line 21, page 3, insert as a new section the following:

"Any political advertisement contained in any newspaper shall, when published, contain the name of the committee, person, firm, or corporation who has caused the same to be published, and who has paid or agreed to pay for the publication thereof."

MR. GOOD. Mr. Chairman, this amendment is along the line of many of the provisions of the publicity law and of this bill that we are considering. The amendment which I have offered simply provides that when any newspaper publishes a political advertise-

ment, that advertisement shall contain the name of the person or committee that has paid for it or agreed to pay for it. For example, if any corporation desires to defeat a member of Congress or a Senator, and inserts an advertisement in a newspaper without putting any name to the advertisement, but simply the words "Democratic Committee," or "Republican Committee," or "Progressive Committee," nobody knows who has inserted that advertisement. The public mind is poisoned, but nobody is liable for the publication. The amendment which I have offered simply provides that the person or political party that inserts it and pays for it or agrees to pay for it shall have the name thereof printed at the bottom of the advertisement.

MR. COX. Will the gentleman yield for a question?

MR. GOOD. Certainly.

MR. COX. Without a provision such as the gentleman proposes, it is perfectly possible, is it not, for newspapers to print editorials attacking candidates right and left, but if the gentleman's amendment is agreed to, then the name of the writer must be disclosed.

MR. GOOD. I do not believe my amendment would apply to an editorial.

MR. COX. It ought to.

MR. GOOD. The editor of the newspaper is supposed to be the author of an editorial, but under the law now, when a political advertisement is printed in a newspaper, the law compels the newspaper to print at the head of that advertisement the words "Political Advertisement." Now it is only to those advertisements that this amendment would refer.

MR. COX. Suppose I write an editorial assailing my opponent, and the editor prints it as an editorial. The ordinary average reader of that paper understands that the editor of the paper has done it. Does not the gentleman think that my name ought to be attached?

MR. GOOD. We should be able to reach such conditions, but I doubt if such a provision would be germane to this bill.

MR. COX. I hope it will be. I know of just such instances as that.

MR. FESS. Mr. Chairman, I move to strike out the last word. I want to be courteous to the chairman of this committee, and I am not going to say anything that will embarrass him or any member of the House. I want to call attention to the statement of my friend from Pennsylvania [MR. KELLY] in which he said—

MR. DONOVAN. Mr. Chairman—

MR. FESS. I refuse to yield to the gentleman.

MR. DONOVAN. I wish to make the point of order that the gentleman from Ohio is not talking to the matter before the committee, which is the amendment of the gentleman from Iowa [MR. GOOD].

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. I hope the

gentleman will withdraw that point of order.

MR. DONOVAN. We have had enough of that.

MR. FESS. The gentleman from Pennsylvania said he did not use a name that he did use. It is in the Record.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Connecticut makes the point of order that the gentleman from Ohio is not discussing the pending amendment. The gentleman from Ohio will proceed in order.

MR. RAKER. I move that the gentleman from Ohio be permitted to proceed.

MR. BUTLER. I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman from Ohio [MR. FESS] may have five minutes—

MR. FESS. Two minutes.

MR. BUTLER. That the gentleman from Ohio may have two minutes in which he may say what he pleases.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Pennsylvania [MR. BUTLER] asks unanimous

THE GOOD NAME OF PUBLIC MEN

I want here and now, with all the vigor of my protest, to speak against the habit of members on this floor and elsewhere taking the name of public men in vain and charging them, either specifically or by innuendo, with being men without character

consent that the gentleman from Ohio [MR. FESS] may have two minutes to proceed as he desires in this discussion. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MR. FESS. Mr. Chairman, I understand that my friend from Pennsylvania [MR. KELLY] says that he did not use any name. He certainly did, and it is in the Record, and that is why I rise. I should not have risen for any other reason, except that he mentioned the name of a distinguished man.

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chairman, I want to say that I did not use the name of J. B. Foraker at first, but I did at last. To resolve all doubts, I say it now. The man I meant was ex-Senator J. B. Foraker of Ohio.

MR. HUMPHREY of Washington. Will the gentleman yield?

MR. FESS. I cannot yield. I will allow the membership of this House to look upon that statement according to its own sense of honor and judgment. I am not standing here supporting any man in Ohio for Senator. One of the candidates for Senator was a student of mine in the university for four years, and he was not the man named. I am not standing here defending a man for Senatorship, but I believe the fairness of this House on both sides will refuse to allow the name of a distinguished man to be

brought in in the connection that it has been brought by my friend from Pennsylvania. The facts will come before the people at the proper time. The people probably will decide. The difference between myself and my friend is that he is living upon the evils that he can find in men and the imaginary ones that he can find in candidates. You never heard me speak against the personality of any candidate. I do not have to. I can build my political theory on the virtues of men and not upon the weaknesses of men. If you feel that your political career must depend upon your looking for the spots on the sun and not the good that is in the people, you can go that way, but I will not go with you. I propose to stand for the honor of men, and I certainly will refuse to stand here and listen to a friend maligned without a hearing.

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chairman, I ask unanimous consent to proceed for two minutes.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Pennsylvania asks unanimous consent to proceed for two minutes. Is there objection? There was no objection.

MR. KELLY of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chairman, the gentleman from Ohio asked me the question as to whom I referred in a general statement as one of those scourged out of public office, and I answered him. That was the reason the name was brought into the controversy. Now he takes opportunity to make criticisms on my political theories and my attitude on public questions and on officeholders. He says that he looks for the honor and the bright spots, and that I seem to be looking for dishonor and sun spots. I say to you that the gentleman from Ohio, from his statements and vote today

on the proposition of political committees, is attempting to cover up dishonor instead of looking for honor.

The gentleman is attempting to skin over the ulcers in the body politic; he is attempting to put sticking plaster over evils that are eating out the heart of the nation in corruption, and criticizes anyone who dares to probe down and see the evils as they actually are.

I want to say, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, that I, too, am willing to leave to the House to judge as to my attitude on this matter which is under consideration. The gentleman voted against having national committees put contributions and contributors out in the view of the people, and he did it logically and consistently, because he stands against publicity of the conduct of this Government. He does not believe in the people knowing what their representatives are doing, because they might otherwise lose something of the sacredness which he would have halo public men of any kind. I do not believe in that kind of government. I believe that every public official should stand on his merits as a public servant. When he betrays the people and proves a traitor to their interests, when he puts his hand out for bribes, or when his hands are covered with the stain and grime of political corruption, I believe in making that fact known and letting a little sunlight have a chance to prove its wholesome influence.

THE CHAIRMAN. The time of the gentleman from Pennsylvania has expired.

MR. DONOVAN. I call for the regular order.

THE CHAIRMAN. The question is on the amendment offered by the gentleman from Iowa [MR. GOOD].

The question was taken and the amendment was agreed to.

A QUESTION

WHAT whimsical, primeval artisan
 Carved out this world, and whose the hands that guide
 The tides of darkness and of light that glide
 Forever round this strange abode of man?
 And whose vagary added to his plan
 The slimy things that in the grasses hide,
 And yet weaved round an empire all its pride,
 Gave breath to Jesus and to Caliban?

Is he full satisfied with all he rules
 From rotting marsh to green, eternal hill;
 From famished desert to abundant stream?
 Or strives he bravely with his ancient tools
 To shape the awkward universe until
 The work is somewhat nearer to the dream?

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

The
Seventh Ward Championship
by Edward S. Morrissey

WITH one eye slanted at the truism that man merely proposes, whereas the disposing is done in another shop, let us turn our attention to that little affair between Fighting Pat Lacey and Hen Hicks, yclept "The Slashing Tardrop,"—ten rounds, 133 pounds ringside, for the championship of the Seventh Ward.

Lacey did not belie his soubriquet. In action he was a transplanted bit of Donnybrook Fair at the moment of that celebrated function's greatest joyousness. And for two years the Seventh Ward lightweight crown had perched securely upon his bristly red head. Of course there were half a dozen lightweights in the town who could and did take his measure when he boxed at the big clubs downtown. But in the arena of the Seventh Ward Sporting Club his green tights and red head reigned supreme, and no native son of the ward dared attempt to stem his whirlwind attack. The fistic fanatics of the locality doted upon him, and in their fond dotage yearned exceedingly for the appearance of a lad from their own neighborhood who would be able to give him a respectable fight.

Such was the situation when Hen Hicks, of Afro-American persuasion, laid down his stable-broom and currycomb, donned the padded mitts, and by scoring knock-outs at the Seventh Ward Sporting Club on five successive Saturday nights, earned his sub-title and the right to challenge the dominant Celt.

"Will you fight him?" they asked Lacey eagerly.

"I will that! An' when I do ye'll not be forgettin' to have the coroner around. It'll save ye the trouble of sendin' for him."

Whereat there was much glee and a bandying of the conservative prediction that "the harp 'll murder the coon."

It was at this psychological juncture that Sol Epstein, who embodied in his oily person the officials, the membership, the matchmaker and the referee of the Seventh Ward Sporting Club, saw fit to insinuate himself into the situation. By appointment he and Fighting Pat Lacey convened one evening behind the locked door of the back-room in Crogan's saloon. By the time the first round of preliminaries had been discussed and two more of the same ordered, the club-owner had unfolded a plan—and a plot.

There was nothing complicated about it, or even novel. Epstein would stage the bout between Lacey and "the Slashing Tardrop." The popular odds would at least be three to one on Lacey to win. Epstein thought that he and a few discreet friends would be able to place about five thousand dollars on Lacey to **LOSE**. Lacey must see to it that he did lose. At three to one odds, the loot would total in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand dollars, of which a one-fifth share would be his.

"But I can lick him!" pleaded Lacey. "I can lick him so quick an' clean that his own Senegambian mother won't know him! The likes of a chink o' coke like him to be claimin' the champenship of the ward! For the love of heaven, Sol, match me with him on the level—an' let me at him!"

"S-hush, Pat!" warned Epstein, with an uneasy glance toward the locked door. "Don't I know you can lick him? Don't everybody know you can lick him? Sure they do! They know it so well that they'll bet three to one on it—and then we go in

stuff stirs up the bugs, and we can get the money down. You want to get the right idea, Pat. This thing's a business proposition. It ain't a single thing only a plain, everyday business proposition. Now wait a minute—and I'll show you. Listen!"



So Lacey listened, and later it all ended in a tremendous handshake, across the table

and collect. Be a wise guy, Pat, for once. Use your head this time instead of your hands."

Sol's tongue was the tongue of a siren, but he had to serve Lacey with a veritable banquet of sound logic, not to mention sundry buffet suppers of sophistry and casuistry, before the reluctant Celt would agree to "lay down to the coon." And even then he threatened to go over the traces when the date on which the bout was to take place was divulged.

"The seventeenth o' March!" he gasped. "Saint Patrick's Day night! By the great saint himself, I'll put no hand to it! It's my ould grandfather 'ud turn over in his grave to see me there on the floor and the coon standin' over me! No, no, Sol. Say any time else but Saint Patrick's Day night, an'—the Lord forgive me!—I'll go along. But not on Saint Patrick's Day night."

"Aw, say," plained Epstein wearily. "Ain't I showed you where you get your come-back? Don't I match you with him again in a month and let you go as far as you like? I tell you, this fight's got to come off that night. Ain't this an Irish ward? Sure it is! Ain't you Irish? Sure you are! Ain't Saint Patrick's Day Irish? Sure it is—and there you are! That Irish

So Lacey listened, and later—quite a while later—it all ended in a tremendous handshake across the table. On the night of Saint Patrick's Day, in the arena of the Seventh Ward Sporting Club, Fighting Pat Lacey would let himself go down in defeat before the despised fists of Hen Hicks, "the Slashing Tardrop."

For a few days sundry compunctious twinges irked Lacey in his pretence at training. But the golden vision of his three-thousand-dollar share in the loot—which Epstein never failed at opportune moments to dangle before him—gradually smoothed the way of his transgression. In his mind's eye his reward assumed the concrete, tangible form of a derby hat heaped with yellow bills; and upon that he gazed until it hypnotized him and let him forget all else. Meanwhile fistic circles in the Seventh Ward palpitated with discussions anent the coming battle, and Sol Epstein and his coterie of discreet friends went quietly about the planting of bets for the threefold harvest.

Came the day of the fight—Saint Patrick's Day. Fighting Pat Lacey's pretense at training was over and he indulged in the luxury of a late sleep. In the afternoon when he sauntered abroad he wore a green necktie, and on the lapel of his coat was pinned a bunch of shamrocks—the gift of a fatuous admirer. The proud spirit of the day puffed his fine chest out yet a bit further. Passing Grogan's saloon, Tim Finneran, the bartender, waved him a genial salute from the window. While in the act of replying in kind, Lacey suddenly stiffened, whirled about and fairly leaped into the bar-room.

"Finneran, I'd like to ask ye one question," he announced icily, as he planted himself firmly in front of the bartender, his left foot thrust forward a bit, his hands on his hips. "Are ye colorblind—or have ye turned yer coat?"

Already Finneran's agitated fingers were struggling with the knot of his necktie, which was of an explosive orange hue. "Sure 'twas only a joke, Pat," he explained hastily, as he tore the tie away. "'Twas only this minute I put it on—to kid Grogan when he comes downstairs."

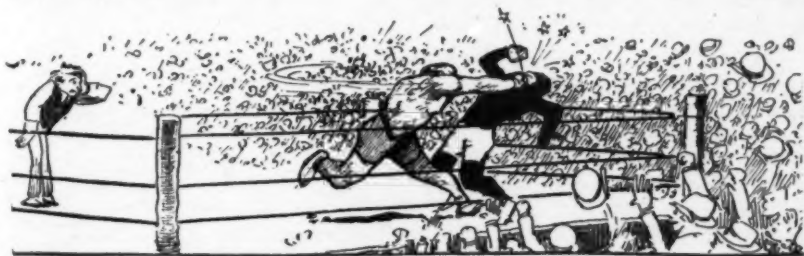
Lacey took the orange tie gingerly between his forefinger and thumb, dropped it into the trough in front of the bar, and carefully assisted it down the drainpipe with the toe of his shoe.

"Ye've got a poor eye for a joke, Finneran," he said pityingly. "The next time ye feel humorous ye'll do well to wait till it's good an' dark. If 'twas anybody else but a peaceable man like me, they might have hit ye first an' asked their questions when ye came to."

safely that he was able to smile in real amusement at the roar of applause that greeted him awhile later when he skipped lightly down the aisle and crawled through the ropes to the ring. Yell hurled after yell from the closely packed tiers. The preliminary bouts had whetted their appetite for the sport, and Lacey had exercised a champion's prerogative by making them wait impatiently for his appearance.

Stolidly he seated himself on the stool in his corner. His dominant emotion was a desire to have the farce over and done with. There was a studied resignation in his blue eyes as he flicked them across the ring at Hen Hicks, whose kinky head alone was visible, poked turtlewise out of the folds of an over-generous bathrobe. Tonight was "the Tardrop's" night—as a business proposition. In a month or so there would be another night—and a sweet slaughter! His eyes narrowed a little and he licked his lips.

The formal fussing of the seconds, which interested Lacey not at all, was finally



"'The Tardrop's' hasty guard crumbled under the crashing swing"

As he passed into the street again a grim smile crinkled his face. His colors were to go down that night, but, as Sol Epstein had impressed upon him, their lowering was to be altogether in the nature of a business proposition. The day, at any rate, was his own. Until the business of the evening intervened his colors should gallantly float.

And float they did, even up to the moment that evening when he shouldered his way through a worshipping throng to the dressing room at the Seventh Ward Sporting Club.

The idea that he was to lose—as a business proposition—had gripped him so

over. Sol Epstein, in his capacity of referee, waved both combatants to the center of the ring and solemnly imparted to them their instructions as to the rules. Lacey was on his way back to his corner, deftly shed his bathrobe, and at the sight of his green trunks and sash the wild acclaim of his partisans coaxed cakes of whitewash from the rafters, routing any possible doubt as to the national complexion of the house. But ere he had reached his corner the cheers melted away like butter on a superhot pan, their scattering ends dovetailing into a long-drawn, aspirated "Ah-h!" Then swiftly swelled a throat-rending outburst of groans and

jeers and yells, spelling in turn surprise and rage and never-ending hate.

With his back to the ring, Lacey instinctively swept the tiers for a clue to the hostile demonstration. Was it meant for him? Had the cat slipped out of Sol Epstein's bag? While his eyes still roved anxiously over the tossing forest of clenched fists, the timer's bell for the opening round clanged on his ears through the din. Instinctively he whirled to face his foe. One step forward he took toward the center of the ring for the customary handshake ere the bout began, and then he brought up suddenly—as rigid as a pointer, his eyes popping, his mouth agape.

From his corner, too, to exchange the hoary civilities of the ring, Hen Hicks was daintily tripping—a soulful, two-color symphony. Below his knees was black. Above his waist was black. Sandwiched between was a layer of orange-colored trunks—a vivid orange, a compelling orange, an orange that proclaimed itself for what it was and claimed no kinship to any other color in the prism. Yet his smile was free of guilt or guile. To him

a pair of orange trunks was a pair of orange trunks.

"Ye—ye spalpeen!"

A full five yards was the space between them. Lacey's body seemed to be jerked across it in the wake of his whistling left glove. "The Tardrop's" hasty guard crumbled under the crashing swing, and into the pit of his stomach flashed Lacey's other hand wristdeep. Hopeless was his dull-eyed effort to clinch. Once—twice—thrice Lacey's glove thudded against his unprotected jaw. Then, in a sweeping half circle, starting from Lacey's hip, came his famous "haymaker." It landed squarely on the chin of Hen Hicks, "the slashing Tardrop," and while a swift pall blotted out the constellations that had been scintillating before his glassy eyes, his inert body aeroplaned gracefully through the ropes and settled down in a carefree heap on the edge of the platform, outside of the ring. Even above the demoniac din rose Fighting Pat Lacey's rasping jibe:

"Ye would, would ye! Ye would, would ye! Take that, then—ye Aytheopian Orangeman!"

BALTA

(GYPSY-SONG OF TRANSYLVANIA)

BRAVE Balta clasped me to his breast
 Beneath the midnight sky;
 "Now go I east or go I west,
 I'll love thee till I die!"
 "O wander east or wander west,
 My Balta," soft I sighed,
 "By moon and stars I'll love thee best,
 And wait to be thy bride!"

Thrice fell the snows on field and tent,
 And weary was my life—
 When proud a Prince rode up, and bent,
 And wooed me for his wife.
 "Nay, sir, I must be Balta's bride;
 To him my heart I gave;"—
 He sprang to earth; his cloak flung wide;
 And lo! 't was Balta brave!

—Edna Dean Proctor, in "Poems."

Out of the West, a New Type Benefactor

by Frank Lowe, Jr.

CHARACTER sketching a Westerner of big business at a church prayer meeting aroused my curiosity at the start; but my sense for the unusual was still more keenly stirred when, upon arriving at the church, I observed how thoroughly R. A. Long, the yellow-pine lumber king, and philanthropist of Kansas City, fitted into my unconventional place of appointment.

Interest in the man, himself, easily eclipsed his mere philanthropies, which could be sifted out to a \$160,000 church plant, a \$400,000 nucleus for a Christian hospital, and piled on that recently an even million for Christian missions through the Men and Millions Committee of the Church of the Disciples.

True, this pyramid of material generosity has strings tied all over it, the condition for one gift having been an average Sunday School attendance of one thousand, while another depends upon the financial efforts of others to the extent of five millions. "You must do your part, if you expect me to do mine," has been written across all this man's donations. This is a policy, by the way, which might as readily come from a little horse-sense observance of human nature as from any reticent tight-fistedness.

Of course, since average balances are not published in display type, there is no way of knowing exactly when a millionaire "has done his part," but I soon learned that this last gift gave even Mr. Long's admirers a surprise, at the same time that it established a missionary precedent for Christendom.

This man gives unexpectedly and in varying amounts, as though it were the need and the opportunity which prompted the giving rather than a fixed design of dumping a large fortune, as is evidently the plan of some wealthy men, who, having hit upon some pet scheme of philanthropy, adhere thereto, donating by schedule only. Now, it might be worth while to get beneath the surface of a man who gives like Long.

The gilded donors of the more cosmopolitan set would doubtless blush to be soiled with such a common garden variety of charity as was announced in the newspapers the very day I saw Mr. Long, to the effect that the great country estate, Longview, now nearly completed, would provide free hot weather hospitality for two hundred mothers and babes.

However, at that, it was not the millions but the millionaire so immensely at home in a prayer meeting that gripped my thought. Sitting in the row next mine, square-shouldered, slender, dark, gazing steadily to the front, he was hardly to be judged in the sixties except for the deep linings of the face. His sober set features quickly betrayed a living under heavy obligations. When he talked in the meeting, he faced the audience squarely. Plain and deliberate came his words, a grave simplicity instantly establishing the most democratic bearing.

It seemed as if he had placed himself on a bedrock level with all men. Plainer than an old shoe, yet with no shallow self-effacement, he had a stern cast of countenance not promising to timid applicants.



MR. R. A. LONG

There was a downright straightforwardness about him which was effective, as he talked of prayer and the personal obligation to attend divine worship. I somehow got the impression that he, himself, makes it a business to be at the church with commercial regularity. Of all the people at the meeting, he seemed the most anxious to court the spirit of God's house.

Another curious incident for a millionaire's diary was when Mr. Long, in his talk, referred to a quaint, penniless, well-nigh shoeless old fellow who, having ambled into our midst, had been making thirty minutes tedious with a harmless harangue of good cheer and Burns and Bible interspersions. Pointing kindly toward the old man, Mr. Long, said: "You tell me that man's life is a failure because he is penniless? But I tell you to have lived eighty-four years and then to face a sunset of poverty with a kindly cheer and a godly spirit like that is to have succeeded." Surely, gold has not blinded this man to eternal values, at any rate!

Nevertheless, it is quite the common thing for the common law, at the hands of the common people, to be upset in the case of rich men, who are generally held to be guilty at least of lawful criminality and gross grandstanding until proved sincere

and true. I must confess, here was a man who, even in the exacting atmosphere of a Christian prayer meeting, made a good case in his own behalf. The man would appear to be no less consecrated than the large sums of money, the fruits of his brilliant commercial genius, which have already been dedicated to the church; and the life might easily outweigh the gold.

As this tense, sober personality lingers in my mind, I can imagine Mr. Long, if he should be stripped of his fortune, going back to the Kansas plains from whence he came a few years ago, unknown. His pride and his habits, with a very little pruning of those millionaire niceties of dress and toilet, would still fit a village lumber yard, where, as he recalled, his happiest days had been lived, when the wife had shared the work of a modest business and the husband had been wont to dry the supper dishes. Nor is it beyond imagination that he would be found there the same staunch churchman, showing in a smaller way no less thoughtful kindness than has prompted him this summer, in a simple, unfrilled humanity way, to share the bounty of Longview with many needy women and children.

And to face an hypothesis like that is indeed the rich man's acid test!

THE SPIRIT IN THE SHELL

HARK at the Delphic lips of this white shell,

And you shall hear soft murmurs of the swell

On quiet seas; far voices may intone

The songs the breakers sing round islands lone

Or fishermen at sea; a solemn dirge

May come to you from some dim eastern verge

Of deep and sky, the wind's low melodies

Through palms on southern isles, the wild storm glees

Of charging billows on the rocky coasts

Where through the swinging mists gulls flit like ghosts.

Its undertone may hint the old unrest

Of Viking hearts, the longing, and the quest

For unknown lands and undiscovered ways,

The old, old grief of sundered hearts, the frays

And ancient battles fought by men who sleep

Where sunless depths eternal quiet keep. . . .

A spirit with a thousand themes is here

With voice of song to woo the listening ear.

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

The New Streets of Cairo

by Mildred Champagne

THERE were five hundred of us on the Cleveland Orient-India cruise, and we had seen the wonders of the world. We were frozen in Spain and roasted in India. We had dined in good second-rate hotels and bad first-rate ones, but were invariably glad to get back to the excellent fare of our pleasant cruising yacht, into which the Cleveland had for the time been converted, to the smiling faces of Captain Filler, his officers and crew, not to say the busy little German band, that always played such stirring welcome marches to us from the deck, as our launches pulled up to our temporary nautical home, from our wanderings on land. And now we had left the Cleveland in the harbor of Port Said, and come unto the land of Egypt, which is Cairo, and the Mecca of every tourist and traveler on pleasure bent.

Did I say there were five hundred of us? But that is only a handful of the people who go to Egypt every year. From all parts of the world they come, in car-load and boat-load lots, for Cairo has become *the* fashionable winter resort of the world. And let me whisper it, as you sit on the broad veranda of Shepheard's Hotel in English Cairo, and looking down on the street you see the world go by, you will find more Americans in that crowd on hotel veranda and on the street than any other nationality. What happens to the American abroad is, of course, well known, and the exception is not the rule in Cairo. He pays more for less than at home, and he

is quiet about it. But what has happened to poor old Cairo since Americans have struck it, is the pith of my story.

There is a new Cairo, a distinctly new and modern Cairo, that the stranger wots not of, and dreams not of, and is disappointed to see. There are fine, broad, well-paved streets, and gardens, and statues and fountains, and magnificent modern buildings, and the most sumptuous and expensive of modern hotels. There are large shops, representing the finest and most modern goods of the foreign markets. You buy a hat or a gown in Cairo that is fully as modish and twice as costly as anything you can find in the Rue de la Pais, and all the best foreign houses of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and even little old New York, are represented there. And best of all, or perhaps worst of all to those who still retain ideals and an artistic sense of proportion, a very swift, up-to-date trolley car passes your door and takes you right to the edge of the desert, to the Pyramids of Gizeh and the immutable old Sphinx. Now isn't that enough to take the heart out of one—to see the Sphinx from a trolley car? But hark you, we will have atmosphere at all costs, in spite of mere modern inventions. So we buy a dollar's worth of atmosphere by engaging a camel or a donkey, at the end of the trolley line; and through the sand, for about a city block of distance, we bump along on the camel and arrive at the Pyramids in style. Before dismounting, or rather, being thrown off,



AVENUE OF THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH, SHOWING CAR TRACK GOING TO THE PYRAMIDS

there is a progressive photographer right on the spot, who snaps your picture, and brings the finished proof to your hotel for four dollars—and the only way you know of getting even is to send this picture home

to your friends, with a twelve-page letter, describing your long and laborious trip into the heart of the desert on camel back, to see the Sphinx and the Pyramids, just as they did it in the good old days.



"YOU ARRIVE AT THE PYRAMIDS IN STYLE"

But the ancient and the modern bumping against each other through the streets of Cairo gives you many a start, many a laugh, and presents a scene of constant and varying interest.

You sit on the veranda of Shepheard's for afternoon tea and you are sure to meet a friend from home, or some one you met in Berlin a year ago, or on the Riviera last



A QUEEN OF THE HAREM

month. And you are going to be spoken to by a hundred Egyptians. The streets are lined with carriages and motors, waiting for their fashionable patrons, who are either shopping, or calling, or having tea; and the Egyptian vendors are everywhere, and in tolerable English try to sell their wares. One tall, gowned and turbaned Egyptian looks up at you, bows low, smiles gently, displaying his perfect white teeth, and says tenderly and respectfully, "Mrs. Maginty, you come on the big ship Cleveland—I know you—I will show you streets of Cairo. I am fine dragoman Allie Gazzam. I will show you harem and Arab quarter and mosques. I will

guard you like the apple of my eye, lady. No harm shall come to you with Allie Gazzam." Then he thrusts into your face a much-handled bundle of papers, containing his photograph and many testimonials of foreigners, including famous Americans whom he has shown the streets of Cairo, and guarded as the apple of his eye.

Then you are attacked by the ubiquitous post-card vendor. He wears a green gown and a red striped turban, and his first price for a dozen views of Cairo is four shillings. You calmly sip your tea and pay no attention to him. He walks back and forth, and calls you Mrs. McCarthy, and thinks that under the soft impeachment you will at least pay three shillings for the cards. On his fourth round back he is pleading that you pay him "one shilling, please, Mrs. McPherson." You buy the cards for a sixpence.

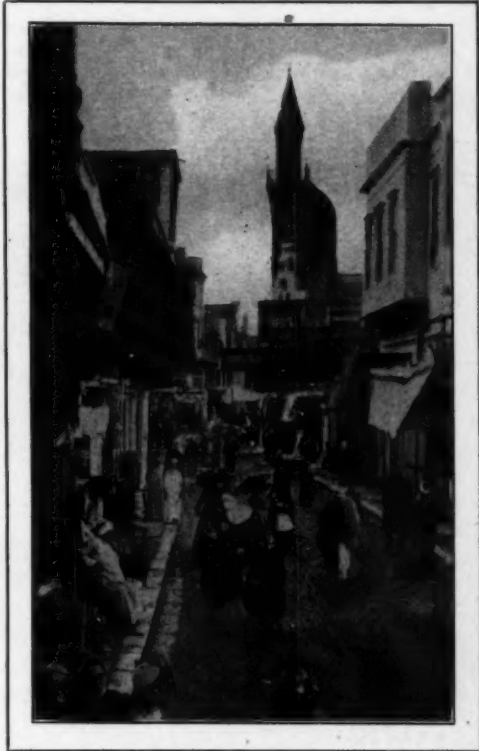
To these street vendors, in their picturesque gowns and turbans, who try to sell you violets, or sugar cane, or laces or post cards, or gilt shawls or scarabs, at a shilling a dozen, you are either Mrs. McGinty or Mrs. McCarthy or Mrs. McPherson. To the lower class Egyptian mind, and I don't know where he got the idea, all English-speaking people answer to one of those three names. Sometimes a fortune teller, and nearly every Egyptian, no matter what other trade or calling he may profess, can tell fortunes on the side, comes up to you and says mysteriously, "Hello, Mrs. McGinty, I can see in the stars that tomorrow you are going to receive a letter from a friend whom you are thinking about very much." Now there isn't a man or a woman anywhere who hasn't some kind of a friend somewhere, from whom a letter would be welcome or expected, and if he or she happens also to answer to the name of McGinty, of course, a spirit of mystic communion is at once established between himself and the fortune teller, with the result that the latter reaps a rich harvest. He swears to tell you the past, present and future for a shilling—and right in the midst of an interesting discussion on whether that one person who is to control your life is dark or fair or black and tan, the astrologer drops your palm and finds he must consult the Zodiac, which will be one shilling more, thank you.

At this juncture the snake charmer, who is patiently waiting for his compatriot to finish with you, now thrusts the astrologer aside, and squatting down Turk fashion in front of you, with his basket, begins to play a weird tune on his fife, and after a moment the lid of the basket moves, then lifts and out crawl snakes, large and small, cobras and rattlers, thrusting their ugly flat heads up in the air and actually swaying to the music. They dart out their fangs in your direction, and you begin to think that the harmless afternoon tea that you have been sipping is playing you a mean trick.

Then along comes a magician, who squats down on the sidewalk and produces from one sleeve a sleepy white rabbit, and from the other a guinea fowl—also a small tomato can. He takes the rabbit and the fowl and makes them disappear in the can, taps the lid of the can, mutters some mysterious words, and lo and behold, a young rose tree aggressively pushes itself out of the can and expands and blossoms in front of your very eyes. A crowd has gathered around the magician and a Tommy Atkins appears in the nick of time and clears the ground. No sooner is the English bobby's back turned than the Egyptian is back to collect his fees from the onlookers.

Then you hear in the distance the weird tom tom and tooting cymbals of an Egyptian wedding procession. The modern English motors and carriages press to one side and allow to pass this ancient wedding brigade, celebrated today as it was thousands of years ago, for the Egyptians have not changed their wedding customs. Heading the procession are the musicians, making their weird, howling noises, interspersed by the tom tom with its fascinating syn-copation. A crowd of men and boys follow the musicians, and give peculiar calls and cries. Next come men on horseback, carrying peculiar banners and garlands of flowers. In the middle of the procession

moves a hearse-like coach, absolutely air tight, as far as you can determine, for there are no windows or doors, and herein lies, or rather sits, the bride. She is being borne in triumph to her waiting husband. Said husband is not waiting at the church, but at his home, where he will look for



IN THE ARAB QUARTER, MOSQUE IN BACKGROUND

the first time on the veiled beauty who is his wife, for not until after the ceremony has been performed is he allowed to feast his eyes upon her charms. Following the bride are her women friends in open carriages. All the women look alike, for they are all draped in black cloth and wear over their faces the peculiar black masks that reveal only their eyes, artificially blackened; some merry, some sad, and some with a naughty twinkle in them. The owners of the naughty eyes wave their hands, with their painted finger nails, at

you, and you don't know whether to follow or to run.

If you are wise you will hire Allie Gazzam. You pay Allie five dollars a day for being your dragoman, but it is cheap in the end, for Allie may have no scruples about stealing your shirt off your back, but at least he won't allow anybody else to do it. And that is some protection in Cairo. He will take you to the mosques, where you leave your shoes outside, and he will see to it that you get them again

things that emit forth a savor not delectable to the European taste. A crowd of gowned and turbaned men and black-veiled women stand around and eat and chatter, in the roads. Some of these cafes have chairs and tables out on the narrow sidewalks, and here men are gathered and drink their black coffee and play dominoes. A woman wearing a black gown and a white veil rides by on a donkey. She is a Turkish woman, so distinguished by her white veil as from the black veil worn by



AN EGYPTIAN LADY GOING TO MARKET

when you come back. He will show you the minarets from where the faithful are called to prayer every sundown. He will take you to cafes where Egyptian maidens, very carefully masked, as to face, and very carefully unmasked as to body, will sing weird, passionate love songs, and do the muscle dance to the tom tom. And when you leave the cafe, Allie sees to it that you still have your watch. And he will take you through the Arab quarter. This is a section of dirty, narrow streets, vile odors, and merchants sitting in close, dirty little shops, selling everything from jewelry and onions to beans and coffins. In some of the shops they are frying and cooking

the Egyptian women. Her big, black, wonderful eyes stare at you, then challenge, but Allie Gazzam is on the job and you make a peaceful getaway.

So, in spite of the new streets of Cairo, there are also the old. In spite of Shepheard's Hotel and the Savoy, the Ghezirch Palace and the Semiramis, there are also the odiferous and Oriental cafes in the Arab quarter, or if you want still more atmosphere, Allie Gazzam will put up a tent for you in the heart of the desert, where you can see the Pyramids and flirt with the Sphinx by moonlight. He will even order a sandstorm, and hire a gang of Bedouins to rob you, all for five dollars a day.

Pandemonium

by

John McGovern

I SAT a thinking, this morning, of this unhappy world, and the fix it now catches itself in. Did it all come about naturally? Is it the result of the human nature of 1914 and also of Caesar's time?

In the center of Europe there has been a serious people, given strongly to family ties and at least preaching good morals, but fortifying themselves with a view of commanding the world, as Rome did in ancient times.

All around this people—particularly at Paris and London—there has been a cheaper sort of public thought. At London George Bernard Shaw and Northcliffe; at Paris, a manner of getting the women folk of the world to dress like parrots; a fashion of painting, music and poetry that has outraged all teachings on the subjects of art.

That is, Germany has seemed serious; London and Paris have seemed flippant. In those centers "wit" has been the desideratum and cynicism has been the outcome.

The cynic is the most credulous of men. In the west of Europe it was, therefore, accepted as probable that mankind was averse to war and had secured some new means of defence other than men and arms.

If these foregoing statements be true, or tend toward the truth, then the two camps of Europe differ morally, and the western one is in a bad position according to the experience of mankind.

The next important question runs thus: "How far have the newspapers, Shaw,

"high society," the fashions, the "arts"—how far have these phenomena, as we beheld them, been a true mirror of the life that the men and women of Great Britain, France and America were living? According to that program, we did not need great armies, sweet music, true pictures, cogent poetry, or decent garments. Fifty-story buildings, battleships and rotten Titanic passenger ships would suffice for all. Was that view superficial and assumed? Was that merely a little nonsense now and then? Or was it downright true that we were teaching Iago's doctrine—"Put money in thy purse!"

It is not fair to judge a "Puritan" nation by its theater, because the masses do not and never did attend the theater. The fact that the managers of the American stage during the last two decades gradually lowered its morals only expresses the efforts of those managers to hold their own sated *clientele*, growing yearly more ignorant through the downward trend of morals—if there were such trend.

At last the movies took supreme hold—displaced the theater. America, at least, became a theater-going people. It does, in spite of its ignorance, read the news of this world, as the people of the Renaissance, in spite of their illiteracy, read the news of the next world when the old masters began their delineation of Mary and the Child. The movies show that the morals of western people are still solid. There is, of course, the Chase. Even "Quo Vadis" and "Cabiria" must preserve



THE WORLD IN DARKNESS LIT BY



DEMON EYES AND BURSTING SHELLS

the Chase sacred. But, after all, the Chase is to catch the Villain—the Villain must perish. The good old melodrama is still sound. There is no danger of Tolstoi, Shaw, Paris fashion, Cubism, or gong-gong in the melodrama.

I, myself, for one, illogically expected that the workingman as a class would begin to cut some figure in the first big war of the world. I remembered the Darwinian laugh that went up when the devout King of Prussia, in 1870, proclaimed: "Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below—praise God from whom all blessings flow!" I remembered that workingmen's unions had a tragic part at Paris in 1871. But today I find religion, property, and credit on exactly the same bases as in 1870. Each side calls the priests and blesses the poniards. The priests examine the omens and find that God is on each side—if we hear from both sides—and we do, and did in 1870.

Now, therefore, as we are taught slowly and unhappily that the emancipation of labor and the division of property among living human beings have nothing to do with the mortal fix we are in, ought we not to take a still broader view—resigning ourselves to the inevitable, but still at least understanding it?—as if we saw a celestial body coming our way to soon destroy us.

We recall, about 1878, that we caught some concept of nations of grasshoppers that were overwhelming the West in a manner that seriously endangered the "rights of man." We espied mentally a consolidation of interest, a unification of individualism, that no one grasshopper had brought about.

The Belgian, Maeterlinck, began writing about the mystery of justice, the thoughts of his dog, and, at last, the "Life of the Bee." (There seemed to be *two* Maeterlincks, one a noble "Bee" philosopher, the other a cynical and wicked Pelleas and Melisande dramatist). When we had read the "Bee" and supplemented it painfully with Forel's big work on the "anarchic" and smelling ant, we were forced to accept the working hypothesis that there is a Spirit of the Hive. The Jane Addams of the hive, the Florence Nightingale, the Clara Barton, may be sacrificing all there

might be of joy and comfort in life in order that there may be honey in heaven—exactly as the workingman and soldier have done since the pyramids were built.

It was 1870 before we began to view a battle and not talk wholly of the commanders. We knew that Bazaine led the French army at Metz and McMahon the French army at Sedan; but just who commanded the Germans we did not seem to know or care. There was always a group of four—the King of Prussia, his son, "Unser Fritz," a bearded giant, Bismarck, a giant, and Von Moltke. It seemed to be war by a committee. Germans were offered in prodigious numbers to be killed; the killers fell behind in the butchery; the hill was taken; the battle (either at Gravelotte or at Sedan) was practically settled in favor of the Germans. We recognized Grant's "style." Sherman had been severely condemned for the same method (when it failed) at Vicksburg and Kenesaw Mountain. In this *annee terrible* of 1914—now—we think we may espy the extension of this idea of flock and swarm action. There is no Napoleon—no room for a Napoleon. The regiments move stolidly before the talus and are mowed down, regiment after regiment. If the killers in the works fall behind in their killing they are lost—their country is lost, and they must pretend to a belief in the religion of the soldiers they failed to kill.

Draper, at this point in his essay, would begin to talk of the utilization of steam; steam moved the cloth machinery, and carried the goods, and put the women out of work—that is, out of double or triple work.

Has anything else happened? Yes. The dynamo and the waterfall have made goods and made steel so fast that there was plenty of time for soldiers to drill, and several of the nations have attended at once to that on a new scale.

A man behind a wall of steel was not afraid of any other man not behind a similar or thicker wall. These cumbrous walls could best be moved at sea—therefore to sea the fighting men go, to have it out there first. The Krupp gun was a hard matter to bring overland to Chicago in 1893; it covered four flat cars, to turn

curves. Those Krupp guns were long getting to Paris in 1870—about three extra months. But at sea we can have it out quicker.

The sailorman is a leading factor here. Those islanders, Norsemen, and North Sea men, can live on the sea and like it. Hence Britannia has ruled the waves. When the armor-plate came in, those British sailormen began putting it on their ships as naturally as they took their grog or got roaring drunk on shore. Now that men could move around behind and with walls of steel, these British men at last had over 150 huge floating machines of war and over 400 smaller armored vessels made for the chores of the battle or the blockades. Thus there are over 130,000 British fighting sailormen, not one of them feeling safe on his legs off ship.

What has the serious nation, Germany, accomplished in this sea matter—to get ready for the sea-fight? She has done much more than would be guessed—it has been the cause of sorrow to Great Britain. She has about seventy of the big machines and about two hundred and twenty of the mosquito fleet. She has 130,000 men on board these fighting vessels. And now comes in the vital question—Are they sailormen who crowd these ships, do they walk like ducks, do they smell all through of salt? For the French have a somewhat more natural marine of equal displacement and possibly of greater scientific value.

If mankind are like bee and grasshopper, they are moving toward action in consolidated masses—the subjugation of all. (The queen bee is a prisoner in the hive.) If we call that “natural,” it is “natural” for a cat to hate a dog. It is traditional, at least, for a Frenchman to hate a German, and *vice versa*. It is natural, it seems, for a foreigner to hate, or at least to despise, an American—the way we have been treated abroad since July 25, 1914, informs the dull ones; the others knew it before.

So, with all these and a thousand other important considerations, we may, for a working hypothesis, believe that Nature is now moving mankind toward some greater flock idea. The influences must be outside of religion and “humanity.” Billions of property will be swept away, and

the same old debts will be accepted as the lower terraces of the mighty pile of newborn Usury which is to confront the newly-born, if any populations be left to bear children.

Now, with this solemn confrontation, what are the chances, in a working hypothesis?

I hated Bismarck at the start, and I feel that the policy of blood and iron is still in force in Germany. I believe, with Rousseau, that man ought to be reasonably self-governing, or ought to perish. The patient Bismarck was always getting ready while he was accepting French insults. The German Kaiser has always been getting ready while he listened to the English declaration that Britannia rules the waves. At last, when he is as ready, with his six stalwart and loyal sons and his seafaring brother—as ready as he could ever expect to be, war is “forced on him.” What has Nature been doing?

The candid American—as unprepared for this *mêlée* as a Chinaman—does not want Bismarckism; but he does not want Shawism and “high society.” He begins to sigh for better morals. If there come an end by battle to this mix-up, we must see either Britannia or Germania our potential masters.

Again, as in 1789–1815, it seems that the English-speaking, somewhat cynical, somewhat or utterly selfish *regime* must win. The brave, of course, must be killed; the weak must retire into at least a century of subjection or “protection.” That will be good for France and Poland, two regions of the world especially fruitful of the political ideas the true American upholds.

I have always guessed that civilization came to modern Europe out of China, through Venice; that Venice secured the main Chinese secrets and spread them to the sailor cities; that Italy’s culture began to come north to Paris in the time of Francis I; that Peter and Frederick coaxed it to Potsdam and Petersburg just before the French Revolution. Now France harvested the wisdom of all the battles, and stands likeliest of all hives of men (theoretically) to obtain as fair a division of property, and of authority between man and woman as “Nature” will allow. We would not have been free of

English Duke-ism and "me-lud" worship had it not been for the blood and money of France. The money that old Ben Franklin coaxed from the Trianon palaces may have sent Marie Antoinette, the true aristocrat, to her pitiful death.

I want to see that French idea of more equal rights—elections, short terms of office, honor for honest public service—I want to see it given a further trial. I do not want the Roman legion and the battleship to determine for themselves that they must continue, in order to kill off extra population and keep an ignorant proletariat at incessant toil—all the toil their bodies will endure.

But, if Nature intend the greater masses shall win—if Britannia is to defeat and permanently humiliate Germania, I do sincerely hope that something of the home quality in the German may come to English and French ethics. I am ashamed of Cubism, indecency, black letters in newspapers, illiteracy. Perhaps I should blame the gong-gong on the Germans, for Wagner invented it—but he probably got it in Paris.

These, then, are the considerations of an elderly man, at the threshold of an upheaval, the greatest since the awesome Napoleon—an upheaval that alarms all

of the fairly-informed as being wholly unprecedented in its probable scope.

Every committee in the United States was asking, "What is the cause of the popular unrest?" Here, in America, had it been feasible to divide the accumulating property more equitably among a limited number of Americans (thus barring immigration), heaven would have been at hand. So, while we were holding a thousand investigations to learn why our population was increasing so awfully, and our debts coming home to be paid so strenuously, and the gold fetich shipped abroad so devoutly—right there, perhaps, we may see that Nature pulled away the veil, and allowed us to learn that she was about to take some new step to consolidate the government of mankind, kill off the brave, and unify the physical type on a smaller and meaner plan.

The regiments are marching up to the killers—and it is generally understood that there are five millions on each side. It seems to be the most horrible outlook the modern world has had—but still the young of every kind show the gladness that springs eternally in the new-born heart. The universe goes on its appointed way; the lambs skip on the meadow; the children shout upon the green.

SCIENCE

WHAT mysteries are thine, what radiant powers!

Through thy keen light hath man seen everywhere:

The infusoria of the azure air

Glitters upon his sight; the deep sea pours

For him its animalculae; the showers

To him their tribute pearls and diamonds bear;

All nature's wonder beautiful or fair

Opens for him its secret like the flowers.

Shine on and guide the wavering human will;

Illume the pathways of that bourne unknown

Wherein our lost evanished loved ones plod.

Moon of the mind, so true to heaven still,

Reveal for us through splendors not thine own

The greatness and humility of God!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

BOOKS of the MONTH

OF a score of neatly clever books published during the past year, none has more claim to a living value than Harry Leon Wilson's "Bunker Bean."^{*} Here is a humorous book that is distinctly worth while. If you read it for amusement, there is fun aplenty for you; if you want a story that never ceases to be interesting, why, there is that, too; if you want something beside this—helpful philosophy, deep character insight—then you will find that also. The hero of the story is Bunker Bean himself, a young stenographer of ordinary parentage, ordinary education and ordinary intelligence. He has dreams, of course, but after all, that's ordinary, too. One day he goes to a fortune-teller, who tells him that he was in another incarnation the great Ram-tah, Emperor of Egypt. Bunker suddenly becomes inspired. He reads of Ram-tah, goes again to the fortune-teller, and eventually puts his few thousand dollars inheritance into the purchase of Ram-tah's mummy. He begins to grow self-confident. No longer does he stand in awe of his employer. Is not he, Bunker Bean, Ram-tah the great and good? His employer becomes impressed at the change in his stenographer. He goes with him to a ball game, with a young daughter along. Here the love interest begins. Under the inspiration of his former incarnations, Bean's character expands and he comes to regard himself as of some consequence. He keeps up his acquaint-

tance with the "Flapper," and finally in spite of strong opposition, is accepted as her husband. And the influence of Bean's belief in his former appearance as Ram-tah is responsible for it all.

* * *

THE terrible events and brutal monsters of the French Revolution have always furnished the novelist a lurid and sombre background against which nobler and more lovable characters and actions shine with increased purity and radiance. In "El Dorado,"^{*} her latest novel, Baroness Orczy has re-introduced her English hero of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," Lord Blakeney, as the rescuer of the French Dauphin,



BUNKER BEAN VISITS THE CLAIRVOYANTS

from his cruel and brutalizing life in the Temple dungeons, after the execution of his parents.

Lord Blakeney himself, however, falls into the hands of his foes, through the selfish and uncontrollable passion of his brother-in-law, Armande St. Just, for

^{*}"Bunker Bean." By Harry Leon Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

^{*}"El Dorado." By Baroness Orczy. New York: The George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.35 net.

Mlle. Lange, a pretty and amiable actress.

Through the actions of this weak, useless impressible boy, Blakeney, his wife and Armande himself are doomed to death, and spared only in the hope of recovering the Dauphin, who is supposed to be still concealed in some secluded corner of France. After Blakeney is sure that the young prince is safe, he apparently succumbs to the tortures inflicted on him, and agrees to guide Heron, the brutal jailer of the boy, to the place chosen for his concealment.



VISIONS OF HIS FORMER GREATNESS
HAUNT BUNKER AT HIS WORK

With the escort Heron takes Lady Blakeney and Armande as hostages for the hero's good faith; they are to be shot at the least sign of treachery, but through a superhuman adroitness and courage, Blakeney saves himself and friends, without giving up the Dauphin to his enemies.

THE Apocryphal Book of Tobit, who, it will be remembered, safely survived his marriage to Sara, the daughter of Ragnel, whose seven previous husbands had all died on their marriage day, or rather evening, with a baby boy, changed at nurse, an Indian witch and her curse, and a number of tragical incidents, make up the story of Sara, beautiful daughter of Ragnel, a farmer whose town and even state are left undesignated.

The curse of the Indian Crone is followed by the more or less tragical decease of each of seven successive bridegrooms, the eighth, whose name is Tobias, being spared by the conversion of the Indian witch, who releases Sara from the spell laid upon her.

Those who are looking for a novelty in plot and treatment will find it in May Howell Beecher's "The Eighth Husband."*

* * *

THE love and business fortunes of "Mr. Hobby,"† trained to the law, and at one time a promising baseball expert, who in spite of all domestic training and resolution to follow more lucrative pursuits, gave himself up utterly to the study of entomology with the exception of an apparently hopeless love for a most charming and intelligent girl who, of course, regardless of all other considerations, loved in return this scientific crank and impoverished gentleman. The story of their love, his blunders and her beautiful and devoted affection is daintily told by Harold Kellock and illustrated by George C. Harper, and tells *en passant* some interesting stories of queer phases of insect life.

* * *

CERTAIN Irish characters in popular fiction with their breezy good nature, natural wit and resourceful enterprise, courage or humor capture our liking and add a real zest to our enjoyment.

Such a character is the hero of E. A. Birmingham's latest novel, "The Adventures of Dr. Whitty,"‡ the impecunious medical man of the village of Ballintra in an obscure section of Connaught, whose Rip Van Winkle repose Dr. Whitty, on several notable occasions, decidedly transformed into profitable, or at least beneficial awakenings. The character drawing is artistic in its simplicity and truth.

A book of real human interest, it should certainly prove a fitting companion to "Spanish Gold," a successful and not dissimilar tale by the same author.

*"The Eighth Husband." By May Howell Beecher. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

†"Mr. Hobby." By Harold Kellock. New York: The Century Company. Price, \$1.30.

‡"The Adventures of Dr. Whitty." By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.20 net.

The End of the Feud

by Allan Updegraff

Illustrated by

Arthur Hutchins

Author of

"An Interrupted Romance"

"Taming the Terror," etc.

THE shop foreman entered, apologetically, as nearly everybody entered the Colonel's private office.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said.

The Colonel faced around.

"What's that?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but Paunton says he won't stop it."

Glancing around the side of my desk I saw the Colonel's gray eyes snap, the parentheses about his white military mustache widen and deepen.

"Won't, eh? Says he won't?"

"That's what he says; and I regret to be obliged to report that he used language which—"

"Never mind the language! What in Tophet has the language got to do with it? Hey?" It was wonderful to watch the Colonel working himself up into one of those vicarious rages that the shop foreman being a diffident, loquacious man, was forever inviting. "The fact's what I want! And the fact's enough, isn't it? Don't you know the rules? Discharge him!"

"Discharge him?" The foreman's surprise lacked spontaneity; it was as if he had recognized a cue, and tried to do what was expected of him.

"You heard me, didn't you? Discharge him! Fire him! Tell him to get his time right away!"

"Yes, sir."

The foreman waited an expectant moment, turned, and went slowly toward the door.

"Wait a minute!" growled the Colonel, subsiding from wrath to irritation. "Why do you always rush out before I'm through? One 'ud think you were afraid I was going to blow up."

The foreman turned and stood with his back against the door. The Colonel picked up a half-smoked cigar from his gold-plated ash-receiver, gave it a dozen vicious puffs and said:

"Leave the matter to me—understand? Don't do anything. Consarn him—the old loafer—I'll fire him myself! Or, no; I'll not give him the satisfaction of firing him." He chewed the butt of his cigar in an amazing spell of indecision. "Just send him in here, will you?" he concluded.

The foreman said, "Yes, sir," smiled the faintest suggestion of a smile, and went out.

IN my short term as advertising manager for the cream-separator company of which the Colonel was the head, I had seen several flare-ups on the subject of Paunton, all with the indecisive ending of the one that had just passed. I suppose, as the Colonel glanced at me, I looked surprised that Paunton remained unfired.

"It's bad for a man to rise from nothing in his home town; and it's a worse thing for a business man to have a soft spot." Like a sunflower after rain, the Colonel's philosophy always chirked up after his wrath. "There's that Sim Paunton—the disreputable old loafer, the worthless scallywag! Do you know what I did? When I heard the cut-worms had about

finished his garden this spring, and he was living on woodchucks and what fish he could catch, I wrote him and gave him a job. He's no good—I pay him twice what he's worth. Why? Well, we were boys together; and once, when we were fishing, he pulled me out o' the water. I guess it's true I wouldn't have got out if he hadn't pulled me out. Worse luck!"

"That was something," I hazarded.

"Was it? Was it, eh? Well, he got made a hero for it. *And he had upset the boat on purpose!* He knew I couldn't swim, and he could. So he upset the boat by a cute little trick he had—that was his idea of a joke. No one would believe me when I came to and said he'd done it. So I shut up. They tell about that noble rescue yet."

The shop foreman appeared in the doorway, flushed and angry-looking and said: "Beg pardon, sir, Paunton says he's too busy to come just now, but if it's anything 'specially important, he says you can come out and—"

"That's enough," interrupted the Colonel, getting red in the face. "That will do. Leave the matter to me."

He bowed his head and twisted his mustache till it crackled. I had not seen him so hopelessly angry since the machines of his pet enemies and rivals beat his in a skimming contest out in Indiana.

"You're not Vermont-born, and I don't s'pose," he remarked presently, "you understand what that old woodchuck's game is. But I know; I know Vermont nature. Do you see what he's tryin' to do? Well, sir, he's tryin' to get me to fire him. Why? So's he can make the rounds of the stores, and the post-office, and the hotel and the livery stable, and tell everybody what a flint-hearted, ungrateful old miser Gill Bladesover is! Oh, I can hear him sniffin' and rollin' it over his tongue. And he'll tell that hoary lie about his noble rescue—he'll tell it fifty times over. And he'll be happy—right in his element. The scum, the malicious old loafer, the worthless, lying, good-for-nothing—"

The Colonel writhed in his mahogany office chair, got up suddenly and paraded over to a window.

"It used to be I did not mind such talk," he muttered. "God knows there's been plenty of it. As soon as a man begins to

rise, those he leaves behind begin to snap at his heels; I expected it, and I have stood for it. But lately—now I'm getting old—

"The old reprobate!" he burst out, as if he had suddenly remembered my presence. "What do you think he is up to now? He is smoking—puffing his dirty old pipe—in the *paint* department. And he says he won't stop it!" The Colonel's cigar-tip glowed a furious red; his fine white head was completely enveloped in the blue exhalations and smoke wreaths from purest Havana.

"Well, we'll see whether or not he'll stop it," he growled, and stalked out of the office.

HE was back in a few minutes, very calm, very businesslike, a trifle supercilious. He always looked years younger when his temper was aroused, and as he resumed his place at his desk, his face and bearing were those of a man carrying nearer fifty than the seventy odd years that had settled upon him. He reminded me of a good old blade that has just been resharpened.

But the Colonel's metal, like the metal toward the shaft of many a once-keen old blade, was not as good for holding an edge as the lost metal had been. He could not keep his sharpness above a quarter of an hour, hard as he tried to. I knew it by the troubled expression that gradually developed on his face, and by the way his head began to droop over the papers he was examining.

After putting on his hat to go out to luncheon he remarked to me: "I fired Paunton; ought to have done it two months ago." He hesitated a moment, contemplative. "Do you know what that old loafer said? He said, 'Thanky, Gill; I was thinking it was a shame to waste a good pickerel day like this.' Just that—and went out—puffing his corn-cob—the lazy old sinner!" Beneath the Colonel's scorn there was wonder, and a quizzical regret. He went as far as the door and stopped.

"There isn't much to do; you might as well take this afternoon off," he said. "And, by the way, if you haven't anything else on, I'd be glad to have you come out to the Lake for dinner."

I thanked him and said I would come. He seemed glad. His attitude gave me a queer, doubtful feeling of conferring a favor on him; on him, Colonel Gilbert Bladesover, Croesus of Cream Separators, wrecker of half a dozen competitors, true old unscrupulous buccaneer of the business main. I concluded that he must be very lonely, or that he had a fancy to make up, by kindness to me, for his discharge of Paunton.

I had visited his summer house on Laurel Lake several times, and since I was to have the afternoon off and be there for dinner, it occurred to me that the opportunity was a good one for me to have a try at the lake's pickerel; they were the boast of the country round about, and as Paunton had said, it was a good pickerel day. With my dinner clothes in a grip, I took an electric car out to within half a mile of the lake's shallower end, jointed up my rod and began beating along the shore.

THE day could hardly have been better for pickerel. A light haze hung in the air, softening the lines of everything and dimming the sunlight into a pale champagne color. Shadows from the hills to westward were beginning to steal among the lily pads, and "shiners" leaped and splashed, with misdirected energy, above the shallows where the pickerel lay in wait. But I was handicapped by the underbrush. At the end of an hour I had had only one strike, and the fish, by tangling my line around a lily stem, had managed to get away.

I cut across a neck of land to reach some likely-looking water on the other side, and came out on a little inlet, evidently formed by the mouth of a brook. There was a small boat on the inlet, and an aged fisherman in the boat. A comfortable cob pipe depended from the fisherman's mouth, and pure content emanated from every square inch of him.

He saw me at once, and frankly, as men will do when they meet in the woods, we looked each other over. He was a short, thin man, with a bushy beard, snow-white, and the most alert blue eyes imaginable. They were little and wide open, the lids forming almost a perfect circle, like a

cat's. They gave him the appearance of being very wide awake and somewhat untamed.

He spoke first. "Pretty rough travelin', ain't it?"

"A little," I admitted.

"Caught anything?"

"No."

"Nor you ain't likely to from the shore."

Again he looked me over. I felt somewhat as if I had applied for a responsible position and were undergoing inspection.

"Want to get in with me?"

With great thankfulness for his approval, I assured him that I did. He paddled the little boat up to the shore and gave me a place in the bow.

He had caught half a dozen beauties, and with his assistance and advice, I had soon taken a couple myself. Whether because he thought he had caught enough, or because he considered me entitled to superior consideration as his guest, he gave up fishing and devoted himself to paddling me around.

"From Boston?" he asked me presently.

"No," said I, glad to be of service. "I'm living in the town. Work for Colonel Bladesover."

"Oh, do, hey?"

THE sudden sharpness of his voice made me look at him. His sharp eyes blinked hatred, and his beard and mustache were crowded together into one bristling white bunch. By the latter sign it was plain that he was pursing his lips venomously tight.

"Say," said I, seized with a sudden grin in spite of myself, "is your name Paunton?"

He seemed to consider the advisability of braining me with his paddle, but there was no guile in my grin. I grinned frankly, with the utmost friendliness. "That's my name," he said, relenting a little. "You heard how I got fired this morning, hey?"

"Yes, and I heard how you took it, too."

My appreciation melted him; we were friends forthwith.

"I saw it wouldn't get me nothing to roar," he said; "he'd the upper hand of me. Nor it wasn't like I wanted his old job, either. He was payin' me 'bout half what it would a-cost him to get anybody

else to do my work—the old skinflint! He was short-handed this spring, so when he wrote to me—wrote to me, mind ye—I let my garden go to pot and went in to help him out. Did he care? He never took no notice of it. Money—that's all he thinks about. Say—he'd sell his soul if the devil 'd take an order o' cream separators along with it."

He picked up his rod, skittered his bacon-rind skillfully into the midst of a bunch of jumping "shiners," and caught a pickerel.

"I saved his life once," he continued, complacently adding the pickerel to his string. "Yes, sir—right up in t'other end of this old pond. He got his hook caught in a log, and he got excited—thought the log was a fish, I reckon—and upset the boat. He couldn't swim; he was near gone when I got him out. Was he thankful? *He accused me of upsettin' the boat myself—on purposal!* Say, you wouldn't believe anybody could be that mean, would you? I wouldn't—if I hadn't knowed old Gill Bladesover all my life!"

With small interest in the sport, and with corresponding success, I had been skittering while the old man talked.

"It must be round four o'clock," he remarked. "I notice that most gin'ly round four o'clock they don't bite so well." He paddled me out toward deeper water. "You might lift a bass out o' there," he said, pointing to a place beyond the lily pads.

Still with a stray air, I cast where he directed. A mile away, midway up the ridge of hills that ran along the westward side of the lake, the tiled roof of the Colonel's summer house glowed dull crimson in oblique sunshine. Paunton's gaze followed my own up toward the house and he snorted viciously through his whiskers.

DO you know what that house 's built of?" he demanded. "It's built or blood—yes, sir—of human blood. It's the blood of an inventor, name of Robinson, that old Gill skinned alive. It's the blood of Jim Harvey, used to be the old hyener's partner. But the Colonel—he knew how to suck his partner dry and kick him out. Say—even if I ain't got no bank account, it does me good when I lay down to sleep

o' night to think I ain't got nothing but the blood o' fishes and rabbits and such-like on my hands. I'd ruther have my life to look back on than that old vampire's—for all his worldly goods!"

He seemed to have forgotten that our excursion had anything to do with fish. He paddled the boat toward the middle of the lake, craning his neck toward the shore opposite the one on which the house stood. Presently he pointed.

"See that brown shed-like, down by the edge of the water over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's his private combination auto-garage and boat-house. Every day he rides out from town in his auty-mobile and leaves it there, and chugs across the lake in his motor-boat. D'ye ever happen to see the sign he's got painted up over the door o' that shed?"

I nodded.

"Thou shalt not steal!" repeated Paunton, with sanctimonious acidity. "Him that's spent his whole life doin' nothin' else! Well, it hasn't saved him from bein' robbed several times. Me, I never stole nothing, this afternoon, but—"

He paused and again his beard and mustache bristled into a formidable white bunch. Again I felt as if I were under inspection for a responsible position, and again I seemed to pass muster.

"But I just poured a couple o' quarts o' salt water into the gasoline tank o' that boat," he finished blandly. "The lake's low now; and this boat 'll barely squeeze under the water door of the shed. Know anything 'bout pouring salt water into a gasoline tank?"

"Not much," I admitted.

"It's heavy; it sinks to the bottom and gets into the feed pipe," he explained. "You wouldn't know it was there, only the engine won't work. So I guess the Colonel will have a little fracas and maybe a little stroll before he gets across this evenin'!"

There was something compelling about the calm way in which he assumed that I would be pleased to see the Colonel in trouble. I did not feel at all like interfering. I felt as if I were in the presence of natural phenomena—like rain or wind—my chief concern with which was a

lively curiosity as to how they would work themselves out.

We fished some more, but our interest was elsewhere. Paunton continued to vilify the Colonel, increasing the power of his epithets as he went along. He philosophized on the advantages of a good name over great riches, and of loving favor over silver and gold; the riches he conceded to the Colonel, but the township's loving favor were his own, and the several-times-modified old hyena could smoke that in his pipe. The irascible old rascal who was paddling me around reminded me strongly of the irascible old rascal who had given me the afternoon off. How they hated and despised each other! And what a lot of good there was in both of them, after all!

ALONG toward six o'clock the straight, spare figure of the Colonel appeared on the little float that extended before the boat-house. His white vest blazed in the level sunlight. Like a more elegant Crusoe, he seemed to be scanning the water for assistance, but we were half a mile away, in the shadow of the hills, and he did not see us immediately. When he finally made us out, he put his hands to his mouth and hallooed.

Paunton chuckled.

"Voice pretty good, ain't it?" he said. "Sounds jest a trifle irritated, even at this distance. Say—I'd like to 'uv seen him tryin' to start that motor!"

The Colonel called again: "Hey-oo! You men in the boat!"

"Howl, you hyener!" grunted Paunton, turning his back on his enemy and casting his bacon-rind. "Howl till your throat's tired!" The old man was enjoying the situation tremendously, but there was a vindictive quirk to his enjoyment that made it jar on a mere observer—like myself.

The Colonel called again; great irritation was evident in his voice.

"Shet up!" bellowed Paunton with a suddenness and vim that made me jump. "You're scarin' the fish."

A profound silence ensued. Stiff as a telephone pole the Colonel stood on the outer edge of the float and stared at us. I could almost feel the wrath-waves

rolling in, big and violent, from his direction. Paunton cast his bait. The silence grew oppressive.

"Paunton," came the Colonel's voice, and I was astonished at its softness and calm, "I'll give you five dollars to put me across. Do you hear me, Paunton?"

Neither of us in the boat, I am sure, had any difficulty in understanding the inner meaning of the offer; it was a peace offering, the Colonel's expressive way of saying that he was sorry for bygones. Perhaps it was not diplomatic. It suggested a financial basis for things, and it emphasized the Colonel's great superiority in the matter of five dollar bills. On Paunton the effect was as soothing as salt on a skinned place.

The little man's eyes glittered hatred. His beard and mustache mixed turbulently, to part again and show white, set teeth. Twice he seemed about to answer, but the demand for something terrific, for something utterly scathing and blasting, was evidently more than he could supply. He gave up, muttered anathemas into his beard and deliberately made another cast.

With his bait half reeled in, he dropped the tip of his rod into the water and jerked himself around toward me. "Looky here!" he sputtered, his eyes and mouth flickering with excitement, "looky here! Why—sure. I'll put him across. I guess I ain't forgot that old trick yet. Why'n't I think of it before? Say—glory hallelu-yah!" With hands that trembled, he reeled in the rest of his line, thrust the butt of his pole under his seat, and took up his paddle. He seemed half-crazy with excitement and delight.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

He stared up at me, his face frozen into a momentary expression of doubt. "You got on your old clothes," he muttered, "ain't you? and so've I; and ye won't mind a little clear water—"

He hesitated again, eying me with the asperity of a hungry turkey gobbler.

"You mean," I suggested pleasantly, "you're thinking of turning the boat over and ducking the Colonel?"

"Maybe I was." He blinked his round rascally eyes at me. "Got anything to say agin it?"

I replied, more or less truthfully, "No."



He was reassured. "Twon't hurt him—outside of his feelin's and fine raiment. I'll just upset him when we reach the shaller water on the other side. I used to have a little trick o' turnin' the boat over; I guess I remember it. Ye see, I pretend to lose my grip on the paddlle, then I ketch one knee under the seat and fall out—and pry 'er right over. Ye'd ought to a' seen me do it when I was a kid!"

He turned the boat and started it toward the motionless figure on the float. I began to feel that I ought to interfere; and yet

I didn't feel like interfering. I decided that, for the present, at least, there was no need for interference. After that, aside from a slight annoyance—as if I'd been caught out in the rain—I felt amused and contemplative, even philosophical.

"So you really upset that boat," I asked ingratiatingly as we slid along, "that time when you and the Colonel were boys fishing together, you know?"

I turned as I spoke to look in his face. He glared at me. But I thought—I hope I do him no wrong—that there was something suspiciously sheepish in his glare.

"Of course I didn't upset the boat. Ain't I just told you how he got his hook caught in a log and pulled us over?"

O Truth! How modest you are, Truth! How thoroughly veiled by time and chance and human frailty!

WE made our way, through still, vague shadowy water that parted in velvet ripples on either side, to the float where the Colonel was waiting. He greeted us with gruff importance, and a glare. But again—I hope I do him no wrong—I felt that there was a little sheepishness not far below the surface of that glare.

"I didn't know it was you when I first called, Paunton," he said, after nodding to me. "I'm sorry to have disturbed your sport. But my motor won't work, and there seemed to be no other boat in sight."

"Sall right," said Paunton, inclined to be surly. He moved back into the stern. "You can get in the middle there."

The Colonel, with little coughs and grunts of importance, took his place on the center seat. Paunton turned the boat and paddled away from the pier. "I b'lieve somethin' was said 'bout a five dollar bill," he growled.

The Colonel was ruffled, but evidently determined not to show it. He got out his billfold and passed over the money.

"I want to mention, Paunton," he said "in this connection, that I'm sorry—very sorry, in fact—" He coughed nervously, all signs indicated that the Colonel was preparing to be gracious even if he had to wear sackcloth to do it. "That is, I wish to express regret for the occurrence of this morning. Doubtless I was too—too abrupt."

He coughed again; the apology seemed to be costing him a good deal.

"I merely wish to add that, if you'll oblige me by going into the assembly department—where there are no inflammable paints and oils, you know—I'll arrange it so that you can smoke. And I'll have your wages raised, ahem!—a couple of dollars a week. Since thinking the matter over, I've come to realize that you are not being paid the full value of your services."

Long practice had made the Colonel a remarkably smooth fabricator. I had

frequently listened, with amazement, that was only one remove from admiration, while he manhandled unfortunate truths, bullying them into hang-dog servitors of his ends. The present fabrication seemed to be giving him more trouble than most I had heard from him; the back of his neck and both his large ears were quite pink.

"Thanky," said Paunton, surprised and subdued, but still keeping a grip on his dignity. "I guess there'll be enough around my place from now on to keep me busy."

The Colonel gave us each a cigar and lit one himself.

"Come back whenever you're a mind to," he said. "By gad, you can have a job as long as I've got one."

His voice was round, hearty, full of good fellowship. It was the voice he used to good effect on dissatisfied agents and customers.

"Why, thanky, Gill!" The old man seemed to be touched. "I guess I'm getting a trifle too old to be much good any more."

"Not a bit of it! Nonsense!" roared the Colonel, giving his neck the arch of a conquering general's. "We're both good for twenty years yet! I won't have you quitting the job 'count of feeling like that! I want you to come back! We need you in the business!"

IT dawned upon me that he was more or less sincere, as he must have been more or less sincere when he was filling dissatisfied agents and customers with a mixture of their own importance and the glory of the Bladesover Cream Separator. Paunton must have felt his sincerity also.

"Thanky, Gill," he repeated, and began to paddle with increased vigor.

"Say—please don't hurry on my account," said the Colonel, puffing his cigar. He stared down the vistas of shadow-tinted water on either side of us, and tilted his head with satisfaction. "Let's take our time. This—why, this is great! B'lieve I'll sell that balky old motor-boat and get me a skiff like yours!"

"A skiff has got its advantages," admitted the old man.

We glided on, under the smooth, persistent impulse of his paddle, going deeper

into the cool green shadows thrown by the hill. The Colonel remarked on the smoothness of the water and on the fine string of pickerel that Paunton had caught.

"You always were a peart hand with a hook and line," he said, and there was the sharpness of a little envy in his voice to prove the compliment genuine. "Member the bass you used to catch—and me not able to get a nibble?"

"Some folks is lucky that way," said Paunton.

"There's no such thing as luck," declared the Colonel, "in the universe!"

"Oh, yes there is. Paunton was positive, but not belligerent. "Nearly everything's luck, or part luck, anyway."

The Colonel considered the proposition a good two minutes—a disciple of success meditating the philosophy of failure. "There may be something in that," he admitted at last. He glanced down at the pig pickerel trailing beside him. "Anyway, I wish you'd come round some time and let me try my luck with you."

"Sure!" said Paunton.

We were approaching the shore. The Colonel's little stone boathouse came into view, and the precise gravelled walk that led up to his summer house. He turned from the signs of his opulence to look across the glimmering surface of the lake.

Dusk was beginning to blur the air and water into one blue-green vagueness, and a silence, mysterious and melancholy, brooded over the lonely place. Flakes of mist, white as Paunton's beard or the Colonel's mustache, hung above the dark-colored curtain of reflection and shadows. It was all old, hoary with age; and yet it was all young, young as the countless green leaves that gave color to the air and water. No one could have been there and escaped the grip of that strange combination.

"Sim," said the Colonel, in a voice such as he might have used if he were revisiting the place after a long journey, "it's a good deal like when we were boys— isn't it?"

"Bout the same, Gill," said Paunton. "Yes, sir—*it* hasn't changed much, has it?"

That was all. But suddenly I seemed to catch a glimpse of things that left a blur in my eyes.

ALL IS WELL

SLOWLY my native shore sinks in the sea,
O, must we meet no more, Vonda Marie?
Lo, now life's summer dies
There where my treasure lies;
God give you sunny skies, Vonda Marie.

Slowly the dark ship ploughs deep in the waves,
Over the armored bows Old Ocean laves;
Here comes a screaming shell,
There goes the midnight bell—
God watches—all is well, Vonda Marie.

—From *Songs of Cy Warman*.

A Hero in Business

by Harold De Polo

Author of

"Padre Bernardo"

"One Stroke at the Arm," etc.

HELENE NORCROSS, married not quite a year, still felt her heart beat rapturously as the little gold hands of the Dresden china clock on the mantel neared the figure six, for at that hour, punctually, there would be a wild, hilarious tinkling of the bell, telling her that Tom was home from the office.

Usually he played the tune of "Yankee Doodle" or some such lively air, until she rushed into the hall and pressed the button that released the lock of the vestibule door two floors below. Then, almost by the time she had opened their own door and stood waiting for him, he would be up the stairs, three and four at a time, and, panting and laughing, take her in his arms and carry her through the apartment to the parlor, where he would deposit his burden on his knee and tell her of the day's happenings.

But today, as Helene sat in her arm-chair embroidering, the hands of the clock, for almost the first time, circled around to six, tolled out the hour, and passed along on their way on another circuit—and still no Tom!

She put aside her work, arose, and paced nervously back and forth the length of the room, a worried little frown on her brow and a worried little pout on her lips. Why didn't Tom come? What could have happened? It was already ten after six!

But perhaps there had been a block in the subway, or something like that, for she was sure it was the traffic! How she wished, now more than ever, that Tom's

salary was big enough to enable them to have a front apartment; then she could see, from the window clear down to the corner, and catch a glimpse of him and wave her hand at him every morning and evening as he departed and returned. Yes, it was her one great longing—a front apartment in the same house! But that, she knew, was quite impossible with Tom's salary of twelve hundred a year.

Then, suddenly, as the minute hand showed that it was a quarter past six, and Helene was becoming still more worried, the bell rang—a long, single, somewhat dolorous ring that was utterly unlike the way in which Tom had ever rung in his whole life.

HELENE, disappointed, wondering who it could be at this hour, released the door below and walked slowly through the hall. Probably it was some bill collector, even if it was a strange hour for him to call. She heard dragging, tired footsteps climbing the stone stairs, she heard a man's heavy sigh, and, as the steps reached her own floor and she was about to open the door, she wondered if this man, whoever he was, always went home to his wife, if he had any, in this slow, tired, deadening way. How different her Tom was, when he came home, thank God! She smiled to herself with a woman's pride of her husband.

But Helene, on opening the door, received a shock. Before her, lifting his foot drearily from the last step, his head bowed, his arms hanging limply from his sides, was

Tom! Tom, the man whose wife, before she knew who it was, she had been pitying.

"Why, Tom," she cried, "*Tom!*" and fell back against the door, her gray eyes wide, her lips parted.

Norcross straightened up, his face assuming its usual look of youthful jolliness, and put his arm about his wife, kissed her, and led her into the parlor. "Well, and how's my little girl been today, eh?" he questioned smilingly.

Helene, still thinking, did not answer.

"Well," he laughed, "someone asked you a question, madam."

"Tom," she replied, mockingly severe, "what is the matter? I *know* that *something* has happened!"

Her husband put his hands on her shoulder, looked her happily in the eyes, and smiled teasingly. "Yes, something *has* happened. Guess."

"Not—not anything bad? Your—your position?" she gasped, instantly worried.

Tom laughed. "Yes, dear, my position. But wait, it's not bad. Sturgiss, Harden & Company have offered me a place at twenty-five hundred a year!"

"St—Sturgiss—Harden—and—Company?" she emitted, falteringly.

"Yes, girl," he shouted, taking her in his arms, "and with a big chance for advancement, too!"

Helene hugged him close, smothering him with kisses. "Oh, *dear* Tom, what luck—*what luck!*" she cried gleefully, tears of joy coming to her eyes. But she could not help noticing in Tom's blue eyes a hard, dogged look, and also on his chin a set, bitter out-thrust that somehow reminded her of a man lashing himself onward, trying to make his heart believe that he was doing the right thing.

Then she herself felt something strike her hard from within, and she got down from his grasp and looked him straight in the eyes. "Have—have you told Mr. Smith?"

The look in his eyes hardened; he tried to smile easily. "Yes—I have," he answered, his voice curt.

She tried to pass it over. "Oh, Tom dear, what luck!" she again repeated, smiling happily. But all the time she was thinking of the picture of Tom coming up the stairs, head down, arms limp, sighing heavily.

He slapped his hands together and walked back and forth. "By Jove, Helene, think of it; eh? We can have a front apartment, with an extra room for the little den we've often planned; we can go out to *Gazatti's* for dinner two or three times a week; we can get that new mission dining set you like so much; we can have a girl to do all the work; you can have more clothes; we—why, hang it all, we'll be able to live like millionaires, I tell you!"

He stopped, looked happily at her for a moment, and then turned his head away; and Helene saw, although she appeared not to notice it, a troubled, suffering look in his every feature.

Wisely, she refrained from mentioning it. "Well, Tom, you haven't told me how it happened yet."

HE turned about, again trying his best to appear exuberantly happy. "So I haven't, dear. Oh, it was all done in a moment. I met old Sturgiss as I went out to lunch. He simply clapped me on the shoulder and told me I was the man he wanted, as he'd heard good things about me from several South American customers that had formerly been ours. He said I needn't worry about terms, for he'd pay me twenty-five hundred a year. He asked me to start in the first of next month. That's all. I told him that I'd be in the next morning and give him my decision. Then he left me and said the bargain was as good as made."

"I'm so glad, Tom," said Helene, studying his face. "Well, I'll get dinner right away, for you must be hungry. All I have to do is to heat the potatoes and peas and broil the chops. We'll have it in no time."

"Good," said her husband, "and next month, dear girl, you won't have to. We'll have a cook by then, eh?" and he laughed boyishly.

During dinner they talked of only one thing—Tom's new position. But still, as the meal neared its close, their conversation became less buoyant, less enthusiastic, until, as they rose from the table after the dessert, each of their faces wore a troubled look, and they found it difficult to look each other straight in the eyes. Both were thinking of the same thing!

But soon, after Tom had lighted his

pipe and they sat in the cool darkness of the parlor, Helene could no longer restrain from broaching the subject that was troubling them.

"And—and old Mr. Smith, Tom?" Her voice was low; so low that it seemed as if she dreaded the sound of her own words.

Her husband puffed furiously on his pipe, and she could see by the glow of it that his face went white. "Yes—dear—old—Smith," he muttered, machine like.

Helene went on more firmly. "Tom, have you *really* told him?"

The man's answer came slowly. "Yes."
"What—what did he say?"

FOR a moment he did not speak, and when he did his voice was hard. "What could he say? You know the Old Man, God bless him! He just put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed it hard. 'Tom,' he said, 'we'll be sorry to lose you, God knows, but twenty-five hundred is a good thing. It's a big house and you'll go ahead. I wish I could afford to pay you as much, but you know I can't. Good—good luck, boy, and congratulate Helene.'"

"That's what he said. Then he took his hand from my shoulder, and I could see it shaking like a leaf, and—and even his voice went husky. Then I grabbed my hat and ran, just like a kid, hardly able to hold myself together."

Helene said nothing, but bowed her head. How she hated Sturgiss at that moment. The front apartment, the dinners everything—all counted as nothing! Dear old Mr. Smith!

Her husband rose from his chair and paced the room nervously, blowing wildly on his pipe, his forehead creased, his jaws set. "Oh, I know it's a mean thing to do, leave the Old Man after he gave me my start when I didn't know a thing about the business. And now that he's put me up to twelve hundred, it's even harder. But I tell you, Helene, the Old Man's commission business isn't a big enough thing for me to get very high in during a few years or so; but I suppose that if I waited, maybe ten years or so, I might get a partnership. But that would take too long. And Jove, look at this chance that's just come my way! I tell you, girl, if I make good I can double my salary in

two or three years, and go way up after that, if I keep on giving them what they want. It—it's a great chance, I say, and—and no one can blame me for taking it, can they?"

He turned about, almost aggressively, and looked searchingly at his wife. She

*In a moment
more she
went pale,
then red, and
her heart
pounded like
a trip-
hammer.
The bell
rang! rang
and rang
and rang;
wildly and
crazily and
joyously
twinkling
out in sharp,
penetrating
rings.*



returned his gaze as best she could, but still her voice did not have the usual unwavering firmness it always had when she answered a serious question. "No—Tom! No!"

His head dropped, almost as if he had been shot, and when he spoke his voice was broken. "Helene, I know what

you think. You think it's bad enough to leave the Old Man under ordinary conditions, but that to go over to his competitor, the big firm that's trying to crush all the smaller ones out of business, is a cad's trick." He stopped, his shoulders drooping.

"No, Tom—*no!* I *don't* think that. I was just thinking that it would be sort of hard on us not to be able to see so much of dear old Mr. and Mrs. Smith, for it—*it will* be sort of different. We—we won't have those happy little dinners *every* week, and we won't go to tea at their house *every* Sunday, and—and they were almost like a father and mother to you, Tom, and—oh, you *know* it will be different. That's all I was thinking about." She stopped, fearing to continue lest she should betray herself into voicing her real feelings.

"I know, Helene, but it can't be helped. I—I feel just as bad about the thing as you do, dear. But I tell you that when I get such a chance I *can't* throw it over. I owe it to you, dear. I don't like to see you doing all the cooking and housework; you weren't used to it before you married me. I tell you it goes hard, and here's my big chance to set everything right. Helene, Helene, you don't think it wrong of me, do you?" He stretched his arms forth appealingly and looked at her with imploring eyes.

Helene rushed over and threw herself into his embrace. "You dear boy," she laughed, "of course not. I promise I was just thinking of the Smiths, that's all. Why, I wouldn't have you refuse the offer for the *world!*" All of which, although it sounded fairly truthful, was quite frankly a lie.

But Tom, for the moment, was slightly reassured. "Girl, I tell you it'll be fine. Of course, dear, it hurts me awfully to leave the Old Man, and not to see so much of him, but Jove, Helene, think of the times we'll have. Oh, I tell you, dear, your husband will be rolling in money some day, just wait!" He laughed with his boyish chuckle, once more fighting hard to make himself believe that he liked it all and would get over the pain of leaving the Old Man, as everyone at the office affectionately called him.

Helene tried her best to help him, hard

as it was for her. "Why, Tom, you angel, I'm *so* proud of you. It's great! Twenty-five hundred a year, think of it!"

Then for a good hour they talked of nothing else but the advantages that Tom's position would bring them, each one trying to persuade the other that they were vastly pleased at the prospect.

BUT after that the conversation lagged painfully, and only once or twice Old Man Smith was mentioned in a shy, low voice; but the subject was quickly covered over with a hurried burst of meaningless chatter.

To cover the awkwardness they retired early, speaking barely a word to each other, knowing well that if they spoke, the Old Man would undoubtedly come into their conversation, which was just what they wanted to avoid.

Both of them laid awake, tossing restlessly about and saying nothing. Finally, after some two hours, Helene fell into a troubled slumber, but to Tom no sleep would come. He lay awake the entire night, his brain on fire, his head aching, thinking, thinking, thinking! Each little tick of the clock on the mantel, as it floated through the warm, still air, seemed to take endless time; each time that it struck the hour seemed as if a whole dreary day had passed. Old Man Smith! He could think of nothing else. The words flashed through his head in a continuous, relentless rush that would give him no peace. Old Man Smith—Helene—Sturgiss, Harden & Company—what should he do?

As the little clock tolled out six strokes, the man could stand it no longer. He had suffered keenly during the night, and his mind was made up.

Quickly, yet very quietly, so as not to waken his wife, he got out of bed and dressed rapidly. Then he scribbled a note telling her that he would be back some time during the early morning, adding that she was not to worry at his hurried leaving. Then he placed it by her side, got his hat and left the apartment, a boyish, happy smile playing over his whole face as he opened the vestibule door and breasted the clear blue sky and the comforting sunshine of the early morning.

On awakening, Helene was greatly surprised, after she had called out and received no answer, to find that Tom had left the house; but then she found the hasty note lying beside her. She read it through rapidly and wondered. Just why had he gone? The only thing to do was to wait until he returned, and he had said that he would be back some time during the early morning.

She dressed, cooked her breakfast, and did her few household duties all with marvelous quickness, and then settled down to wait feverishly for Tom's return. The time seemed to drag fearfully; tick, tock, tick, tock—the clock only reminded her of the slowness with which the minutes passed, and impetuously, she hurried over to the mantel and stopped it.

BUT this did not afford her much relief, for the time still dragged, and Tom still stayed away. Again she wished that they had the little front apartment, so that she might rest on the window-sill and see him the moment he rounded the corner. What *was* keeping him?

In a moment more she went pale, then red, and her heart pounded like a trip-hammer. The bell rang! Rang and rang and rang, wildly and crazily and joyously, tinkling out, in sharp, penetrating rings, the tune of "Yankee Doodle"—*Tom's tune!*

For a moment she felt paralyzed with joy! Something wonderful must have

happened to Tom again! She came to herself as the ringing switched off into a popular tune, still wild and joyous, and she rushed madly, almost falling over, and pressed the button furiously that released the door below.

And again, with more quickness than usual, as she opened the door, she heard Tom flying upward four and five steps at a time; and before she knew it she was in his arms, her face close to his hot, smiling one, careering down the hall in a mad, hilarious waltz, with Tom singing and yelling at the top of his lungs.

"Tom—Tom," she managed to gasp, "you're—you're mad!"

"Mad—mad?" shrieked Tom. "Certainly I'm mad. I'm glad I'm mad! I'm mad with joy! I went down to old Stur-giss' house and sent a note up to him by the butler saying he could take his old job and be hanged. Then I found the Old Man at breakfast and told him I wouldn't leave him for the best job in the world! I knew that was what you wanted me to do, you dear girl. And what do you think he said, eh? What do you think he did? He grabbed me around the neck and told me I was the biggest fool he knew, and that it was only for that reason that he was going to raise me to eighteen hundred a year! Mad! Mad! Certainly I'm mad! But even if I am, dear, we're going to have that little front apartment just the same, and—a few other things, too!"

Of all the evils to public liberty, war is perhaps the most to be dreaded, because it comprises and develops the genius of every other. War is the parent of armies; from these proceed debt and taxes. And armies and debts and taxes are the known instruments for bringing the many under the dominion of the few.—*Madison*.

A Notable Son of the Green Mountain State

by Flynn Wayne

NOW that the people of Vermont are about to choose a successor to Hon. William P. Dillingham in the United States Senate, and now that Republican sentiment in the state has crystallized into a popular demand for the return of Senator Dillingham, it becomes essential to an intelligent discussion and understanding of the situation to review briefly the policies for which he has stood and the achievements of his fourteen years of continuous service in the Senate.

These policies and these achievements have marked him a Republican whose conservatism was never shaken by clamor and whose progressive tendencies were constantly quickened by the changing economic and social needs of the state of Vermont and the nation.

In all the years of his public life, even at the time when a regular Republican was in constant danger of being denounced as a reactionary, if for no other reason than for his sturdy and steadfast adherence to those doctrines of the Republican party which have made for the prosperity of the country and the honor of our public institutions, no charge of that character was ever leveled at Senator Dillingham. The absurd futility of any suggestion of identifying him with reactionary theories and practices is shown by his votes, his utterances and his actions in the United States Senate. Take, for instance, his position regarding railroad legislation, the most monumental legislative accomplish-

ment of the last two decades, the enactment of which effectually checked the rapacity of those who sought to operate railroads as private rather than public institutions. The Elkins law, the Hepburn law, the law of 1910 and the law of 1913 were all directed toward steady development of great reforms, and each and every one of these measures received the loyal support of Senator Dillingham.

He has approved and forwarded every movement that might strengthen the Interstate Commerce Commission. From a powerless, impotent body, through the support and the efforts of such men as Senator Dillingham, that commission has become a potential regulating instrument of government. The Interstate Commerce Commission was created in 1887, but until the enactment of the Elkins law in 1903, its work was practically that of investigation.

One of the most important and difficult questions ever presented to the congress was that of constitutionally conferring upon the Interstate Commerce Commission the necessary power to enable it to obtain desired results. This problem was perplexing the best minds of the Senate at the time Senator Dillingham entered that body, and in its solution he participated, bringing to its consideration the powerful aid of his ripe legal ability, analytical judgment, sound business experience and good common sense.

This law made common carriers liable for violations of the interstate commerce regulations, laid heavy penalties for failure

to file public tariffs, made it a misdemeanor punishable by severe penalties, to grant or receive rebates, concessions or discriminations, and under its provisions authority was given to equity courts to enforce the tariffs, prohibit discriminations and generally to carry the law into effect. It provided for compulsory attendance of witnesses and gave precedence in the courts to all cases prosecuted under the direction of the attorney-general in the name of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

This was his first opportunity after entering the Senate in 1900 to study legislation along these lines. With characteristic thoroughness he exhausted every means to inform himself concerning the propositions involved, and he firmly supported the measure throughout its consideration.

The Hepburn law in 1906 increased the membership of the commission to seven, extended its provisions to cover pipe lines, express companies, sleeping car companies, bridges, ferries and railway terminals, and first empowered and made it the duty of the Interstate Commerce Commission to determine and prescribe just and reasonable rates. In connection with this legislation Senator Dillingham went to the length of voting for an amendment, which was defeated, to impose a penalty upon Senators and Representatives if they received passes. During the consideration of this measure record votes were taken. He was present and is recorded as voting upon every amendment submitted. He favored every one intended to perfect the law, and he voted for the bill on its final passage.

The Mann-Elkins Act, passed in 1910, broadened the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, provided for the establishment of a United States Commerce Court and authorized the president to appoint a special commission to investigate the issuance of railroad stocks and bonds. Senator Dillingham supported this measure and voted for it.

In 1913 the law providing for the physical valuation of railroads was passed. Senator Dillingham voted for this proposition.

This was the natural course for him to pursue. Not only did he feel that it was right, but he found it easy to do his full duty by the people of his own state and

by the people of the nation in relation to these important undertakings, for the reason that in all the years during which he successfully practiced law he was never the owner of any stocks or bonds of any railroad or of any corporation engaged in interstate commerce. Thus he was wholly unhampered by any former affiliations, surroundings or traditions, and was peculiarly free, unswerved either by the power of the reactionary or the influence of the radical, to sail a true course, to do exact justice, to hold up above all things the interests of the American people.

Senator Dillingham is a staunch believer in and a stout protector of American industries. He never contended and he never thought that the Payne-Aldrich tariff law was perfect. It contained provisions not to his liking, yet the Payne-Aldrich tariff law was of such tremendous force and utility to the prosperity and advancement of this country that it has become recognized and acknowledged, despite its shortcomings, as the very best tariff law ever placed on the statute books. And for his support of it Senator Dillingham makes no apology, especially in these days of dire disaster, when another, the Underwood-Simmons Democratic tariff law, has produced an unbearable situation and has plunged the country into a dangerous condition which threatens the welfare of the nation. No more prosperous period has been experienced in the history of this country than that from 1909 to 1913, during which the so-called Payne-Aldrich law was in operation; agricultural products found a larger market than ever before and prosperity everywhere prevailed.

THE contrast now presented is most discouraging. During the first seven months' operation of the Underwood-Simmons law, the inevitable injurious effect that it will have upon all classes of products in New England has been reflected by the official summary of commerce, which shows a total of \$1,151,000,000 worth of merchandise entered for consumption from October 3, 1913, to April 30, 1914, against \$1,071,000,000 in the same months of the preceding year, an increase of \$80,000,000. This increase of \$80,000,000 worth of foreign-made

goods dumped upon the American market represents the advantage given by this Democratic tariff law to foreign manufacturers and foreign labor, and the corresponding loss which has resulted to the American manufacturer and the American working-man during this short period alone, and it represents a distinct loss to the New England farmers. The time is at hand when conditions compel the nation to recognize the services of those who in 1906 stood for legislation then viciously denounced by theorists, but which has been amply justified by the logic of events.

IT is quite true, as has been asserted, occasionally in a somewhat subtle way, that Senator Dillingham is one of those whose careful study and complete mastery of subjects place them in position where their advice is constantly sought and followed. If it be a charge against him that his influence along proper and helpful lines is decided and marked, it is a charge to which he can well afford to plead guilty.

Naturally, because of his talents and attainments, he soon found himself a member of the most important committees of the Senate, among them Appropriations, Immigration, the Judiciary, the District of Columbia, Foreign Relations, and many others, on all of which he has rendered notable service, being conspicuous for his painstaking perseverance and diligence.

He is foremost in all matters of progress and education. He is the author of a bill now pending, providing for the establishment of a National University.

As a national lawgiver he took rank, and he takes rank, even in a Democratic Senate, among the leaders of that body.

The career of Senator Dillingham is replete with splendid accomplishment. He has penetrated so many and such extensive avenues of endeavor that a complete

recital, because of the limitations of a magazine article, is impossible.

From his long and careful study of immigration he has come to be regarded as an authority upon the many vexatious questions arising in connection with that important and disturbing problem, the proper solution of which so vitally concerns the future and the welfare of this country. He was instrumental in bringing about the enactment of the white slave law. He has gone deeply into Alaskan affairs; he opposed the Alaskan railroad bill because of his first-hand knowledge of that country and conditions. He had a prominent part in the preservation of fur seals. He was largely responsible for the passage of the campaign publicity law. He stands for the strict enforcement of the anti-trust law.

To every interest affecting the farmers and the workmen of Vermont he has always been devoted. He worked for the enactment of the pure food law, the meat inspection law, the parcels post, rural credits, and postal bank laws, and for agricultural extension. He was a strong factor in the passage of the oleomargarine law. He opposed Canadian reciprocity with all his might and customary vigor, because he believed it to be against the interests of the farmers of Vermont, and as he said at Montpelier on March 28, 1911, because it would be a stepping-stone to a free trade tariff law. The soldiers and the widows of his state have in him a good friend.

The people of Vermont know the record of Senator Dillingham. They are justly proud of that record. They have shown their appreciation by endorsing it in the past, and they will do so again, giving public approval and rightful recognition to an able, honest and a truly conscientious statesman.



The Professors and the Single Tax*


C. B. Fillebrown

THE contribution to the discussion of the Single Tax by Professor Alvin S. Johnson of Cornell University, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, has stimulated general interest as to the attitude of professional economists on this question. Scores of professors and economists, including those who have attained first eminence, as well as those growing to distinction, have long been magnanimously hospitable to the discussion of the Single Tax. Granting the eccentricities or aberrations of Single Taxers, such as the Spencerian contention that private property in the land itself—that is, for men to own land in severalty—is wrong, and the economic hallucination that it might be administratively possible to take in taxation one hundred per cent or all of economic rent, may it not still be a fair question to propound to the professors whether they have attempted to separate the essential substance of the single tax proposal from the excrescences that have accumulated about it and to consider the main issue solely on its merits. Have they not rather shown a tendency to emphasize and magnify the irrelevant and inconsequential contentions of misguided advocates of the Single Tax, to the neglect of its central thesis?

The first question is, of course, as to the real importance of the Single Tax theory. If that importance is sufficient, should not the subject find place in the laboratory of the professor, where, by patient and careful analysis, qualitative and quantitative,

dross is separated from gold? Has the Single Tax received at his hands discriminating examination and elucidation? Can it be claimed that the professors, as a class, have so studied as to reach an accepted scientific analysis and understanding? A careful examination of the discussions of the Single Tax in the formal treatises on political economy certainly fails to indicate any exhaustive research or to discover any considerable body of helpful, constructive criticism. Instead of recognizing the basal principle of the Single Tax, which is admitted even by the severest critics to be sound, and then developing this fruitful idea by eliminating error from its presentation and determining the limits of its economical application, the economists have seemingly bent their energies towards the annihilation of the whole doctrine. They have elected to play the easy role of hostile critic, instead of essaying the more difficult one of guide, philosopher and friend. It is, however, pleasant to record that to this general statement there are many notable specific exceptions.

A MISREPRESENTATION OF THE ISSUE

Professor Johnson prefaces his discussion with the following astonishing thesis:

"THE SINGLE-TAX MOVEMENT WOULD, THEREFORE, BE APLY DESIGNATED AS A PROPAGANDA FOR THE UNIVERSAL CONFISCATION OF LAND. AND THIS DESIGNATION THE SINGLE-TAXERS THEMSELVES WOULD ACCEPT WITHOUT RESERVATION. . . . AS A STEP IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CONFISCATION OF ALL PRIVATE PROPERTY."

This gratuitous assertion of Professor Johnson may be offset by the following declarations of the two authorities on Single Tax most widely recognized. Henry George and Thomas G. Shearman. In 1892 George declared:*

"I am not even a land nationalizationist, as the English and German and Australian land nationalizationists well know. I have never advocated the taking of land by the state or the holding of land by the state, further than needed for public use; still less the working of land by the state."

Shearman declared also in 1892:†

"Shall we undertake to reclaim literal possession of 'the land for the people'? Rightly, or wrongly, the moral sense of the people would revolt at such a proposition. And if it did not, yet the immense complications involved in awarding compensation for improvements would break down the whole project. It is not worth while to inquire into the abstract morality of an utterly impracticable scheme."

I have never before encountered Professor Johnson's conception of the doctrine of the Single Tax from one having any pretence to knowledge of the subject. Such an introduction to the discussion is strongly suggestive of the farmer who put green goggles on his horse and fed him on shavings. "Confiscation" is penalty for crime, and the use of this term in connection with the Single Tax involves gross distortion and exaggeration. The sovereign state may appropriate private property of its citizens in two ways, (1) by confiscation, (2) by taxation. When one particular man, by treason or otherwise, has forfeited his rights as a citizen, the lands and houses and personalty of this one man may all be "forfeit to the crown," while the validity and sanctity of 9,999 other men's rights are in no way infringed. This is confiscation. On the other hand, when the state, in order to obtain the revenue to meet the expenses of government, levies tribute upon its 10,000 citizens impartially, this is taxation. Those who make this charge of confiscation forget that land investment today is practically free of tax, and that the burden is upon them to show how in justice this anomalous exemption should continue.

*"Perplexed Philosopher," Doubleday, Page & Co., page 70.

†"Natural Taxation," Doubleday, Page & Co., page 215.

A CORRECT PRESENTATION OF THE ISSUE

Why did not Professor Johnson find space to say that the Single Tax seeks to embody the principle of the application of common property to common uses, "the taking by the community, for the use of the community, of that value which is the creation of the community"*—the justice of which will I venture to say, be acknowledged by nine out of ten of the economists of the world? Why did he not say that the Single Taxer hangs his hope upon the fact that, however heavy the tax upon land, it can be no burden upon the worker,† and cannot affect the *use* value of land—that an "old" tax, *i. e.*, a tax which was upon the land when it passed to the present owner, is not now a burden upon him—that only a future "new" tax would be a net deduction from the rent of his land—that a land owner *per se* is not a "parasite" except to the extent that he fails in his landlord-duty to improve his land—to the extent only that he stands between man and the land and becomes a speculator, a cornerer of a necessary of life?

SPOILATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

Again, Professor Johnson represents the Single Tax as "essentially a device for the spoliation of the middle class." When a man buys land in Regina for \$5,000 and sells it ten years later for \$200,000, who is it, will Professor Johnson tell us, that is saddled with the maintenance of this \$195,000 of "water" if not the "great middle class" of Regina, the class whose improvements, of all others the world over, generally exceed the site value of their land, and to whom, therefore, the remission of taxes on their improvements would be tantamount to compensation rather than confiscation since their tax burden would be proportionally less? Or, again, to pile Pelion upon Ossa, if the land values of the city of Seattle, State of Washington, which in 1901 were \$71,000,000, are ten years later, in 1911, \$281,000,000, who is to pay the taxes eventually necessary to maintain this added \$211,000,000 speculative value if it is not the middle class, the

*"Progress and Poverty," Doubleday, Page & Co., page 419.

†"A B C of Taxation," C. B. Fillebrown. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1900, Chapter II, page 31.

occupiers, users and improvers of the land of Seattle? One advantage of the Single Tax to the "middle class" man, if he is a would-be farmer, is that in so far as an increased tax on the land decreases its selling price, he will require less ready capital for the purchase of a farm. It will not, however, alter the annual cost to him for its use; this will always be the sum of the interest on his investment plus his land tax. If his purchase price is lower, his tax will be higher, and vice versa. Professor Johnson has overlooked the fact that one-third of the farmers are tenants and will look to their landlords to pay the land tax. As to the two-thirds who are owners and cultivators, the general remedy will apply that, however adverse the effect upon any particular class of land owners, their alleged injury cannot obtain beyond two or three generations at farthest. They can meantime have no ground of complaint beyond having their investment, now free of tax, subjected to the same rate as buildings that are upon the land.

SOURCE OF PRESENT COLOSSAL INDUSTRIALISM

According to Professor Johnson, "It was the unearned increment which opened the West and laid the basis for our present colossal industrialism. . . . has moved hundreds of thousands from our Middle West to the Canadian Northwest." It was, he declares, the unearned increment, rather than the hunger and wanderlust of millions, that created a vast surplus of food products. It is the general impression that the hunger of the millions developed their food supply along the line of least resistance. Is it not free land that for a hundred years has promoted the westward tide? Now that this land is no longer free for use but monopolized out of use, the "Westward Ho!" man has no one to defend him from the speculator in the increment who wants to sell him his land at a "watered" price. So he falls in with the current to Canada where a government shows interest enough to help pay his travelling expenses from some distant country, gives him temporary free support, helps him to settle, and lends him credit with which to start. The Single Tax would offer an additional in-

ducement in the fact that the best lands would be open to him at the lowest instead of the highest price. It may well be asked, who gets the principal benefit of this Northwest movement? Is it the "hundreds of thousands" moving away from the "Middle West"? Is it the depopulated district? The land speculator is the man who intercepts a very considerable portion of this benefit to the settler by anticipating and appropriating the land increment, and of this increment it may be said that it is "water" in precisely the same sense in which five hundred millions of steel stock is water. It is the capitalization of the heaviest tribute that the steel traffic or the land traffic will bear—a dividend without an investment.

It is delusive to say that in any true sense the speculators have created these industries and values. They simply banked upon the general recognition that people must have land as they must have grain, and they cornered the land as grain is cornered, and thus profited at the expense of the great "middle class," the workers of the world. Thus it is by no means clear that the "unearned increment" has not been more of a bane than a blessing in the development of this country. It is the artificial prominence of the centrifugal spreading-out influence with its unsystematic wasteful and prodigal treatment of the land that has made the United States a byword among the nations.

The Sage of Concord* was wise when he said of the rush to get rich: "The luck of one is the hope of thousands, and the bribe acts like the neighborhood of a gold mine to impoverish the farm, the school, the house, the church, and the very body and feature of man." What did these words betoken if not a clear, intellectual epitome of the whole land question, pronounced nearly four score years ago before the hegira of the Forty-Niners, and early in the great land movement to the West?

THE PROFESSORS ON PARADE

THE foregoing easy disposal of the Single Tax by Professor Johnson tempts one to turn attention to the treatment of the subject by standard economic

*Ralph Waldo Emerson in address "Nature," at Waterville College, Maine, August 11, 1841.

writers. The writings of eleven authorities, Bullock, Daniels, Davenport, Ely, Fetter, Fisher, Hadley, Plehn, Seager, Seligman and Taussig, have been examined and excerpts made to exhibit their views on the Single Tax. Thus an occasion is presented for the Single Taxer to make his complaints and find what fault he can with those who hold the keys to the Kingdom of Economics.

CONFISCATION, NATIONALIZATION, OWNERSHIP

In reading these treatises one cannot escape being impressed by the near unanimity, nine to two, with which the writers confidently dispose of the pretensions of the George plan by assuring themselves that he aimed at the upsetting of a cherished institution, the destruction of property rights, thus hopelessly prejudicing the case even before a jury has been impanelled. This method of treatment is vehemently protested, as an unscientific mode of procedure. With the deadly assumption of the intended abolition of "property in land," there follows easy assent to the consequent charge of nationalization of land on the high single tax road to Professor Johnson's "confiscation of all private property." We believe it to be a well-grounded complaint that the treatment of the "books" is sometimes superficial, not always fair, and not always abreast with the times.

Professor Charles J. Bullock says:

"The proposal to confiscate existing rents must be rejected as unjust." (E. 328.) . . . It is evident that such a plan is equivalent to national ownership, or nationalization of land. (I. 495.) . . . Mr. George's plan of confiscating the value of land without compensating present owners does not appeal to the conscience of the average American as just. Society has allowed private land-ownership in this country ever since English settlement. The present owners have invested in land in good faith. If it should be decided inexpedient to continue our present system, the burden of the change should not be thrown upon the single class of land-owners." (I. 500.)

Professor Richard T. Ely says:

"Mr. George proposes to take all the unearned increment, past and present, and that

whether the present owners have been encouraged to believe that they might be permitted to appropriate the whole unearned increment or not. Herein lies the essential injustice of Mr. George's scheme.

(596.) Mr. George not only proposes to confiscate all economic rent without compensation, and to abolish all other forms of taxation, but the assertion is made in explanation and justification of the policy that it will abolish poverty. . . . No abstract reasoning, based on 'natural rights,' will persuade a modern nation to so radical a step." (597.)

President Arthur T. Hadley says:

"They propose either to make the land common property and let this gain accrue to the public (land nationalization) or to leave the title in private hands as at present, but tax economic rent to its full amount in lieu of all other taxes, the Single Tax theory." (470-1).

Professor Henry R. Seager says:

"Such policies amount to confiscation and can only be justified on the ground that they are absolutely essential to general well-being. (522.) . . . To deprive them of their lands, or what amounts to the same thing, of the income which these lands afford, would be to commit a monstrous piece of injustice. (522.) . . . A state which would thus overturn an established institution, and confiscate by wholesale the property of its citizens, would lose the confidence of those citizens and be reduced to a condition of anarchy, bordering on civil war. (523.) . . . Such a tax involves the confiscation of property." (585.)

Professor E. R. A. Seligman says:

"When the change advocated is a direct reversal of the progress of centuries, and a reversion to primitive conditions away from which all history has travelled, the necessity for its absolute proof becomes far stronger. The nationalization of land is a demand which, in order to win general acceptance, must be based on theories independent of the doctrine of natural rights."

In their opposition to the Single Tax, the professors appear substantially to assume that Henry George and the Single Tax are synonymous and coterminous, and that when they have overthrown the "temple" of their own interpretation of Henry George, the Single Tax goes to ruin with it. Such a course is hardly fair because of the fact that of the "old" believers in Henry George a respectable minority do not at all follow the professors in their interpretation. Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, who made a scientific exposition of the Single Tax, which no one claims to have successfully attacked, has

* This and subsequent page references are from Bullock's *Elements of Economics* and Introduction to the Study of Economics, Ely's *Outlines of Economics*, Hadley's *Economics*, Seager's *Introduction to Economics*, and Seligman's *Essays in Taxation*.

not even been invoked as a commentator, and a whole lot of didactic matter in extension of Henry George's formula—matter that has received high academic endorsement as sound educational material—escapes the notice of should-be-careful economic guides. These noted teachers should grasp the fact that they are, so to speak, bell-wethers of a great and perennial flock of citizens in the making, even as Solomon of old doubtless had grasped the profound sociological truth that when the King takes snuff all the people sneeze, a perception which presumably accounted in no small degree for the temperance and wisdom of his habits.

The professors have a right to believe, if they choose, that Henry George thought the application of his remedy would result eventually in the abolition of the institution of private property in land. On the other hand, the fact that a body of original enthusiasts persistently shout this proposition should not mislead the professors to mistake noise for numbers and thus implicate a vastly more numerous body of logical and consistent believers in the Single Tax who stoutly defend private proprietorship. Even though Henry George said "It is not necessary to confiscate land, it is only necessary to confiscate rent," would it not be a scientific procedure to correct such a false impression, from whatever source, as that gradual taxation is criminal forfeiture, confiscation, a term that wrested from its proper context and in a distorted sense has been worked threadbare in a foreign service? A worker in the Oregon field expresses full appreciation of the baleful effects of this error when he says that the particular parts of Henry George's teachings which are construed to mean the destruction of the institution of private property in land "were used with a terrific effect in the Single Tax campaign of two years ago."

Whether or not Henry George meant to assert that the taking of any part or all of ground rent in taxation would destroy individual ownership in severalty of the land itself is yet a debatable question. In any event his assertion cannot make a right out of a wrong. The party of the other part wonders why the professors should be strenuous to profit by a verbal

inaccuracy of Henry George's instead of bringing the economic question involved before the bar of their own enlightened judgment?

The edge of the professorial criticism is dulled by the fact that it is so largely directed not to a scientific but to an unscientific statement of the Single Tax. It is not even directed to the plain scientific form in which George put it, but to a muddled by-interpretation, the speciousness of which ought not to impose upon university men. The provoking part of it is that in aid of a fairer definition of the situation Mr. George himself was not called in to cut his own Gordian knot. It was Mr. George's special achievement that while distinctly conceding the legal ownership, individual tenure of, or estate in the land itself, he corrected and advanced the issue from the common right to the use of the earth to the joint right to the enjoyment of rent, making clear the fact that land is one thing, and the rent of land another and entirely different thing, and that to take in taxation the rent of land it is not necessary to take the land itself, yet we are nonchalantly told by leading professors that anyway we are aiming only at an academic distinction.

THE truth or error of the Single Tax does not depend upon the infallibility of Henry George or even upon his elucidation of it. It is difficult to see why professors should have been blind to the scientific principle involved simply because they were not ready to follow Henry George in all his conclusions. The science of taxation has been better presented by another man who was just as devoted a philanthropist as Henry George. The professors have had before them for twenty years the work of Thomas G. Shearman on "Natural Taxation." It is curious that while Henry George has been exposed to all manner of criticism, I have yet to meet an attempted refutation of a single principle as expounded by Mr. Shearman, or to meet the man who wanted to refute them. Reviewing his own work Mr. Shearman, of whom a co-worker in large affairs said: "I consider his character and his career the most unique character and the most unique career of any man whom I ever

knew, or of any man of whom I ever read," made the following record:

"I do not estimate very highly the value of my own work in any direction, in business, in the church, or in public affairs. But I can see more substantial fruit of my efforts in the direction of a higher development of humanity through the reform of taxation than in any other direction whatever. Obscure as my work has been, . . . it has marked a channel in which an ever-swelling tide of human energy will flow. . . . It has given a direction to the spirit of reform which will insure great results after I have left the work forever."

The Single Taxer wonders how the academic treatment of his pet thesis can be reckoned adequate when in seven out of eleven volumes of political economy under consideration, the name of Thomas G. Shearman is not indexed, while the other four have half a dozen references, none of which citations or references deal with the principles of the Single Tax.

It is well worth while to clear up this confusion as to common property in land. Henry George presented for his remedy a perfect formula,* nevertheless he continued ambiguously to reiterate the recanted error of Spencer condemning specific ownership of land, but he did this in such relation to his own record and in such context as to justify the general opinion that his attack was aimed not at ownership of land, but at ownership of rent. Thirdly, in this Spencerian phase, not only does he lack the support of any other known economist, but no Single Tax writer before or after him appears to have been impressed with such a view. If progress of events and of the science of taxation should ever cause the economists to expunge from their records this ex-parte verdict upon a mistaken and factitious issue, the case against normal revenue methods would be greatly reduced in volume.

TAXATION OF FUTURE INCREMENT

The proposal to take in taxation a substantial part of the future increment of land-value, to which ready and wide assent has been given, is discussed by only two of the eleven writers under scrutiny.

Professor Taussig says:†

*"Progress and Poverty," Book VIII, Chap. II.

†F. W. Taussig, "Principles of Economics," pages 75 and 102.

"A different proposal is that to appropriate, not the whole of the unearned increment, but the future accretions. . . . Take for society at large the increase of rents that will arise hereafter. There can be no objection in principle to this proposal. . . . The question is different as regards the rise in rent that is still to come. There is no vested right in the indefinite future. . . . With the rapid growth of modern cities and the unmistakable swelling of site rents, a reservation of the community's rights with respect to urban land has met with steadily increasing recognition. The form in which this right is most likely to be asserted is that of a special tax on the newly accruing increase in site values. In strict theory, the whole of this increase might be taken through taxation."

Professor Bullock says:

"If the proposal to confiscate existing rents must be rejected as unjust, the same criticism cannot be directed at projects for gradually appropriating to public purposes the future increment of land values. (E. 328). . . . To adjust municipal taxation in such a manner as to intercept a considerable part of the future unearned increment from land would be a safe and probably a desirable policy. . . . It would, moreover, be in line with some of the existing tendencies in municipal finance. (E. 329). . . . But any income acquired by paying its capitalized value is not to be considered unearned. (E. 291.) . . . So far as urban lands are concerned, there can be little doubt that it is the part of wisdom for municipalities to seize upon a source of revenue that is brought into existence by urban growth and to a large extent maintained by constant public expenditure. (E. 330.) . . . We must admit that a large unearned increment of ground rents is secured by the owners of specially favored lots. No one would question the justice of imposing a part of the burden of taxation upon such an income." (I. 499.)

At this point a generous critic finds himself confronted by a painful sense of disproportion between topic and treatment. Taxation of the future increment is a recent development in legislation, though it is not new to discussion. It seems adapted to circumvent many or most of the objections raised against the additional taxation of present rent, and for that reason it appears to command a recognition peculiar to itself. It seems to promise, in some cases, the possibility of a common ground for initial proceedings, yet only two out of our eleven writers give material attention to this proposition which has received a certain recognition in both Great Britain and Germany, and these two writers compress the treatment into

extremely small compass. One is tempted to ask of the professors bluntly: "Are you really the leaders, the pioneers, the inventors, the Edisons and the Marconis of the world's economic thought?" If the taxation of economic rent is sound in principle, why should it receive such scant attention from our chosen authorities?*

MONOPOLY AND PRIVILEGE

Perhaps no single term has insinuated itself more into popular apprehension during the last decade than the term Privilege. The press, legislators, statesmen and presidential candidates have expounded and exploited it copiously. Following this initiative, Single Taxers have taken great pains to formulate and define "privilege" and to put its destructive features in a scientific setting. Naturally the absence even of the term privilege in the indexes to the economic books under consideration occasions momentary surprise.

Privilege is believed to offer great advantage as a vehicle for economic teaching and discussions, as perhaps more inclusive though less specific than monopoly, the established standard term.

THE THREE POSTULATES OF THE SINGLE TAX

It may not seem a gracious act in us to file claims against the college and university commissaries for an inadvertent short measure here and there in dealing out their rich stores of learning, but it has

*Rev. J. Kelleher, teacher of St. John's College, Waterford, Ireland, priest of a church which lays no claim to specific economic leading, has almost stolen the march on his American brethren when he says in the January, 1914, *Irish Theological Quarterly* that, "I have already labored to show that the present land-owners should not be permitted to appropriate any of the natural increase in land values beyond what is represented in the present market value of their lands. . . . If the entire increase is due to the public, then surely there ought to be no objection against taking a bare ten per cent or twenty per cent of it. One-fifth or even one-tenth of a loaf is better than no bread. . . . Although the whole of the natural increase in land values should belong properly to the public, and therefore to take ten per cent or twenty per cent of it from the present land-owners would be no injustice." Father Kelleher is the author of an excellent book, "Private Ownership, Its Basis and Equitable Condition," published by M. H. Gill & Son, Limited, Dublin, Ireland. Both book (\$1.25) and *Quarterly* (65c) may be had of Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay Street, New York.

The foregoing declaration and the following statement of Rev. Edward McGlynn, declared by due authority in 1892 to contain nothing contrary to Catholic teaching, make a liberal contribution to the economic solution: "To permit any portion of this public property to go into private pockets, without a perfect equivalent being paid into the public treasury, would be an injustice to the community. Therefore the whole rental fund should be appropriated to common or public uses."

to be performed. Here is the one closing specification. In Single Tax propaganda much time has been given to explaining the triple alliance of three principles:

- (1) The social origin of ground rent.
- (2) The nonshiftability of a land tax.
- (3) The ultimate burdenlessness of a land tax.

The second and third of these have received from the authorities full description and almost universal endorsement. But antecedent to these is the first principle: What is it that gives rise to economic rent, the value of land? On this point the question arises: Is the teacher giving to his pupils all there is to be had? In an enumeration of the causes of ground rent, population is usually the one first named. But a passive population gives little value to land; it is rather the activities consequent upon the character of population that create the value. The topic invites easy and profitable amplification. In competition with the few lines of the authorities at this juncture, let us here suggest a specimen effort aimed at a fuller answer to the above question: Elements that enter into land value may be enumerated as follows: "Right and ease of success to water, health inspection, sewerage, fire protection, police, schools, libraries, museums, parks, playgrounds, steam and electric railway service, gas and electric lighting, telegraph and telephone service, subways, ferries, churches, public schools, private schools, colleges, universities, public buildings—utilities which depend for their efficiency and economy on the character of the government; which collectively constitute the economic and social advantages of the land; and which are due to the presence and activity of population, and are inseparable therefrom, including the benefit of proximity to, and command of, facilities for commerce and communication with the world—an artificial value created primarily through public expenditure of taxes. For the sake of brevity, the substance of this definition may be conveniently expressed as the value of 'proximity'."*

Is not such a proposition as the above, based upon premises of the Professors' own

*"A B C of Taxation," page 141.

making, worthy of a place in the literature of Political Economy? Especially since it can command from one of their own number such substantial approval as follows:

"The broad basis of this tripos of the Single Tax will doubtless withstand assaults. Since the ground rent of land is a social product, it is just to take at least enough of it in taxation to meet the expenses of government. Such a tax, furthermore, cannot be shifted from the land owners to other classes in the community, but must be paid wholly and finally by them. It is, moreover, just that they should be taxed specially in this fashion; because in most cases they have bought their land tax-free under the operation of the principle that the selling value of land is an untaxed value and a land tax cannot survive a change of ownership. This three-fold support of the Single Tax is the stoutest that has been erected by any champion of the policy. Any one who will take the pains to study the economic principles involved, and their application, must concede the substantial validity of the arguments."*

A MODUS OPERANDI

Assuming that the people and legislators have been converted, and that a Single Tax statute is on the books, will not its inauguration be complicated by indeterminate factors and subtle mathematical calculations?

The following is respectfully submitted as an illustration of how simple a matter, mechanically speaking, would be the actual inauguration of the Single Tax when once decided upon, taking Boston as an example. Meantime, let us keep particular watch for the point where the alleged confiscation enters into the calculation.

For instance, applied to the assessment of a specific lot of land for which the user pays a gross ground rent of say	\$67.20
Of which amount there is now taken in taxation	17.20
Leaving a net income to the owner of	\$50.00
The selling value (presumably also the assessed valuation), would be, at 5 per cent	1,000
Proceeding to take yearly from now on one per cent additional of the gross ground rent of \$67.20 for a period of thirty years, would amount in all to 30 per cent of \$67.20 equal to	20.16
Which, added to the tax already taken Would give at the end of thirty years, from the \$1,000 worth of land alone, everything else being exempted, a total tax of	\$37.36

Which is a trifle more than one-half of the gross ground rent of

The opening exhibit in detail would stand as follows:

In 1913 the tax on this \$1,000 worth of land was	17.20
---	-------

In 1914 the tax would be \$17.20 plus 67c (one per cent of the gross ground rent \$67.20), equal to	17.87
Reducing the owner's net rent from \$50 to \$49.33.	

In 1915 the tax would be \$17.20 plus \$1.34 (two per cent of the \$67.20), totalling	18.54
Reducing the owner's net rent from \$50 to \$48.66.	

In 1916 the tax would be \$17.20 plus \$2.01 (three per cent of the \$67.20), or	19.21
Reducing the owner's net rent from \$50 to \$47.99.	

This formula could be so adapted as to absorb any desired proportion of the future increment, leaving the present valuation exempt, as now, by simply continuing the present rate as a constant factor for each year, and adding each year to the annual budget five per cent (or less) of the increase to the assessed valuation of land over and above that of the previous year, and fixing each new annual tax rate accordingly.

For example, assuming that a gross ground rent of \$67.20 should double in twenty-five years to \$134.40. This percentage of increase would amount to an average yearly increase of four per cent of the gross ground rent (\$67.20), equal to	2.68
--	------

Assuming that it is desired to take in taxation one-half of this four per cent annual increase in the ground rent, or two per cent of the \$67.20. The exhibit would be as follows:

For 1914. The 1913 tax of \$17.20 plus \$1.34 (two per cent of \$67.20), would make the total tax	18.54
Reducing the owner's net rent from \$50 to \$48.66.	

For 1921. The 1913 tax of \$17.20 plus \$9.40 (seven times two per cent or fourteen per cent of \$67.20), making the total tax	26.60
Reducing the owner's net rent from \$50 to \$40.60.	

Whether the assessment be made upon the capital value or upon the rent would make small difference for some years to come. The change from the one to the other could be effected in any year by assessing the budget in proportion to individual ground rents instead of in proportion to individual valuations.

* Prof. F. Spencer Baldwin's editorial in the *Boston Transcript*, March 16, 1909.

THE more one realizes to what a fatuous extent Henry George men are themselves responsible for the perversion of the main contention of their chief, the more unfortunate does it appear that unwise methods of one kind and another should have been forced into the issue, and retarded the reform substantially for a generation, thus lessening the tremendous original impulse of Progress and Poverty. That impulse was great enough, under wise methods, to have brought the world of today to a full recognition that taxation has a rightful domicile in the domain of science.

In conclusion, it is hoped that the facts which have been pointed out, will suffice to induce economists to whom the people look for light and leading to re-examine the whole subject of the so-called Single Tax, not in the light of any fore-conception such as might result from certain *obiter dicta* of Henry George, but by independent investigation based on authoritative definitions and presentation of Single Tax philosophy, such as is found, for example, in Shearman's "Natural Taxation." The results of such investigation conducted by trained and unbiased economists, uninfluenced by the opinions or conflicting statements of previous writers, would be of the highest service

to all who are interested in the present desperate need of the world, namely, a proper shaping of revenue methods, whether of town, city, state or nation.

This article, then, is our earnest plea for a new trial with a change of venue with reasonable assurance of a fair verdict upon the Single Tax as known to its friends.

It is a parade review of the "human" professors face to face, allowing us the satisfaction of telling not only how much we think of them, but what we don't think of them.

It is the disavowal of an aim at the wholesale conversion of the world to a following of Henry George and his writings *in-toto*.

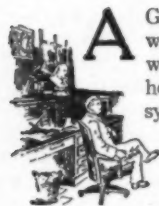
It contains the needful reiteration of the fact that Herbert Spencer was wrong when he said that "private ownership in land is not permissible," but was right in taking back out of thirteen sections of Chapter IX of Social Statics, the six only which related solely to this point, and that Henry George was right when he said that "the joint or common right" of men is not to the land but to the rent of land.

Incidentally it embraces also an exemplification of the administrative simplicity of the taxation of economic rent.

With apologies for these works, as it were of supererogation, we rest from our labors and pray for the fruition of a great hope.

Like the rainbow, peace rests upon the earth, but its arch is lost in heaven. Heaven bathes it in hues of light—it springs up amid tears and clouds—it is a reflection of the eternal sun; it is an assurance of calm; it is the sign of a great covenant between God and man; it is an emanation from the distant orb of immortal light.—*Colton*.

LET'S TALK IT OVER



A GREAT deal is said and written about the part which "the little red schoolhouse" and that broader system of public schools and colleges which have supplemented its elementary teachings with such varied and scientific instruction, have played in our national life. The general knowledge disseminated is everywhere declared to be the chief basis of national enterprise, the over-fruitful seed of ardent patriotism and the perennial source of good citizenship and wise statecraft.

And yet it is to be remembered that imperial Rome was not born of bookish wisdom or sustained and enlarged by scientific research and purely intellectual development, but that her fabled founders were the sons of Mars, the war god, suckled and fostered amid the she-wolf's litter, and that her people made themselves great by the sword and that fierce patriotism, whose martial pride and endurance, bore down alike the art and learning, the love of liberty and country, the pride of caste, of priesthood and imperial dynasty and the scientific and commercial prominence of Greece, Egypt and Carthage, as well as the untaught and hitherto unbridled and savage hordes of three great continents and all the islands of the then known world.

It is evident today to every thoughtful observer of men and things that the scholar, however well-trained in bookish

lore or academic theory, is helpless and inefficient unless he brings to their aid physical courage, endurance and practical ability to cope with everyday difficulties, and the coarse and ruthless but terribly effective competition of less-educated but fearless, insolent and earnest rivals.

The power and prestige of England today is not half as much to the attainments of her learned men as to the steady, persistent efforts of millions of mariners, soldiers, adventurers, traders and mechanics who have ever been ready to face any peril, seek any clime or country, overcome any odds or danger for their own advantage and with a pride in the English name and royalty, which, however tinged with more sordid motives, has never failed to inspire every generation. And over land and sea the gallant English brave pushed forward and perished, feeling that their death on duty is a glorious tribute to their memory.

Lately demonstrations of the revival of a like spirit, purpose and methods on the part of Germany, Italy, Greece, the Balkan principalities, Japan, Russia, China, Chile, Argentina and other nationalities; the enormous war preparations and commercial activities of Germany, the bold, unhesitating policies and diplomacy of Canada and Australia, and the unrepressed animosity of our Latin-American brothers of the southern republic, should warn the academic babblers of the great republic that the millennium is still far away, and that those forces still rule the world and destroy or increase national

pre-eminence that have built up and torn down the succeeding empires of the world.

* * *

A RECENT brochure, by David Starr Jordan, on "War and Waste,"* is dedicated to "The Memory of Sir Charles Bagot and Richard Rush, patriots of a hundred years ago, who excluded warships from the Great Lakes of America and thus secured lasting peace between two great nations. Where there are no soldiers, there is no war; when nobody is loaded, nobody explodes."

Following this deserved tribute to the English and American diplomats, whose wise and Christian foresight has undoubtedly more than once prevented hostilities between Canada and the United States, the critic finds an address on "War and Wastes," originally delivered before the Harvard Union in 1911.

Beautiful in its scholarship, witty in its epigrams, happy in most of its illustrations and accurate in most of its statistics and deductions, every man who really wishes to understand the vital questions of today should own, read and study this book.

It shows, for instance, that the national debt of France amounted to six thousand millions of dollars, with an annual interest burden of two hundred and forty millions and that the war debt of Europe today exceeds twenty-seven thousand millions of dollars with a yearly interest of over a thousand millions, of which he truly says: "The debt never will be paid, can never be paid." "The interest is beyond the capacity of the people." "The world's annual production of gold is little more than one-third of the interest money due in Europe." "The world's entire stock of gold is little more than one-fourth of the war debt of Europe."

"Besides the vast sums demanded as interest are old debts; the annual expenditure of the world on armies and navies in these times of peace passes (exceeds) \$4,000,000,000 every year. This is extended by taxation, a present load on industry and commerce over and above all demands made by the war debt, which no man and no nation ever intends to pay."

He points out, not as vividly as he might have done, how widely the war-material of today differs in cost and expenditure from that of even fifty years ago. Then, a cast-iron pot, if made thick enough to burn powder, and made longer or shorter and wider or narrower of calibre, according as it was to be used as mortar, carronade or light siege or marine gun, was about all that the world depended on for artillery. Black powder, flint and percussion locks, such as any citizen might purchase and use in hunting, fitted out the infantry the first years of the Civil War, and the tactics and strategy dated back to the days of Napoleon and Wellington. At the close of the war a ship-of-the-line, with her scores of guns, would have been helpless under the fire of a first-class gunboat that could choose her distance. Our diplomacy dates back to the ages when at the king's mandate knights, squires, men-at-arms and peasants took each his own arms, ammunition and provisions, and gathered to the royal standard, to defend his own land or invade that of the outlander. The victor often did make the conquered pay in ransom, tribute and pillage the cost of their undoing, and the borders of both countries often became an utter wilderness. Today war means ruin to both victor and vanquished; a transfer of hostilities from earth and sea, to the realms of air, and the ocean depths and the zone of safety to a long day's journey from the theatre of hostilities.

And yet one can hardly agree with the learned and humane author that even the altered powers, including all English-speaking people, can ensure the abolition of war. Mexico, and her sister Latin-American republics have not yet settled the questions which must be solved before a reign of law at home enables the ruler to invoke and abide by arbitration with alien. In Europe, Asia and Africa the freedom of the subject, tolerance in religion and abandonment of racial and sectarian prejudice have not yet made it possible to abandon the policy of the Bay State, which has so long and so effectively "sought peace with the sword."

Indeed, in our own peaceful country, there are still men, who must be coerced by fear, and even slain to put an end to their

*"War and Waste." By David Starr Jordan. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

utter disregard of the rights of property and the sanctity of human life, and this in spite of humanitarian, religious and educational efforts and influences which have no equal elsewhere.

How long would it be safe to walk the streets of Boston if the police were deprived of night-stick and revolver, and the militia were disarmed and abolished? And yet world-wide bankruptcy lies at the end of the path of war and devastation which the great powers are following, and the little nationalities are trying to pursue; while those who profit by this awful indebtedness are building up a plutocracy whose final place in history must be at best a tragedy of internal struggle.

The practical man will, however, agree with the author about those European nations, whose ancient feuds and jealousies are proofs against the lessons of modern intercourse and mutual, neighborly and profitable commerce. If we are just and reasonable ourselves, we need not fear any power capable of invading our territories or harassing our coast cities.

* * *

THE creation of the famous "Heart Songs," which is finding its way into millions of homes, is a personal story that radiates the spirit of the book. Many years ago during the long winter nights, a quartet of tow-headed boys used to stand at the piano around their mother, who, though burdened with the cares of a household, was never too busy or too weary to give them her evening hours. They sang old songs from a pile on the square Steinway piano, which upheld a weight of old sheet music and books reaching back many years, some even having an inscription of the day when grandma was a bride. Much of it had been torn and tattered, but was carefully pieced and sewed together. The boys played various instruments, and the evening always closed with an old song, in which the old clock joined, the echo of the music fading slowly away into the borderland of dreams.

Later these boys became newspaper men and magazine publishers. They never forgot those happy times and the sainted face of the mother or the old portfolio of heart songs, torn from various

books and sewed together with red yarn, that occupied the post of honor on the old piano. When the sons became publishers they determined to create a song book that should be an enduring memorial to their mother. All these years unconscious preparation for this crowning act of filial devotion was being made. Through the pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE Editor Joe Mitchell Chapple sent letters requesting people to send in their favorite songs. Selections came from every quarter of the country, for music is a language that transcends even the feelings of sectionalism, and no translation from foreign tongues is required when melody reigns. Meanwhile the musical shrines of the world, and the homes of Wagner, Liszt, Mozart and other great composers were visited, inspired by the memory of the happy hours around the piano. The contributions were reserved for a period of several years and the work proceeded as a labor of love during odd hours. Musical partisanship was set aside and each song was judged from a heart value standard. These old faded sheets of music were an inspiration, and the old songs were played and replayed, the letters that accompanied them being read and re-read to know why each song should be there. Every bit of music chosen was carefully edited, new plates were made, and the songs arranged in a key that could be sung by all the folks around the piano. The accompaniment was there to be played on the piano, giving orchestral effect.

The logical result was that the people have a real "Heart Songs" book in the truest sense of the word—created and inspired by a mother and made by plain, music-loving people. The incidents associated with this book are reflected in millions of other homes. When a family gathers around the piano in the evening, they all want to join in and help sing old songs, the "Heart Songs"—songs that will never die because they are interwoven in the warp and woof of life itself, reflecting joys and sorrows, sunshine and shadow, and with an imperishable memory picture of love. This simple story explains why "Heart Songs" is finding its place in every home, because there is always a time when people want to express themselves in old

song, as Longfellow asked in his heart appeal for "some simple and heartfelt lay." "Heart Songs" is a book that just grew—in fact, it just named itself; it was created by the very people who love it. Turn the pages and find those old tunes you loved in the past and you will see why the book just naturally reflects the universal love of the people for songs that give expression to every emotion. No wonder the book inevitably finds its way to every home, radiating a wholesome, human influence that is enduring, and keeping sweet the refreshing memories of life. "Heart Songs" is an evening home book in the broadest sense of the word, finding its place with the Bible as one of the great universal needs of mankind's leisure hours. With melodies of the dear old days we greet the coming of "Heart Songs," dedicated to mothers, and consecrated in the glow of the hearthstone.

* * *

THE words of the old song "Ben Bolt" recall the old schoolmaster and make us think of schooldays. There is a billion dollars invested in school buildings alone in the United States, and an aggregate of over two billions in educational equipment. This investment is not utilized more than three-quarters of the time, which means with interest computed at four per cent on the property for the idle time, practically a loss of twenty million dollars per year upon public-school investments. So the experts figure and nowadays Uncle Sam and the various states and cities have begun to realize that dead investments exert a baneful influence.

The school enrollment, according to the census of 1910, in ages fifteen to twenty years, represents a total of over three million boys and girls. The question of utilizing the school buildings for longer school terms and providing actual test of school gardening for boys and girls during the summer months is being agitated. The teaching of practical thrift would, it is felt, earn millions of dollars for the country, with nearly eighteen million children in the United States of school age as recruits. School gardens, it is felt, would soon pay for the equipment and provide employment for teachers every month in

the year instead of only nine months. In Switzerland and other countries in Europe the school teacher enjoys permanent employment. A schoolmaster may be a band master incidentally and hold other positions, and he draws his salary every month in the year. In providing garden work in connection with the school work, giving the millions of boys and girls something to do during the summer months, a great object lesson is afforded in intensive farming. On the work of the schools today largely depends the prosperity of the country tomorrow, and if school teaching were better paid and teachers accorded the full dignity and distinction accorded in former days, the two billion dollars invested in school equipment would soon prove a still more profitable and potential investment for the people of today as well as of tomorrow.

* * *

NOW, boys, would you like to know the history of that "curved ball"—the fascinating wizardry that has made the ball game so intensely interesting?

Well, when I was traveling in Missouri—the state where folks have to be shown—I came across Dr. C. E. Still, the man who originated the "curved ball." He was a student in the Normal, back in the eighties, and the Professor of Physics had discussed with the young lads of the school the possibility of a ball going any other way than straight. Young Charles Still had discovered what he could do with a billiard ball and asked that he might show the Professor that it could take a curved direction. The Professor stood up, the ball curved all right and hit him in the eye. The next morning, with a colored optic, he confessed that he knew now that a ball could be thrown in a curve.

This was in Kirksville, the home of osteopathy, and from the evidence produced in this event back in 1883, Dr. Charles E. Still enjoys the distinction of having pitched the first "curve ball" thrown in the United States.

* * *

NO American poet is more universally read throughout the world, or more highly esteemed and sincerely loved than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and his

"Excelsior," "Psalm of Life" and many other poems have possessed that germ of immortality, which scores of parodies and hundreds of depreciative criticisms have utterly failed to stifle.

Of his great poems, it is needless to say that they have become classics of English literature and will be thus considered as long as the Stars and Stripes, or any of the banners of other nations of Anglo-Saxon lineage, wave over an English-speaking people.

Who can follow the sad fortunes of Evangeline and her cruelly expatriated people; or go with Hiawatha through the joys and sorrows of his beneficent labors for the red people; or catch the gleam of steel and bronze, the glitter of shield and mail-ringed byrnies, the dash of multitudinous oars and lofty-prowed galleys and the weird echoes of wizard-craft and priestly-warning, that pervades the Saga of Olaf Tryggveson, and not feel the deeper and softer emotions respond to the magical strains of the poet's lyre?

One of the treasures of my library retreat is my copy of the latest edition of Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works,* issued by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and believed to contain every existing poem of the Cambridge bard.

WHILE the United States is hammering away at railroad legislation and control, railway development has begun in earnest in the Orient and the farther East, as shown by the issuing of a round-trip ticket from Damascus to Mecca and return, thus supplanting the great caravans. This is the one trip on earth from which the American and other "globe-trotting" foreigners are absolutely excluded, as much as if they had smallpox or cholera. It is that part of the Hedjaz Railroad, leading from Damascus in Asia Minor to Medina, Arabia, the Holy City of Islam, into which no infidel may enter, even in this twentieth century of the Christian era.

To Mecca every devout Moslem must make pilgrimage at least once in his life, and the caravans, which formerly were the only means of reaching these cities,

except by sea, necessitated many days of wearisome and perilous journeying, in which many perished from fatigue, privation and pestilence.

The new railroad also carries travelers on to Medina, which is only twelve days' journey from Mecca, and which is usually reached on camels or donkeys. The Ottoman government now proposes to extend this road through to Mecca in the near future—the Medina trains stop five times daily to enable the pilgrims to perform the prescribed devotional exercises. This all brings to mind the lines of Tennyson, saying, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and the "ships of the desert," with their antique furniture and Mohammedan blazonry, will soon be eliminated at Damascus, and other centers of Moslem influence, to be supplanted by the noisy railroad locomotives. These wholesale pilgrimages will continue to intensify religious fanaticism and intolerance, but once the magnet of the iron rails has attempted it, it will not be long before great excursions will be "doing" Mecca on "personally conducted tours."

* * *

MEMORIES of the old "chill and shake" days are recalled in the investigations now being made as to the ravages of malarial diseases in the United States. There are many who can remember when that chill used to come every other day, and it was a chill that often brought death from fever and ague. This was very common in many of the Middle West states, along the river bottoms, but since the land has become cultivated and drained, fever and ague are no longer known. It is estimated that the losses from fever and malaria cases in the United States alone exceed \$100,000,000 annually, two-thirds of which is borne by the Southern states. Science has lately proven that this is due to the pestiferous activity of a certain mosquito, known as the Anopheles, which gets in its venomous work with almost the same efficiency as the Panama species, and now it is felt that the conquest of malaria is possible by the destruction of the mosquito.

Dr. W. E. Hind, of Alabama, insists that a large percentage of people die from

*Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works." Cambridge edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.00 net.

the venom of the mosquito just as surely as if they were bitten by a rattlesnake, although many of the victims are so gradually reduced by repeated seasons of suffering and weakness that their real danger is not suspected until exhausted nature succumbs.

A curious fact is related that when the poison is once fairly into the blood, the patient often recovers his health and strength in more favorable localities, only to suffer very similar attacks when the weather becomes similar to that in which he was exposed to contagion. A mixture of sweet oil and tar, with a few drops of oil of pennyroyal, will keep mosquitoes from biting and will also keep the skin clean.

With Colonel Gorgas at home in Washington, as Surgeon-General of the United States, it is believed that an effective campaign will soon be waged on the malignant mosquito.

* * *

SURVEYING the fiscal year 1913-1914, ending June 30, as the government reports read, the very figures themselves arrest attention. The numeral 13, as indicating a time-worn superstition, is fairly well supported by chronology, the lucky number of President Wilson included. Running back over the centuries we find that the years ending in thirteen record important events. In A. D. 113 the Germans were invading Gaul. In 213 the Romans under Marcellus besieged and captured Syracuse, Sicily, then a walled city of 1,250,000 inhabitants, now an ancient city of 25,000 people. In 313, the edict of Milan by the Roman emperor Constantine decreed general religious toleration, a significant feature of the century's progress. In 413, the Roman legions withdrew from England, marking the birth of the British Empire. In 613 Syria was invaded by the Persians, and Damascus and Jerusalem taken. In 713, Roderic, King of Spain, was conquered by the Saracens. In 913, Constantine VII became emperor of the Eastern Empire at Constantinople. In 1013, Swayn, King of Denmark, subdued England. In 1213, Genghis Khan invaded China; seven hundred years later this same China became a

republic, in 1913. In 1313, Stirling Castle was besieged by Robert Bruce and a new era in Scotch history was begun. In 1413, Ladislas the Hun plundered Rome, and Mohammed became Sultan of the Ottomans. In 1513, Balboa landed in Darien, ascended the heights of Balboa peak and discovered the Pacific Ocean, while in 1913 the United States practically completed the Panama Canal which united the two great oceans. In 1613, the famous Romanoff dynasty, which rules the great empire of Russia today, was founded. In 1713, the famous Clarendon Press, one of the most epochal events in the art of printing, was established at Oxford. In 1813, the last war between the Anglo-Saxon nations was in progress and Sir Humphrey Davy first discovered the electric light.

Reviewing 1913, a succession of significant events occur—crowding thick and fast in the progress of history. The inauguration of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, marked a radical change in the tariff and fiscal policy of the United States, and the installation of the Parcels Post. The final peace between Turkey and Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria and Greece, in which Turkey released all islands but the Egean and a large extent of territory, made important changes in the map of Europe. Madero's army in Mexico was defeated by Huerta and the situation in Mexico rapidly changed at this time, and beginning with the resignation of Madero in February, was later followed by the slaying of the ex-president and his brother, a double tragedy, still fresh in our memory. The assassination of King George of Greece followed the close of the Balkan War. The floodgates of Heaven were opened in North America and disasters in the Middle West followed. The California Land Laws and Japanese exception thereto, the tariff legislation, and the Mexican embroglio unsettled important interests; while the celebration and reunion at Gettysburg, where the veterans of the blue and gray, who battled in the death struggle only fifty years ago, met on the battlefield clasp hands, marked the unity and triumph of an eternal peace between the brotherly citizens of the greatest republic ever known in history.



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

IMPROVISED COAT HANGER

BY C. A. H.

A coat hanger may be improvised by rolling up old newspapers and tying through the center with a piece of string to hang by.

Oven for Top of Gas Plates

An oven for the top of gas plates may be made by turning an old pan or iron skillet over an asbestos plate to retain the heat. This is convenient to bake potatoes, a small tin of biscuits or a tiny roast of meat for a small family. The pan should have a long handle.

A DRESS SKIRT HINT

BY M. A. P.

When the edge of a dress skirt becomes frayed and worn, take up the edge of the skirt and turn the frayed edges in, then slip-stitch the two sides together, press them well and the hem will be just as good as new, the skirt shortened but very little and the hang of the skirt not altered.

TO TREAT POISON

BY F. M. B.

When affected by poison ivy, beat plantain leaves, pour sweet oil over them and apply to the affected parts.

TO LESSEN COST OF SPRINKLING

BY MRS. R. W.

To minimize the expense of sprinkling in summer, the lawn should be watered early in the morning when the air and the ground are cool. At this time of the day a small quantity of water will bring better results than a larger quantity used during the heat of the day or in the evening when the ground still retains the heat.

Black Sateen Holders

The surest way to protect towels from use about the stove is to have several holders hung about on a hook near the stove. Black sateen holders are the best, as they show neither soil nor stains as do the lighter ones.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS FROM TABLE LINEN

BY MRS. A. G.

Wet the spot in coal oil and pour on peroxide sufficient to cover the spot. Then rub on plenty of soap; let lay ten or fifteen minutes and wash in lukewarm water. If stain is not all out, repeat the treatment.

To Prevent Rust Gathering on Jewelry

Keep the pieces of jewelry in a box of talcum powder and the dampness will not penetrate them.

INEXPENSIVE TABLE MATS

BY J. J. O'C.

Useful and inexpensive mats to protect the kitchen table or table oilcloth from hot or blackened pots and pans can be made by cutting odds and ends of straw-matting into squares of convenient size. Water does not hurt them; they dry quickly and they do not retain marks as the wood or oilcloth does. When worn from use they can be burned.

To Renew Oilcloth

When oilcloth has been down for a few months and is losing the shiny surface, it can be renewed easily and made to last twice as long if treated in the following way: Melt a little ordinary glue in a pint of water, letting it stand on the top of the oven till dissolved. Then, at night, when the traffic of the day is over, go over the whole carefully with a flannel dipped in the glue water, first having washed the oilcloth thoroughly, and let it dry. Take a dry day for it and by morning the glue will be hard and will have put a fine gloss, as good as new, on the floor.

WHEN BAKING POTATOES

BY E. C. C.

Potatoes can be baked in much less time and removed more readily from their jackets if they are left standing in scalding water for a few moments, then rubbed over with grease before they are placed in the oven.

A Good Habit

Form the habit of pressing out the waxed paper linings of cracker boxes and putting them away in a clean, convenient place. They will come in handy for putting up lunches. The cracker boxes make excellent lunch boxes for an outing. Keep a ball in a convenient place on which to wind the cord from the grocery parcels, etc. It will save time when in want of a string.

FOR BUTTER

BY N. E. D.

A good way to keep butter in good condition is to put it in a bowl, placed in a dish of cold water. Cover with cloth, letting the ends of cloth rest in the water. This serves very acceptably as an ice box to the careful housewife.

Dry Cleaning

For cleaning a lace yoke in a woolen or silk dress, rub finely powdered starch thoroughly in the meshes. After remaining a day or two, brush carefully and the dust and soil will disappear.

USE GREASE FOR BEE STING

BY J. H. N.

To quickly relieve pain from bee or similar sting, put a little grease, hog's fat preferred, on the spot and hold to fire as hot as can be borne.

REMOVING WALLPAPER

BY S. E. R.

Make a thick pasty solution by adding flour and a little salt to boiling water. After this is made, add a few ounces of acetic acid. Apply the pasty solution with a brush all over the wallpaper that is to be removed. After a few minutes the old papers can be taken off with no dust and but little work.

Ousting the Bedbugs

To a pint of kerosene oil add a large heaping tablespoonful of finely-ground black pepper (not cayenne). Let stand a few hours or over night, stirring two or three times, then apply with a quill or brush to furniture and infested walls. In bad cases where they are in bedding, a second application a few days later will be necessary. They disappear as if by magic, leaving no trace behind. It is known to have cleared large houses of the pest with a single application. Best remedy known.

FOR PIES THAT RUN OVER

BY E. F. A.

To prevent the contents of pies from running over while baking, dampen the edge of the lower crust, lay the upper crust over and trim both even with the edge of the plate. Tear off an inch and a quarter strip of old cotton cloth long enough to go around the plate. Wet this strip and bind closely around the edge of the plate.

Saves Steps

Place a small portable cupboard on the kitchen table in which to keep spices, cereals, tea, coffee and all small kitchen necessities, to save steps to the pantry. On the sides of the cupboard nail strips of leather in which to insert sharp kitchen knives, forks and spoons. Near the top screw small hooks on which to hang sauce pans, graters, strainers, egg-beaters, etc.

TO DRIVE AWAY CUT WORMS

BY L. O. T.

Cut worms are numerous in a cold, wet spring. They can be driven away with two tablespoonfuls of ammonia in a gallon of water. Pour around the roots of the plant or vegetable.

Sugaring Fried Cakes

The best way to sugar fried cakes is to shake a few at a time in a bag which contains a little sugar. This will cover them evenly and quickly.

TO INDUCE CHILD TO DRINK MILK

BY E. P. K.

When a child will not drink milk, insert a straw in the glass and he will drink it slowly and call for more. The straws can be bought by the box.

Throttling a Great American Industry

by W. C. Jenkins

THE recent discontinuance and liquidation of one of the great express companies of America is significant of a trend of events that bids halt in experimental innovations which affect the commercial life of the nation. The consequences of adopting too many political theories is now manifest, and the opinion is steadily growing that the American people have, in several instances, been led far from the paths of business prudence.

The liquidation of the United States Express Company will not affect the express service of the country, for the lines covered by that organization have been acquired by others that, for the time being, seem able to stand the stress which legislation and regulation have placed upon one of the most typical and important American industries. Nor will it affect all of the fifteen thousand employees of the old company, because many of them have been recruited into the ranks of the other organizations and will continue in the same positions as before.

There is a pathetic phase of the liquidation, however, that the general public may not have observed, and that is the fact that over a thousand men who have grown old in the employ of the United States Express Company, and who know no other kind of work, are cast adrift, as it were. Most of these men have been with the company for thirty years. Their services have been of little value for some time, but appreciating their loyalty and

devotion in the past, the company kept them on the pay-rolls. Of course such consideration for these aged employees cannot be expected from the companies that acquired the United States Express Company's lines, and many of them are now without work or ability to earn a livelihood.

There is another phase which is of peculiar interest, for we may search in vain for a historical parallel wherein a single business organization of such magnitude, rendering a service along a stretch of country many thousand miles in extent, suddenly went out of existence and yet the general public was not inconvenienced. This is a splendid illustration of the magnificent superstructure upon which the industry is built.

Shorn of unnecessary details and verbiage, the express problem is narrowed down to two very simple propositions: Can the business interests of the United States get along without such service as express companies are now rendering, and is it business prudence to furnish a rival service of inferior character at an enormous deficit and then compel the general taxpayers to cover the losses?

It is not necessary to hold a brief for the express companies in order to understand that this industry has been one of the most important factors in the development of the several states; or that the whole fabric of American business is, and has been for three quarters of a century, so interwoven with express service, that

any unnecessary burdens or injury to such service must necessarily strike a sympathetic chord that vibrates through all channels of American trade.

The part that the express companies took in the development of the great West has never been faithfully told, and but few realize the great importance which these great transportation agencies have been in the building of this country. When the express companies began their era of activity the eastern cities were not congested, nor were there great quantities of food stuffs being moved from the fields and orchards to remote markets. Early in their work they realized the necessity of establishing departments for encouraging the culture of fruits and vegetables in the West and Southwest, and a corps of trained industrial agents was employed to aid the producer in scientific cultivation of the soil and to assist him in securing markets for his production and then providing him with the convenience of speedy and safe methods of transportation. In this respect the companies exemplify the principle of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and while materially benefiting themselves, their activities were of vast importance to the people in general.

From the small shipments in the beginning came the refrigerator car, that convenience of simple arrangement which makes it possible to bring the fragrance and the delicacies of open lands and shady orchards across hot deserts and over mountains to distant cities. It is not twenty years ago since the first refrigerator car was placed in service. Today the big companies have a busy commercial caravan of these cars continually moving across the country and increasing in number with the passing of years.

The express industry has for many years been one of the most reliable barometers of trade. The companies have been the first to feel the effect of business depression and likewise returning prosperity has always been quickly observed by these transportation agencies. This is because the express companies are in peculiarly close relation with the ordinary work of the people.

An interesting sidelight on the history of

the express companies is the fact that oftentimes they have stimulated an industry to a certain degree of importance and then lost all its patronage. This was because the shipments grew so large that it became a business to be handled by the freight trains, and thus the very agency that had nursed it into importance was discarded.

The business came into existence at a time when private enterprise was untrammelled by suspicion. In fact every encouragement was given capital and energy, and no impossible restrictions or regulations were imposed by legislation. But, as is too often the case, when private enterprise has placed a service or an industry upon a sure foundation, the government is then willing to step in and operate or control the business or enter into a competition with appalling unfairness. Manifestly this spirit throttles genius and engineering skill, but fortunately for this country no such sentiment prevailed in the early days of the Republic.

THE express business reached across the ocean in 1855, and now this peculiarly American enterprise covers the entire civilized world. From the very beginning the functions of the business have remained the same. While the service has been extended enormously and the facilities employed have correspondingly increased, the duties undertaken at the outset were the same as those executed today; and the express company is as much a personal messenger as was William F. Harnden, the founder, when in 1838 he conveyed packages from New York to Boston in a carpet bag.

The express companies carry everything, from automobiles to wheelbarrows. Neither climate, season or distance is a barrier; they bring everything from everywhere. They have established industries and developed territories, and in a thousand ways contributed to the comfort and happiness of mankind. While their business is conducted on the most scientific principles, they are not devoid of sympathy and fellow-feeling. There is never a calamity that the express companies are not among the first to aid in the work of relief. Time and again they have carried food and clothing for homeless people from

one end of the land to the other. In a word they are big business institutions, splendidly organized, but, withal, intensely patriotic and considerate of the welfare of the people.

Each company operates on its own respective lines, that is railroads with which it has contracts. These contracts are on a percentage basis of the gross earnings. That is to say, out of every dollar the express company receives, it must pay the railroads an average of about fifty cents. The terminal and line together with cost of supervision and auditing have averaged about forty-seven cents; but during the fiscal year just closed it is estimated these costs have exceeded fifty cents, making the aggregate operations of the express companies a deficit one. It will be seen from these figures that the profits earned by an express company are exceedingly small, and it remains to be seen whether under the recent new reductions in rates the companies can earn any net profits.

Probably the strongest argument which was made against the express companies in the rate case was that the total value of their property as related to the business transacted is comparatively small and the return large thereon.

IN the case mentioned, the Interstate Commerce Commission stated that reasonable express rates may not be fixed upon the basis of the value of the property owned and used by the express companies in giving an expedited movement of freight shipments, but in connection therewith the railroad company furnishes the property that is most valuable, viz., cars and terminal facilities, and defined a reasonable express rate as one which gives reasonable compensation to the rail carrier for carrying a small package upon the passenger train, plus a reasonable compensation for the service of gathering, care and delivering which the express company as such renders.

It is stated that aside from the loss through reduction in rates, the express business is much less profitable than in former years. The increased cost of supplies and incidentals have to be met. The purchase of many motor trucks to

replace horse vehicles has involved large investments and the cost of carrying merchandise has generally increased, while the service to the shipper has constantly increased.

In all but the smallest communities the express companies call at the door of the sender and collect a parcel or other article for shipment, excepting parcels of currency, coin or similar valuables. This is a feature of the service that is distinct in itself and which is of great value to the public. It differs from the railroad service or that of the parcels post because with those organizations parcels for shipment must be taken to some designated place.

The privilege of a shipper declaring the value of the goods he ships and requiring the carrier to assume liability for that value is of very great importance to the public and especially the business man. The express companies can be compelled by law to pay claims for which they are liable. The Post-office Department cannot be sued at law excepting in the United States Court of Claims at Washington, and judgments secured in that court cannot be collected unless Congress makes a special appropriation. The express companies accept shipments subject to collection of transportation charges at destination, and probably seventy-five per cent of express shipments are sent that way. The postoffice requires postage to be prepaid on every parcel sent by mail.

The express companies to some extent allow credit to shippers for transportation charges and collect at weekly or monthly intervals. The postoffice allows no credit whatever.

These are only a few of the special distinctive services rendered by the express business, and a moment's reflection will show their supreme importance to the commercial life of the nation.

The function of the parcels post, to a certain extent, is a commendable extension of governmental service, but how far its utility may be extended depends upon the character of the service it renders. Business men of keen foresight declare that the usefulness of parcel post has its limitations, and that it can never supersede the express business. They assert

that there is a field for each and the sooner this field is defined, the better for all concerned.

Several railroads on various occasions have endeavored without success to carry on an express business. In former days there were such organizations as the Baltimore & Ohio express, the Erie express, Louisville, New Albany & Chicago express, Southern Indiana express, and numerous others struggling for business. They were mostly failures financially and particularly from the standpoint of satisfactory service. The only railroad express companies—three in number—that have succeeded occupy territories practically exclusive in themselves, and two have very large mileage. In reality they are duplicate organizations of certain railroad companies, and simply serve the patrons along those particular lines.

There are over sixteen hundred railroads in the United States under separate operating management. The express service over these numerous lines is conducted mostly by a dozen companies, five of which have direct routes between every commercial center throughout the country. The advantage of these conditions is that shippers may generally reach destination through a single carrier.

In these days of keen competition for the world's trade, the foreign service of the express companies is of vast importance to American manufacturers and merchants. One of the principal objects of the foreign service is to secure business for the domestic lines, and it is interesting to know how methodically the express agents stimulate this branch of business. They seek out the exporters in their respective cities and ascertain what commodities they handle and where they ship them. They find out what quantities move at a time, get the weights and value, and forward the data to the foreign department of their companies. Ocean rates vary, and it is not possible to quote fixed rates on foreign business, but the agents can always ascertain immediately by telegraph the rates on any shipments in sight. The large companies all maintain expert customs brokerage staffs at New York, Chicago and San Francisco, and all points on the Mexican frontier to attend to ship-

ments to and from foreign countries. They are also bonded by the United States government to carry merchandise in bond to interior parts of the country. Combined with their connections abroad and their unquestioned responsibility, this offers an ideal service to exporters and importers of foreign merchandise, assuring first-class transportation at lowest compatible rates and avoiding delay and expense at ports of entry.

THE C. O. D. system is distinctly the creation of the express companies. In reality it is one of the most important functions of the business, and there is not a merchant in the country who does business outside of his own city who does not use this branch of the express service to more or less extent. The magnitude of the C. O. D. system may be understood when it is stated that one company alone by actual count forwarded over four thousand packages in a single day from Chicago, upon which it agreed to collect and return the amount specified on each package. This branch of the express service alone is bringing in cash to American merchants an amount in excess of a million dollars a week. The principal significance of these figures is that they show the extent to which a class of people who are unfortunate enough to be devoid of a financial rating are able to overcome the disadvantages of small capital.

It is possible that the express companies, themselves, did not realize the magnitude to which this service would grow. Its introduction was simply one of the means by which the express business could be stimulated, but its importance soon demonstrated itself and it has grown to be a great national convenience.

The shipping of fresh fish from Puget Sound points began many years ago, and has grown to great importance through the aid of the express companies. One company alone hauls 350 carloads of fresh fish from Puget Sound to Chicago each year, and a similar amount to New York and Boston. Approximately 1,250,000 pounds are carried by express each year from points in California to the eastern markets. The companies created their own trade in fish transportation by securing a

market for the catch above the canning requirements. This, of course, was of vast benefit to the shippers as well as to the people in general.

The Order and Commission Department of the express companies is one of the important distinctive characteristics of their business. It has been maintained from the very beginning of the industry, and has always been developed with intelligence, enterprise and constantly increasing efficiency. It provides a special service for a patron, equal, if not superior, to what he would obtain if he employed an agent and at greatly reduced cost. This branch of the business is entirely distinct from the primary service of transportation, but it acts not only as a stimulant in providing patronage, but a great convenience to the people.

The agricultural production which exists in small quantities and is scattered through wide districts seldom reach the markets of consumption, while the smaller places which would be ample to consume these products are left unsupplied. The problem of bringing the smaller producers and the smaller consumers together is one that has attracted a great deal of attention recently, and is now being made the subject of governmental research, not only by the nation, but by several states. Long before any representative of the national government gave the matter a thought, the express companies were engaged in securing a more equal distribution of food products and thereby encouraging both production and consumption. They organized departments for the purpose of furnishing the farmers with the means of disposing of their surplus products through the development of larger markets of consumption.

Through their widespread organizations, which cover every city and town in the country, and having approximately one hundred thousand employees, these companies are in a position not only to obtain the most accurate and exhaustive information in respect to present fields of production and consumption, but from the fact of having personal representation at both ends of the line are well fitted to bring the producer and consumer in closer touch with each other, and by its rapid

system of transportation supply the link that is necessary to encourage the agriculturist and reduce the costs of living.

THE work undertaken by the express companies in this direction is one of vast scope and tremendous importance. It means a reduction in cost of farm products and fruits to the consumer, and at the same time it results in an increase in the wealth of the farmer. What many farmers lack is a knowledge regarding the best markets, and conversely, what many citizens need is information where the necessities of life can be secured at the minimum of expense. Careful inquiry does not indicate a shortage in the supply of food products; the great difficulty arises in keeping the system of distribution concurrent with the growth of the country. Indiscriminate shipments to points where markets either do not exist or are well supplied result in general dissatisfaction and disappointment. There must be maintained some agency that will furnish information and a service that will better equalize this branch of commerce, and the express companies should be given every encouragement as they are best fitted to successfully conduct such a bureau.

Twenty-five years ago land in southern Illinois and southwestern Indiana was considered of little value, but through the assistance of the express companies in finding a market for the fruit product, that same land has become highly productive and of great value. Not only did the express companies send out information concerning the possibilities for fruit culture, but they found the most advantageous markets for the crops. They also effected sales of the fruit products, thereby placing at the convenience of the farmers a service such as they could not possibly have obtained as individuals. As a matter of fact, the same valuable assistance has been rendered by the express companies in many other localities. The enormous fruit industry of the Southern states has been largely developed through the aid of the express organizations, and there are thousands of well-to-do farmers and fruit raisers who can trace their fortunes directly to the co-operation given them by agents of those companies.

Express companies are the errand boys

Hotel San Remo

NEW YORK
Central Park West 74th and 75th Streets



One of the most attractively located hotels in New York, commanding an extensive view of Central Park. Within 15 minutes of everything worth while.

Handsone suites and rooms with bath, at reasonable rates. Special term rates to permanent guests.

Restaurant à la carte
also
Table d'hôte dinner served

MEN OF IDEAS

MEN OF IDEAS and inventive ability should write for new "List of Needed Inventions." Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice FREE. RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 81, Washington, D. C.

WILL PAY RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN \$12.50 to distribute 100 FREE pags. Perfumed Borax Soap Powder among friends. No money required.
V. WARD COMPANY, 222 Institute Pl., Chicago.

SOUTH AMERICA

THE WEST COAST LEADER is a 16 page weekly in English which tells you all about what is going on in Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile.

Lima, Peru. New York, 20 Broad Street
\$6.00 a year, postpaid

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and delays detection. It has stood the test of 65 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *House* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair. Price \$1.00, by mail.
FRÉD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

IF COMING TO NEW YORK
WHY PAY EXCESSIVE HOTEL RATES

THE CLENDENING 199 W. 103d St. New York

Select, Homelike, Economical

Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Private Bath for two persons \$2.00 daily to Parlor, three Bedrooms and Private Bath at \$4.00 per day for the suite, not for each occupant.



Write for descriptive booklet O with map of City

DEAR OLDE SONGS

96 pages, words and music, 10c, at 5 and 10c Stores, or sent direct, 4c additional for postage.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd., BOSTON

Big Values in New Exhibition Samples AT PRICES LESS THAN WHOLESALE



We are offering a lot of new "Exhibition Samples" at prices about the same as usually asked for rebuilt goods. These Exhibition Samples are new Fox Typewriters used by us for exhibition purposes only. Grand Rapids, Michigan, is not only known as the "Furniture Center of the World," but as an "Exhibition City" as well, and wherever you find other lines of goods on exhibition there you will find The Famous Fox Typewriter. Stock of this kind is never sold by us for new, but offered at prices way below its regular selling values.

Local Agents Wanted—Samples at Wholesale

Local Agents wanted in every town and city where we are not now represented. Write today for catalog and prices and be sure and mention the National Magazine.

FOX TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1808-1816 FRONT AVE. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

FROM NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

Name
Address

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

of the American people and they come in contact with the public generally as individuals more than any other carrier of goods. The arteries of the system run into practically every business and manufacturing establishment and to the majority of homes. It has been under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission for five years, and to its credit it should be stated that the number of complaints filed with the Commission have been very few.

One of the greatest mistakes the express companies have made has been their policy of silence. They have never deemed it advisable to reply to the attacks of theorists or impractical reformers. Calumny is never charitable; its mission is one of vituperation. It magnifies the errors common to humanity, but is silent regarding the achievements that have benefited mankind. It has denounced the express companies in language more forceful than elegant, but it has failed to acquaint the people with the fact that this single industry compelled the government, in 1844, to reduce the letter postage from

twenty-five cents to five cents, a distinct blessing to the common people. In days when the government was lacking in the necessary initiative to serve its citizens, the express companies led the way, eager, buoyant, tireless and always successful. Can we afford, with such a record in mind, and with such a need for their service, to exterminate the express companies?

It cannot be expected that the express companies will continue in business merely for the sake of doing that part of the business from which the smallest profit is derived, and an interesting question is, how long the railroad companies will continue to carry large packages for the government through the mails for which they receive no adequate compensation? How long can they continue rendering this service, especially if railroad earnings continue to fall off at the rate shown in recent months?

As a competitor in business, Uncle Sam is not much better than the trusts he castigates. He sells service below cost and extorts favors from the railroads. He should at least practice what he preaches.

THE OPTIMIST—THE PESSIMIST

OPTIMIST

THE fields were bleak and sodden. Not a wing
Or note enlivened the depressing wood:

A soiled and sullen, stubborn snowdrift stood
Beside the roadway. Winds came muttering
Of storms to be, and brought the chilly sting
Of icebergs in their breath. Stalled cattle moored
Forth plaintive pleadings for the earth's green food.
No gleam, no hint of hope in anything.

The sky was blank and ashen, like the face
Of some poor wretch who drains life's cup too fast.
Yet, swaying to and fro, as if to fling
About chilled Nature its lithe arms of grace,
Smiling with promise in the wintry blast
The optimistic Willow spoke of spring.

PESSIMIST

The pessimistic locust, last to leaf,
Though all the world is glad, still talks of grief.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Poems of Power.

VOLUME
XL

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NUMBER
SIX

Copyright, 1914, by Chapple Publishing Company, Limited

Contents for September, 1914

FRONTISPIECE, The Genius of War	Joe Mitchell Chapple	859
AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON		
Illustrated		
THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE WORLD'S WAR		871
Illustrated		
TWILIGHT OF THE GODS	Charles Winslow Hall	878
Illustrated		
THE WAR BLAZE IN EUROPE	The Editor	887
GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL RESERVES	A Foreign Contributor	889
THE OLD DRUM CORPS, Verse	Walter G. Doty	890
HOLDING THE FINANCIAL FORTRESS	John Gorgan	891
BEFORE THE SEA FIGHT, Verse	Charles Winslow Hall	893
FOR THE SAKE OF LINDA, Serial	Ellis Meredith	894
Illustrated		
LITTLE THINGS, Verse	Joseph I. C. Clarke	909
HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM, Verse	Henry W. Longfellow	910
A DAY AT HISTORIC NAZARETH HALL	Mitchell Mannering	911
Illustrated		
FORREST'S PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF STREIGHT, Story	Bennett H. Young	919
Illustrated		
THE SILKEN CORD, Story	Allen Brooks	937
Illustrated		
ON THE STEAMER NISQUALLEY, Verse	Alice Hamilton Rich	950
INDIA HOUSE	George Willoughby	951
Illustrated		
FREDERICK III OF GERMANY, Verse	Edna Dean Proctor	955
UNVEILING OF THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT	Myrie Wright	956
Illustrated		
A RETROSPECT IN THE PACKING INDUSTRY	Jackson Courtney	962
Illustrated		
HIS FATHER'S CROSS, Story	John R. Larus	966
Illustrated		
DEATH HAS CROWNED HIM A MARTYR, Verse	Ella Wheeler Wilcox	971
A PASSAGE AT ARMS IN THE HOUSE	Another Old-Fashioned Debate	972
A QUESTION, Verse	Henry Dumont	978
THE SEVENTH WARD CHAMPIONSHIP, Story	Edward S. Morrissey	979
Illustrated		
BALTA, Verse	Edna Dean Proctor	982
OUT OF THE WEST, A NEW TYPE BENEFACITOR	Frank Lowe, Jr.	983
Illustrated		
THE SPIRIT IN THE SHELL, Verse	Arthur Wallace Peach	985
THE NEW STREETS OF CAIRO	Mildred Champagne	986
Illustrated		
PANDEMONIUM	John McGovern	991
Illustrated		
SCIENCE, Verse	Edward Wilbur Mason	996
BOOKS OF THE MONTH		997
Illustrated		
THE END OF THE FEUD, Story	Allan Updegraff	999
Illustrated		
ALL IS WELL, Verse	"Songs of Cy Warman"	1006
A HERO IN BUSINESS, Story	Harold De Polo	1007
Illustrated		
A NOTABLE SON OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE	Flynn Wayne	1012
THE PROFESSORS AND THE SINGLE TAX	C. B. Fillebrown	1015
LET'S TALK IT OVER	Publishers' Department	1024
HOME DEPARTMENT	Contributed by Readers	1030
THROTTLING A GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRY	W. C. Jenkins	1032

Notice to Contributors: We are always glad to read stories, poems, essays and illustrated articles, especially those by new writers, and we make every effort to return manuscript offered for our examination; but we cannot be responsible for unsolicited contributions. Enclose a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, to insure the safe return of your manuscript.

The Managing Editor.

Monotyped and Printed by Chapple Publishing Company, Limited, Boston, U. S. A.

WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, President

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Treasurer

JOHN C. CHAPPLE, Vice-President

BENNETT CHAPPLE, Secretary

Entered at Boston Postoffice as second-class matter

Subscription, \$3.00 a Year

25 Cents a Copy

A Five-Cent Banquet

The costliest banquet ever spread, with all the gastro-nomic concoctions that culinary genius can devise could not contain as much real body-building, digestible nutriment as two



Shredded Wheat Biscuits

the food that contains all the elements in the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked. It is what you digest, not what you eat, that builds muscle, bone and brain. The filmy, porous shreds of whole wheat are digested when the stomach rejects all other foods. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, with milk or cream and sliced peaches, make a complete, perfect meal at a cost of five or six cents.



Always heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness; then cover it with sliced peaches or other fresh fruit and serve with milk or cream. Try toasted Triscuit, the Shredded Wheat Wafer, for luncheon with butter, cheese or marmalades.

"It's All in the Shreds"

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association

cordially invites you to become a member

The Memorial will aid in perpetuating the memory of one of the
world's great men

William McKinley

A REMITTANCE of one dollar to the undersigned will make you a Life Member and will entitle you to a neatly bound book, giving a brief but comprehensive Life of McKinley with a portrait, characterized by Supreme Court Justice McKenna as the best portrait of the martyred President extant. The book also contains a full and complete statement of the objects of the Memorial.

J. G. BUTLER, Jr., President

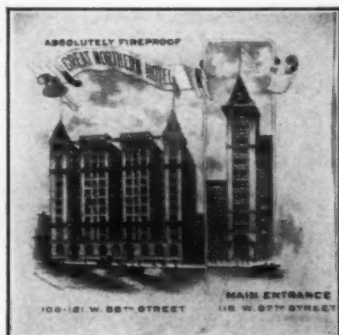
National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association, Youngstown, Ohio

J. G. BUTLER, Jr., President, Youngstown, Ohio

Enclosed please find One Dollar for which please send Souvenir Book to

When Your Wife and Daughter Visit NEW YORK

be sure they are surrounded by the
most refined, homelike atmosphere



400 Spacious Sunshiny Rooms

RATES

Room and Private Bath	-	-	\$2.00
Double Room and Private Bath	-	-	3.00
Parlor Bed Room and Bath	-	-	4.00 and up

The Great Northern Hotel

118 West 57th Street

is celebrated for its high-class patronage,
its luxurious furnishings and its excellent
cuisine.

Located in exclusive residential section,
it is the ideal abode for families visiting
New York. Ten minutes from theatres,
shops, railroad terminals. Just a few steps
from beautiful Central Park and fashion-
able Fifth Avenue.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

Just Off the Press

The New Scientific Method of Treating Chronic Diseases

BY

B. CURTIS MILLER, M.D., Specialist

In this book—The New Scientific Method of Treating Chronic Diseases—Dr. Miller is giving to the world the ripened product of his studies, investigations, discoveries and conclusions with the hope that it may prove to be a great boon to humanity.

In this text book the following subjects are carefully presented and concisely treated in thirteen chapters.

- CHAPTER I RHEUMATISM
- “ II SCIATICA
- “ III PARALYSIS
- “ IV LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA
- “ V NEURASTHENIA
- “ VI BRIGHT'S DISEASE
- “ VII TYPHOID FEVER
- “ VIII DISEASES OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS
- “ IX APPENDICITIS
- “ X DISEASES OF THE LIVER
- “ XI ENURESIS OF THE AGED—URINAL INCONTINENCY OF OLD PEOPLE
- “ XII CONSUMPTION
- “ XIII GOOD HEALTH. KEEPING WELL

The treatment of all these diseases is absolutely new, having been worked out by Dr. Miller and demonstrated to be entirely successful through a period of years of testing and at the expenditure of many thousands of dollars and a great amount of labor in making investigations and proofs. There are here presented no theorizings. The results and conclusions have been reached with scientific and philosophical accuracy and are given to the public with the utmost confidence in their efficacy as a boon to humanity.

Attention is specially called to the chapters on Rheumatism, Neurasthenia, Locomotor Ataxia, Typhoid Fever and Appendicitis. The treatment of these diseases is entirely new and absolutely effective. It was worked out by Dr. Miller himself as a result of many years of observation as a surgeon, and he has fully tested them in hundreds of cases through a period of fifteen years with the utmost success, and is absolutely certain of the positions he has taken, having made the proofs himself. He has during the past seven years successfully treated two hundred and fifty-two (252) cases of Appendicitis by his new method.

The book is written for all classes of people; for the laymen as well as the professionals.

Price, \$3.00 postpaid

W. L. GIBSON PUBLISHING COMPANY

311 Cathedral Street

Baltimore, Md.



Listerated Pepsin Gum

The Universal Health-Habit

A pure mouth, clean teeth, sweet breath, keener appetite, easier digestion, allayed nervousness, all accompany the use of LISTERATED PEPSIN GUM.

*Contains aromatic, antiseptic oils that
give it a delicious, individual flavor*

IN TWO FORMS—SUGAR-COATED AND SLAB

Seventeen Gold Medals and twenty Diplomas, awarded in open competition with other brands, prove what the pure food committees of Europe and America think of this perfect gum. No other chewing gum can even approach this Quality Record. *Chew it and know why.*

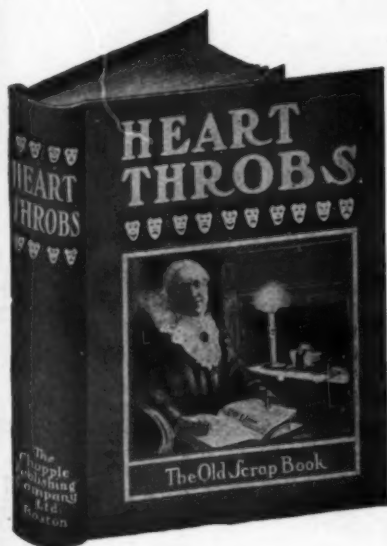
IT COSTS THE SAME AS COMMON GUMS
1c per slab; 5c per package. Sold everywhere

COMMON SENSE GUM COMPANY—BOSTON—NEWPORT—NEW YORK

"I LOVE THE BOOK"

HEART THROBS

Price \$1.50 Net.



HEART THROBS

***The book that 50,000
people helped to make
and the book that has***

THE PLACE OF HONOR

***in the homes of 100,
000 American people***

Have YOU Heart Throbs?

DEAR MR. CHAPPLE—

I love the book HEART THROBS. I told a friend and she fell in love with it, too. That was my first book. This is my eighth order; all the others have been given to friends, who treasure the book as I do. I don't know how long I can keep the copy I am ordering to-day, but whether for long or short your wonderful treasure-book will always have the Place of Honor in my home.

Very truly yours,

CHAPPLE PUB. CO., Ltd.

Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen—Enclosed please find \$2.00 for one year's subscription to the National Magazine and the world-famous book HEART THROBS.

Name

Address

HOTEL CUMBERLAND

NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET

Near 50th Street Subway Station and 53d Street Elevated



"Broadway" Cars from Grand Central Depot
pass the door

Also Seventh Avenue Cars from Pennsylvania Station

New and Fireproof

Best Hotel Accommodations in New York at Reasonable Rates

\$2.50 with Bath, and up

Special Rates for Permanent Guests. European Plan
All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs

Ten minutes' walk to 40 Theatres

Excellent Restaurant

Prices Moderate

Send for Booklet

HARRY P. STIMSON, formerly with Hotel Imperial

Only New York Hotel Screened Throughout

DO YOU USE PRESS CLIPPINGS

IT will more than pay you to secure our extensive service covering all subjects, trade and personal, and get the benefit of the best and most systematic reading of all papers and periodicals, here and abroad, at minimum cost. Why miss taking advantage for obtaining the best possible service in your line?

Our service is taken by all progressive business men, publishers, authors, collectors, etc., and is the card index for securing what you want and need, as every article of interest is at your daily command.

Write for terms, or send your order for 100 clippings at \$5 or 1000 clippings at \$35.

Special Rates quoted on Large Orders.

THE MANHATTAN PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

ARTHUR CASSOT, Prop.

Cambridge Building, 334 Fifth Avenue, cor. 33d St.

Established in 1888

NEW YORK

THE KITCHEN AND HAND SOAP

The Best

Cleans
and Polishes
Copper
Brass
Tin

Unequalled

Cleans and
Restores
all
kinds
of
Paint

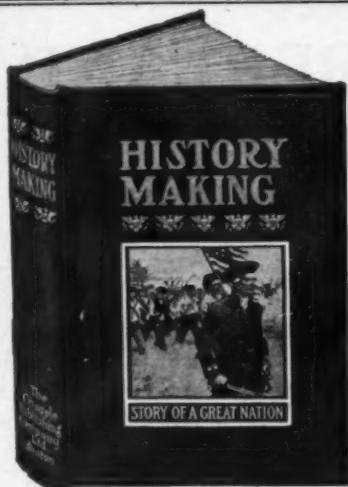


For removing Tar, Pitch, Varnish, Axle Grease, Paint, Blacking, and all impurities from the hands, it is unequalled, leaving the skin soft, white, and smooth.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS

CHAS. F. BATES & Co., BOSTON, PROP'RS.



“History Making”

A Library on government today in the United States.

Through the written request of thousands of citizens, the departmental and official heads of our great government, from the President down, have helped to build a book which stirs the pride of every true American. No book has more prominent contributors. No book so ably tells the functions of all departments of the government and the history of each state in the Union.

A Special Offer to National Magazine readers and their friends.

History Making	\$2.00	} Both for \$2.00
National Magazine (1 yr)	1.50	
	\$3.50	

Surely “History Making” should be in your Library.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd., Boston, Mass.:—

Enclosed please find \$2.00 for your special offer of “HISTORY MAKING” and the “NATIONAL MAGAZINE.”

Name



**YOU!
YES YOU
CAN GET IT**

\$60 A WEEK and Expenses

That's the money you can get this year. I mean it. I want County Sales Managers quick, men or women who believe in the square deal, who will go into partnership with me. No capital or experience needed. My folding Bath Tub has taken the country by storm. Solves the bathing problem. No plumbing, no water works required. Full length bath in any room. Folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. I tell you it's great! GREAT! Rivals \$100 bath room. Now, listen! I want YOU to handle your county. I'll furnish demonstrating tub free. I'm positive—absolutely certain—you can get bigger money in a week with me than you ever made in a month before—I KNOW IT!

TWO SALES A DAY—\$300 A MONTH

That's what you get—every month. Needed in every home, badly wanted, eagerly bought. Modern bathing facilities for all the people. Take the orders right and left. Quick sales, immense profits. Look at these men. Kunkle, Ohio, received \$240 first week; Mathias, Florida, \$120 in two days; Corrigan, New York, \$114 in sixty hours; Newton, California, \$60 in three days. You can do as well. TWO SALES A DAY MEANS \$300 A MONTH. The work is very easy, pleasant, permanent, fascinating. It means a business of your own.



H. S. ROBINSON
President

901 Factories Bldg.,
Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Office, Waterville, Ont., Can.

**DEMONSTRATING
TUB FREE**

I grant credit—Furnish sample—
Help you out—Back you up—Don't
doubt—Don't hesitate—Don't hold back—You
cannot lose. My other men are building homes, bank
accounts, so can you. Act then quick.

SEND NO MONEY

Just name on penny post card for free tub offer. Hustle!

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.



CHARGE OF SCOTS GREYS AT WATERLOO

WELLINGTON held this regiment of cavalry in reserve at the battle of Waterloo, awaiting the supreme moment when an overwhelming charge might turn the tide of battle. The instant the French lines wavered the order was given to charge and the Scots Greys Cavalry hurled themselves against the French like a thunderbolt. This charge ended forever the career of Napoleon and his dream of universal empire vanished away with the smoke of his artillery. The celebrated picture shown herewith from Ridpath's History, the original of which was purchased by Queen Victoria, illustrates but one event of all the thousands which makes up the history of every nation, empire, principality or power in the world famed publication.

Ridpath's History ^{OF} THE World

WE will name our special low price and easy terms of payment only in direct letters. A coupon for your convenience is printed on the lower corner of this advertisement. **Tear off the coupon, write your name and address plainly and mail.** We do not publish our special low price for the reason Dr. Ridpath's widow derives her support from the royalty on this History, and to print our low price broadcast would cause injury to the sale of future editions.

Six Thousand Years of History

RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power, to the dawn of yesterday. He covers every race, every nation, every time and holds you spellbound by its wonderful eloquence.

46 Page Booklet FREE

WE will mail our beautiful forty-six page free booklet without any obligation on your part to buy. It will show Ridpath's wonderfully beautiful style. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction.

**WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
CHICAGO**



FOLD HERE. TEAR OUT. SIGN AND MAIL

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

FREE COUPON

Western Newspaper Association
H.E. SEVER, Pres.
140 So. Dearborn St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Please mail, free, 46-page sample booklet of Ridpath's History of the World, containing photogravures of Napoleon, Queen Elizabeth, Socrates, Caesar and Shakespeare, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write me full particulars of your special offer to National Magazine readers.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

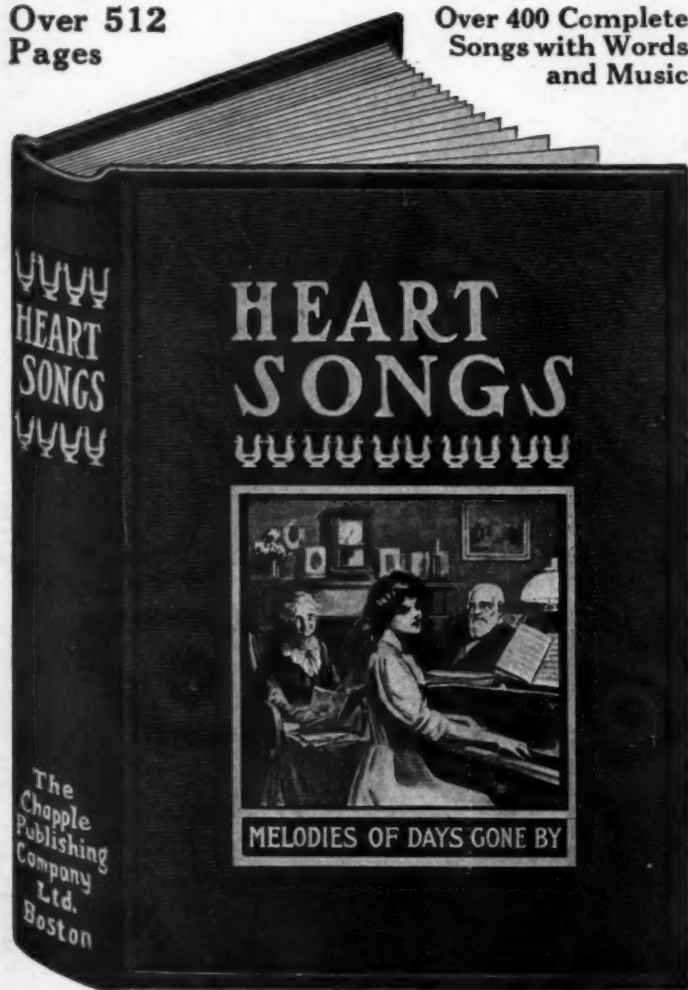
A Beautiful Book of Undying Melodies

HEART SONGS

Companion Book to the
Famous "Heart Throbs"

Over 512
Pages

Over 400 Complete
Songs with Words
and Music



A symposium of songs—words and music—to which 25,000 people contributed their favorite songs—including over 400 rare selections, printed from new plates, handsomely bound in gold and garnet, with illuminated cover. Undoubtedly the most desirable collection of songs ever gathered together within the covers of one book, including:

Patriotic and War Songs
Sea Songs and Chanteys
Lullabies and Child Songs
Dancing Songs—Lilts and Jigs
Plantation and Negro Melodies
Hymns and Revival Songs
Love Songs of all Races
Opera, Operetta Selections
Concert Hall Songs and Ballads
College, School, Fraternity Songs

Price, \$2.50

The Prize Awards made in compiling the book were conferred by the well-known composer, Victor Herbert, and Director Chadwick of the New England Conservatory of Music.

"HEART SONGS" must be seen to be appreciated. It is the only music book in the world that is the work of 2,000 people. You will find rare old favorites here long out of print. It belongs on the piano as much as a dictionary belongs in the library. We sell every copy under a guarantee that you will like it, or money refunded.

CHAPPLE PUB. CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$2.50 for which send me copy of "HEART SONGS."

Name

Address

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.



You Can Master All These Modern Dances

The Tango, Argentine, Castle Walk, Boston, Hesitation Waltz, Dream Waltz and others of the new and fashionable dances made wonderfully easy and quick to learn. New, simplified course of self-instruction arranged and compiled in book form by a Renowned Exponent of the Modern Society Dances.

In 30 Minutes This course enables you to master any of these fascinating dances in 30 minutes. Learn in the privacy of your own room or in the joyful company of your friends.

\$25 Course of Instructions \$1
Only \$1.00 for what is in reality a \$25.00 course of instructions in these new dances. To place the correct performance of these beautiful dances within the reach of all those who cannot afford the cost or time that a course of personal instruction would entail, we have arranged with the author to sell this course in book form at the low price of \$1.00. If you have not as yet learned the new dances, or if you wish to increase your repertoire or improve your dancing, send for a copy of

"The Modern Dances"

A beautiful book—handsomely bound in heavy board cover with appropriate three color cover design. Fully illustrated, containing 20 full-page halftones showing positions and steps and easy-to-understand diagrams illustrating figures. Send only \$1.00 today and get this book—the only successful method of home instruction.

W. O. HOSELY & CO. 2027 Prairie Ave., Dept. 21, Chicago

Send Coupon or Copy It on a Piece of Paper

W. O. Hosely & Co., 2027 Prairie Ave., Dept. 21, Chicago

Enclosed find \$1.00, for which send me postpaid your course of instructions in the new dances in handsome book form, "The Modern Dances."

Name

Street

City State

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

HOTEL EARLINGTON

27th Street, West of Broadway
NEW YORK

EUROPEAN PLAN

- ¶ A Step from Broadway.
- ¶ Absolutely Fireproof.
- ¶ Quiet as a Village at Night.
- ¶ Your Comfort Our Aim Always.

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, front of house, one person, \$2.50; two people, \$3.50. Why pay more when our service is equalled only by the best?

SINGLE ROOMS, \$1.00

E. W. WARFIELD,

Manager



FREE

6 Handsome Photogravure Art Posters in Sepia Brown on heavy white stock 19x10 with one year's subscription to the

BASEBALL MAGAZINE

\$1.50 per year
Canadian \$2.00

Published the year round. On sale 10th of the month 15c per copy at all News Dealers.

Sample Copy sent FREE on request

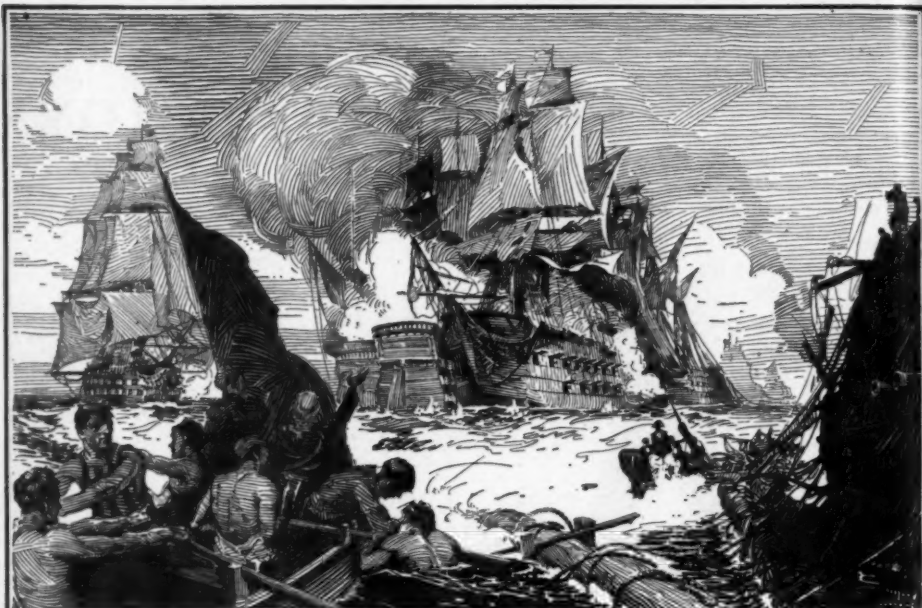
Send us 25c (stamps or coin) and we will mail you prepaid one of these Art Posters and a Sample Copy. If, after reading sample copy, you decide to subscribe, you need only send \$1.25 additional for a year's subscription. WRITE AT ONCE. This offer may be withdrawn without notice.

B. B. Magazine Co., 70 5th Ave., N. Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c for which send me art poster and sample copy of B. B. Magazine, with the understanding if I subscribe for one year, I need only send \$1.25 additional.

Name Street

City State



"NATIONAL HERO SERIES" NO. 4

Lord Nelson—Old England's Great Naval Hero



WITHOUT Horatio Nelson, England would have been invaded and perhaps conquered by Napoleon. At Trafalgar he smashed forever the French Emperor's hope of creating a naval power. Never was man more idolized and beloved—not only by all of England's people who breathlessly awaited news of his telling victories, but by every man of his fleet. A true Anglo-Saxon, he detested tyrannous powers and legislative usurpations of every kind. He was

particularly opposed to prohibitive enactments governing the diet of his men, who, like him, enjoyed Barley-Malt brews, even as their fathers did for countless generations before. Good beer, according to Lord Nelson, has ever been good food. Budweiser Beer for 57 years has been the product of an institution holding the highest ideals known to the art of brewing. The output, due to Quality and Purity, has increased every year until 7,500 men are daily required to keep pace with the public demand. Budweiser sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

Bottled only at the home plant.

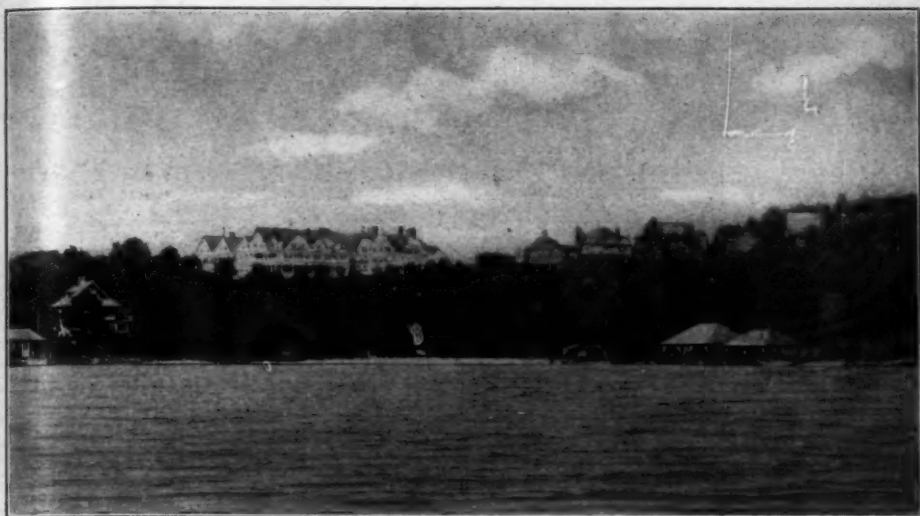
ANHEUSER-BUSCH,
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

Budweiser

Means Moderation



Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.



GRANLIDEN HOTEL *At the Gateway of the White Mountains* **Lake Sunapee, N. H.**

On the Ideal Tour. Fine Golf Course free to guests. Saddle horses, tennis, boating, fishing as good if not the best in New England. Fine auto drives, etc. Good Orchestra. Accommodates 300 guests. Opens June 17th, closes October 15th. Write for special rate after Labor Day, also circular. W. W. Brown. Under same management as Hotel Aspinwall, Lenox, Mass.



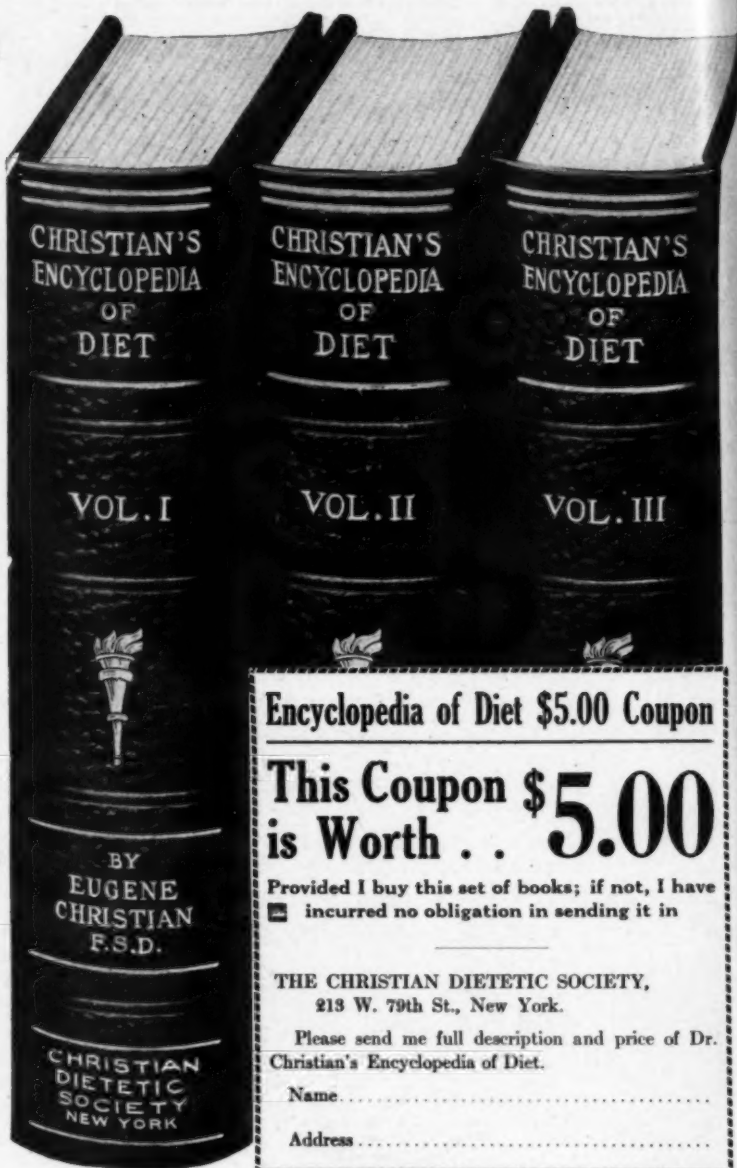
HOTEL ASPINWALL *In the Heart of the Famous Berkshires* **Lenox, Massachusetts**

Finest summer hotel in New England. Lenox Golf Links open for guests, one-quarter mile from the Hotel. One of the finest golf courses in New England. Saddle horses, tennis, fine livery, also auto livery, etc. Good Orchestra. Accommodates 500 guests. Write for circular, W. W. Brown. Opens June 13th, closes October 12th. Under same management as Granliden Hotel, Lake Sunapee, N. H. We make a special rate for young men.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

*This set
of books
tell how
man
can live
100
years.*

*It tells
how
foods
cause
and
how
foods
cure all
stomach
and in-
testinal
trouble.*



Encyclopedia of Diet \$5.00 Coupon

**This Coupon \$5.00
is Worth . .**

Provided I buy this set of books; if not, I have
☐ incurred no obligation in sending it in

THE CHRISTIAN DIETETIC SOCIETY,
213 W. 79th St., New York.

Please send me full description and price of Dr.
Christian's Encyclopedia of Diet.

Name

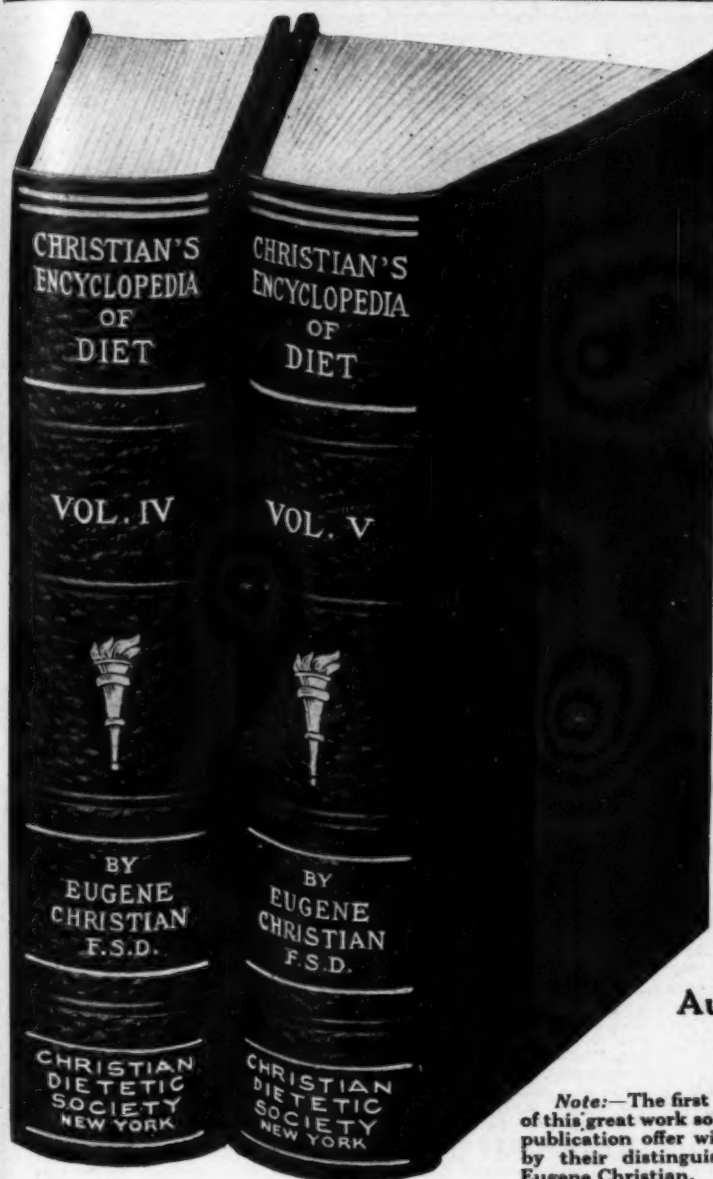
Address

DR. EUGENE
CHRISTIAN'S

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DIET

is more valuable to mankind than the latest \$200 edition of Encyclopedia Britannica.
The one relieves human suffering and conserves human life.
The other merely adds to human knowledge

LEARNING IS VALUELESS WITHOUT HEALTH!



*This set
of
books
tell how
to
remove
the
causes
of 91%
of all
human
disease.
It is the
great-
est
work
ever
written
by man
for
man.*

**200
Autographed
Sets**

Note:—The first two hundred sets of this great work sold under this pre-publication offer will be autographed by their distinguished author, Dr. Eugene Christian.

Approved by Physicians and Scientists

Dr. Christian's "Encyclopedia of Diet" is the latest word on food and diet. It gives the true science of preventing and curing dis-ease by scientific eating at all ages, at all seasons of the year, and under all conditions of labor or work. This set of books is pronounced by scholars, advanced physicians, and scientists, to be the most remarkable and most valuable contribution to the health of the human race that has ever been made in the history of man.



Unharmed in the Midst of the Great Salem Fire because Roofed with **J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING** "The Roll of Honor"

Flying sparks and burning embers were literally showered upon the roof of this raw cotton storehouse of the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co., located in the midst of the recently flame-swept area of Salem, Mass.

Buildings all around it were burned to the ground, as the photograph shows. Yet this building was absolutely unharmed because protected by J-M Asbestos Roofing.

What greater proof of a roofing's fire-resisting ability could possibly be demanded?

There is a lesson to be drawn from every great catastrophe.

The lesson to you of the great Salem fire—where whole sections were actually wiped out because buildings were roofed with wood shingles or other fire assisting roofings—is this:

Do not use wood shingles or other inflammable roofing.

Do not be deceived, by low first cost, into buying anything but J-M Asbestos Roofing—the roofing of *known* quality—the roofing that will not fail you should the fire test ever come—the roofing that spells economy for you because of the years of service it affords and the fact that it never requires painting or repairing.

If you prefer shingles, use J-M Transite Asbestos Shingles. They will give you absolute fire protection, and a stone roof that cannot disintegrate. Add greatly to artistic appearance because of their attractive and permanent colors.

Write Nearest Branch Today for Descriptive Booklet 41

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY

Manufacturers of Asbestos Stucco; Pipe Coverings; Cold Storage Insulation; Water-proofing; Sanitary Specialties; Acoustical Correction; Cork Tiling, etc.

Albany
Baltimore
Boston
Buffalo

Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Dallas

Detroit
Indianapolis
Kansas City
Los Angeles

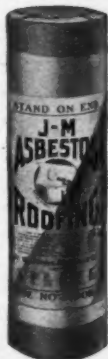


Louisville
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
New Orleans

New York
Omaha
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh

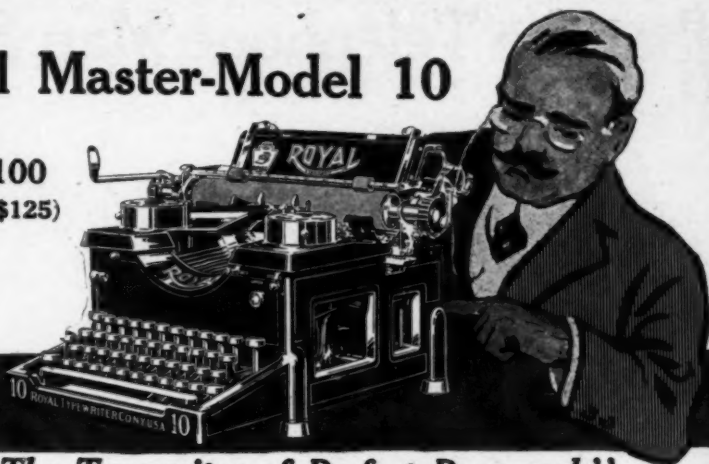
San Francisco
Seattle
St. Louis
Syracuse 2645

THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver



Royal Master-Model 10

Price \$100
(In Canada \$125)



"The Typewriter of Perfect Presswork"

THE flawless presswork of the new Royal Master-Model 10 carries the high-grade business message in as fine form as your thoughts themselves! Royal presswork reinforces the result-getting power of your business letters—for it adds the forceful stamp of *quality* to every letter you sign. Heretofore, you have been obliged to accept a standard of typewriting inferior to high-class printing, yet you would not accept poor printing. But with the new standard of "typewriter presswork" created by the **New Royal 10**, it is no longer necessary to accept inferior typing in your office.



"The Type That Tells"

Pick up the letters you have signed to-day. Examine them—then see a sample of the faultless presswork of the **Royal!**

On which kind of typing will you send your signature to represent YOURSELF?

Which one will you trust to convey unmistakably to the world the character of your house?

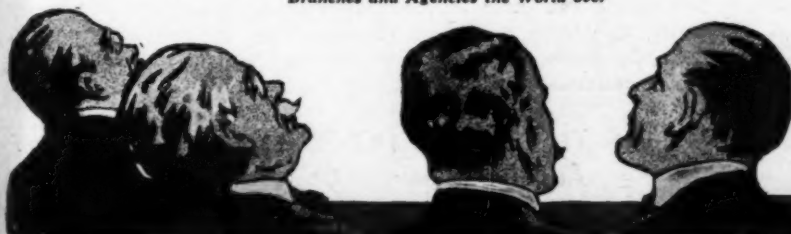
Get the Facts!

Send for the "Royal man" and ask for a DEMONSTRATION. Or write us direct for our new Brochure, "**Better Service**," and a beautiful Color Photograph of the new **ROYAL MODEL 10—"the MACHINE WITH A PERSONALITY."** Read our advertisements in *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Everybody's*, *System*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Metropolitan*, *McClure's*, *Business* and many more! Write now—"right now!"

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.

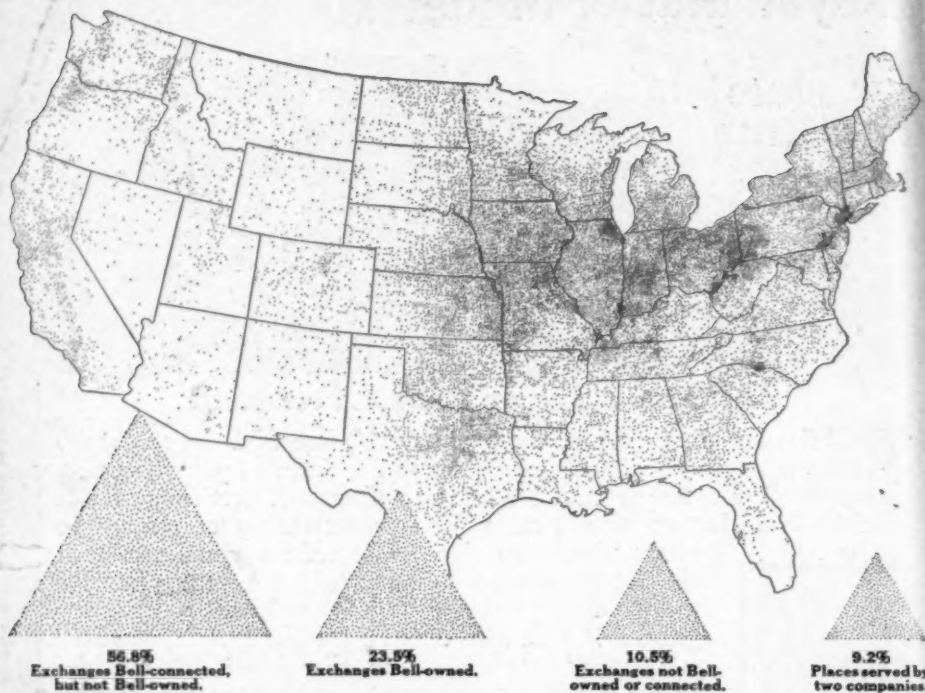
Royal Typewriter Building, 372 Broadway, New York

Branches and Agencies the World over



Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

What the Telephone Map Shows



EVERY dot on the map marks a town where there is a telephone exchange, the same sized dot being used for a large city as for a small village. Some of these exchanges are owned by the Associated Bell companies and some by independent companies. Where joined together in one system they meet the needs of each community and, with their suburban lines, reach 70,000 places and over 8,000,000 subscribers.

The pyramids show that only a minority of the exchanges are Bell-owned, and that the greater majority of the exchanges are owned by independent companies and connected with the Bell System.

At comparatively few points are there two telephone companies, and there are comparatively few exchanges, chiefly rural, which do not have outside connections.

The recent agreement between the Attorney General of the United States and the Bell System will facilitate connections between all telephone subscribers regardless of who owns the exchanges.

Over 8,000 different telephone companies have already connected their exchanges to provide universal service for the whole country.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

*** One Policy**

One System

Universal Service

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

Swift's Silver-Leaf Brand Pure Lard

The best cook in the world needs good shortening to make good pastry. Housewives of experience have learned that Swift's Silver-Leaf Brand Pure Lard crowns their skill with success every time.

"Swift's Silver-Leaf Recipe Scrap Book" enables you to keep all of your favorite recipe clippings, in a bound volume, classified so that you can turn to any one of them instantly. No paste required.

Mailed on receipt of the parchment circle from the top of a pail of Swift's Silver-Leaf Brand Pure Lard and 4c in stamps or coin for postage, or 10c in stamps or coin.



For Delicious Doughnuts:

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | 4 teaspoonsful baking powder |
| 2 1/2 teaspoonsful Swift's Silver Leaf Brand Pure Lard | 1 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 3 eggs | 1 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg |
| 1 cup milk | 1 1/2 teaspoon salt |

Cream lard and add 1 1/2 of sugar. Beat egg until light, add remaining sugar, combine the two mixtures. Add 3 1/2 cups flour, baking powder, salt and spices and enough more flour to make a dough just stiff enough to roll. Roll, cut out and fry in deep fat (Swift's Silver-Leaf Brand Pure Lard). Drain on brown paper.

Swift & Company

4112 Packers Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Columbia



Columbia Grafonola
"Leader," \$7.95
Easy Terms

Dance to a

Columbia Grafonola

The combination of a Columbia Grafonola with Columbia Dance Records is ideal—ideal on account of the remarkable brilliance and tone volume, sufficient for a hundred couples to dance to—ideal because they will supply you with dance music that is right in rhythm and tempo, and above all, right in spirit.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—All Columbia Records can be used on your disc talking machine (if any standard make)

Columbia Graphophone Co., Box S 202, Woolworth Bldg., New York

Toronto: 365-367 Sorauren Avenue



Not guaranteed when used on not actively represented. Write for particulars.

R



rafor
\$7
rme

a
it
t o
fo
vi
hn

No. 1